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A REVIEW OF THE LIFE AND TIMES

OF

WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD.*

PART ONE.

AMONG the public men of the past generation who may be styled *representative* characters, few stand higher on the list than WILLIAM HARRIS CRAWFORD. His name and political character have been indelibly impressed on the history of the country, and long succeeding generations will look to him as an eminent republican exemplar. His fame, therefore, will be permanent; but the remains of his public career, owing to his peculiar temperament and habits of life, are singularly intangible, and belong entirely, as naturalists would say, to the fossil species. There was nothing in his private or public character to invite the gossipry of history—that surest method of emblazoning one's reputation. He did not belong to that class of politicians whom crowds follow and admire, of whom every penny writer has something to say, and whose journeys form one continuous and glaring pageant. He never acted for the multitude. If he had ambition to be great, it was of that elevated order that looked less to ephemeral popularity than

to great and durable results. When the ends for which he strove had been accomplished, he did not pause, like most other leading statesmen, to preserve the means of such accomplishment. History, therefore, is barren of his deeds, and perpetuates his name only. It is true that, now and then, as we wade through ponderous tomes of the national archives, we stumble on some majestic record of his genius that shines forth from the dreary waste with surpassing splendor; or that, like some towering column among ancient and unidentified ruins, unbroken by age and erect amidst the crumbled masses around, tells of a giant race that have passed before.

The sketch before us, understood to be from the pen of his accomplished son-in-law, Mr. George M. Dudley, of Sumpter county, Georgia, was not designed, as its limits evince, to be full or satisfactory. We must say, however, that the deficiency appears to have proceeded more from injudicious and unauthorized *prunings* by some witless paragraphist, than from any original omission

* Sketch of the Life of William H. Crawford. National Portrait Gallery. Philadelphia. 1839.
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in the article itself. The arrangement does not quite indicate the tasteful handiwork and nice discrimination which we happen to know to be characteristics of the author. We have been informed, in fact, that the sketch was unwisely mutilated, and so sheared and nipped as to entirely pervert its chief purposes and intended historical effect. At all events, however, the world is indebted to Mr. Dudley for the only authentic biography of his illustrious relative. We have, therefore, chosen to make his sketch the text of the following article; with no view, let us say, to criticism, for, under the circumstances, that would be neither allowable nor tasteful,—though it is possible that we may take the liberty of dissenting, in an instance or two, from what we candidly think to be, perhaps, some of its too ready conclusions. We design, however, not so much to confine our objects to mere succinct biographical detail, as to briefly review the prominent features in the life of an individual reckoned among the greatest of his day, and of times which form an important epoch in the political history of the Republic. We address ourself to such task not without considerable embarrassment and distrust. The difficulties already intimated are very discouraging. Mr. Crawford left no materials on which to build any connected account of his life. His contemporaries are ready to expatiate largely concerning his greatness, but they can point to but few recorded monuments of his fame. Although twenty years have not elapsed since the period of his decease—although numbers even of the rising generation have seen and spoken with him—yet is he already shelved as the Hortensius of his time—who, while glimmeringly acknowledged as a greater than Cicero, and whose *name* will be familiar through countless ages to come, has left “not a wreck” of his genius, and lives only in tradition and in the eulogies of his rival. This is not the only difficulty. The history of the period in which Mr. Crawford figured as a statesman, apart from its mere general features, has never been compiled; and it is not only undefined, but is quite obscured from ordinary research. It embraces much collateral interest that must be patiently gleaned from scanty and scattered remnants, and which we are obliged to introduce very detachedly in the course of this review. It extends through a period which witnessed a total dissolution and absorption of one of the ancient politi-

cal parties, the re-construction of the other, and the establishment of a third of which he himself must be reckoned the principal founder, but which had not obtained its present identity and compactness when disease hurried him prematurely from the theatre of political life. It also embraces some points personal to himself, and to other distinguished public characters, which render their evisceration and discussion quite a delicate undertaking, but which, nevertheless, ought not to be passed over unnoticed—especially by the candid and privileged reviewer. Thus much we have deemed it necessary to premise, as well to explain the meagreness of what might be otherwise regarded a prolific subject, as to advertise the reader of the more immediate purposes of this article.

Crawford was born, as we are told, in Nelson county, Virginia, in February, 1772. While yet quite a youth his parents removed to Georgia,—first to near Augusta, and afterwards to Columbia county. Here he was sent to school, and learned the ordinary English branches of education. He had scarcely attained the sixteenth year of his age when his father died, leaving the family in very reduced circumstances. Young Crawford immediately turned his yet scanty learning to active account, and supported his mother and family by teaching school, until he was twenty-two years old. At this time he began to feel a desire to obtain a classical education, and was not at all deterred, even at his comparatively advanced age, from seeking its gratification. There was, in the same county as his own little school, an academy of high repute, under the superintendence of a teacher who afterwards became famous as the instructor of the leading statesmen of the South. Even then, his obscure literary realm contained subjects who, in after years, adorned the national councils, and filled the country with their fame. That retired academy was, in fact, the nursery of Georgia's most distinguished sons, in politics, literature, and religion. The rector was the Rev. Dr. Moses Waddell, who, at a subsequent period, became widely known as the founder of Wilmington Academy, in Abbeville District, South Carolina,—celebrated as the matriculating fount of John Caldwell Calhoun, as also of many others whose names are eminently renowned in the land.

In 1794 young Crawford entered Carmel Academy as a student. He soon obtained

the confidence and favor of Dr. Waddell, and was promoted to the situation of usher, receiving, as his compensation, one third of the tuition money. We have heard it told of him, that while at this academy, in the double capacity of tutor and pupil, it was determined by himself, and some few of the elder school-boys, to enliven their annual public examination by representing a play. They selected Addison's Cato; and in forming the cast of characters, that of the Roman Senator was, of course, assigned to the worthy usher. Crawford was a man of extraordinary height and large limbs, and was always ungraceful and awkward, besides being constitutionally unfitted, every way, to act any character but his own. He however cheerfully consented to play Cato. It was matter of great sport, even during rehearsal, as his young companions beheld the huge, ungainly usher, with giant strides and Stentorian voice, go through with the representation of the stern, precise old Roman. But on the night of the grand exhibition, an incident, eminently characteristic of the counterfeit Cato, occurred, which effectually broke up the dénouement of the tragedy. Crawford had conducted the senate scene with tolerable success, though rather boisterously for so solemn an occasion, and had even managed to struggle through with the apostrophe to the soul; but when the dying scene behind the curtain came to be acted, Cato's groan of agony was bellowed out with such hearty good earnest as totally to scare away the tragic muse, and set prompter, players, and audience in a general, unrestrained fit of laughter. This was, we believe, the future statesman's first and last theatrical attempt.

In the fall of 1796, leaving his situation in the Carmel Academy, he bent his way to the then young city of Augusta, and became principal in one of the largest schools. It was here that floating dreams of professional eminence first passed through his mind; suggesting, at the same time, more enlarged plans of accumulation. He accordingly set himself to studying the law, and pursued his task with an assiduousness and diligence that knew no abatement, and that augured a speedy and successful accomplishment. He was admitted to the practice in 1798; and the year following, with a view to seek a suitable theatre of pursuit, he removed into the county of Oglethorpe, and opened an

office in the little village of Lexington, its county seat. "Such were his perseverance, industry, and talents," says Mr. Dudley, "that he soon attracted the notice of that distinguished statesman and profound jurist, Peter Early, then at the head of his profession in the Up Country, and to whom he became ardently and sincerely attached. His great professional zeal, that always made his client's cause his own, his unremitted attention to business, his punctuality and promptness in its dispatch, his undisguised frankness and official sincerity—disdaining the little artifices and over-reaching craft of the profession—combined with a dignity which, springing from self-respect alone, was entirely unmingled with affectation; his honesty and irreproachable moral character, accompanied with manners the most plain, simple and accessible, secured for him a public and private reputation seldom equalled, and never surpassed in any country." This graphic account, tallying with the whole character of the distinguished subject, is not at all exaggeration, but is testified to by the speedy advancement of Crawford,—who, indeed, after Mr. Early's entrance into Congress during 1802, might fairly be said to stand at the head of the bar of the Western Circuit.

These arduous professional duties and this severe mental discipline were not without early and abundant fruits. The greatness and overshadowing lustre of his expanding mind began soon to diffuse an influence elsewhere than in the court-room. The dull precincts of the bar, cramped jury boxes, stale law arguments, and the harsh routine of office business, abundant though it was, were insufficient to afford that scope which might satisfy the intellectual energies of such a person. The excitement of the political arena tempted him to the trial for larger honors; and in the fall of 1803 he was called by the people of his county to represent them in the Legislature of Georgia. In this station a new field of ambition was suddenly opened to the grasping intellect of Crawford; and plunging as he did forthwith into the absorbing vortex of politics, we lose sight of him as a professional man for many long and eventful years—years of triumph and of trial, of pride and of affliction.

At this period began also a new and most memorable epoch in the political history of Georgia, which, dating from Crawford's

entrance into the Legislature, controlled her destiny for well nigh thirty years, and continues its influence, though in a greatly modified degree, to the present time. Indeed, it is a striking and most remarkable fact that the grapple of great minds, stimulated by malignant and inveterate rivalry, never fails, even in the mild contests of civil life, comparatively speaking, to imprint lasting and influential traces on the age which witnesses the struggle. This is eminently the case in political circles, from which, for the first time, are to be drawn the bitter elements of party. And so it was, as we have already intimated, in the present instance. At one of the sessions of the Legislature, during the time of Crawford's service in that body, it so happened that a member introduced a series of resolutions which looked to the impeachment of a leading judicial incumbent of one of the Georgia circuits. The individual thus assaulted had been long a prized friend and confidential associate of Crawford. He had been also an active and industrious opponent of another personage who was then becoming rapidly conspicuous in the political world, and whose prominent position had already enlisted the sympathy of such as were placing themselves in opposition to our distinguished subject. This was General John Clarke. Clarke, finding on the present occasion an opportunity to vent his intolerance and vindictiveness, supported the resolutions with ardor and unabating zeal. On the other hand, Crawford opposed them with the energy of fast friendship, and with a violence that betokened at once the depth of personal feeling, and the indignant contempt in which he held those who were urging their adoption. As might have been expected, this fierce collision of master minds soon diverted attention and interest from the true issue, and all eyes fastened eagerly on the hostile champions. Parties and factions were formed, and the limits of social intercourse were jealously confined to those of factional sympathy. The soirées of the fashionable world were governed by like envenomed rules. Innkeepers, and publicans of all descriptions, imbibing the excitement, eschewed indiscriminate gatherings, and advertised their cheer as being intended only for those who espoused the cause, respectively, of Clarke or of Crawford. The contagion spread through all castes and classes of society; it, in fact, found way even to the bosom of

hitherto harmonious and exclusive religious fraternities. Nor was it a strife alone of words. Forensic weapons were soon laid aside, and the rival champions, urged on by implacable and impulsive factionists, resorted to weapons of a deadlier character. A challenge to mortal combat passed, and was accepted. The terms were soon arranged, the parties met, and a fight with pistols, at the usual distance, ensued. Crawford, though brave and fearless to a degree scarcely compatible with his polished amiability and amenity of disposition, was naturally awkward, nervous, and every way unqualified for a genuine duellist. Clarke was, on the contrary, a practised fighter, and highly skilled in the use of weapons, while, at the same time, of equally unquestionable courage. The result might have been anticipated. Heedless of all precautionary monitions and instructions from his friends who accompanied him to the field as seconds, Crawford took his position at the peg with the same carelessness as he was wont to swagger to his seat at the bar of a county court, exposing his left arm in a manner to catch the ball of even the rawest duellist. Consequently, when fires were exchanged, Clarke was found to be entirely untouched, while his unerring ball had taken effect in the wrist of his antagonist, horribly crushing the bones, and producing the most exquisite pain.

This shot, of course, terminated the fight; and Crawford was removed from the field to linger for months in expiatory anguish. But so far from appeasing factional differences, the fight only served to add fuel to the flame. The news of the duel, and of its unpleasing result, spread rapidly through all portions of the State, stirring up new and fiercer elements of strife, and confirming and strengthening all previous animosities. Hill and vale, mountain and plain, echoed to the war-whoop of arousing factions, and rang with the angry notes of a gathering that might have startled "Clan-Alpine's warriors." Men waited not to hear or to argue the causes and grounds which divided their respective champions, but each side mustered to the banner of its favorite, and formed in line for a long, bitter, and distracting conflict. The names of the rivals were assumed as the watchwords of the two parties, and for many years afterwards every election, from that of beat constable or militia captain to that of

Congressman or Governor, was decided, not with regard to principle or qualification, but by a trial of strength between the friends of Crawford and the friends of Clarke. Even after Crawford had been transferred from the councils of the State to those of the Nation, the flame of dissension was kept alive with vestal-like fidelity and tenacity; for there arose up in his place a successor who, from the first, asserted a full right to the fiery inheritance by his high-handedness and party bigotry, and whose name, when uttered even at this day, stirs up within the bosom of the old Georgian a wild association of ancient party jealousies and of long-gone personal predilections. Indeed, the election struggles of the Clarkites and the Troupites have been too recently absorbed by those of Whig and Democrat, to have passed from the recollection of even the youngest of the present generation of voters.

This ferocious contest, even after one side had changed its original battle-cry, lasted continuously and with ever-increasing malignancy for twenty years. At the great State elections of 1825, victory, no longer uncertain and wavering, perched finally on the standard of the Troup party. A pitched battle, decisive in its results as that of Pharsalia, had been fought by mutual consent. Every log had been rolled—every stone had been turned. Obscure, unfrequented county corners had been diligently scoured to swell the voting hordes. The sinks of cities had been ransacked. Cross-road and village drunkards, who had slept for months in ditches or in gutters, and whose sober moments had been as few and far between as angel visits, were assiduously excavated and hauled to the polls. The prison doors were flung open to pining and hapless debtors, who, but for this fierce war of parties, might have languished away the prime of their lives within the gloomy walls of a dungeon. Old men who had been bed-ridden for years, and who had long since shaken adieux with the ballot-box, were industriously hunted up, and conveyed by faithful and tender hands to the nearest precinct. Patients shivering with ague or burning with fever, struggled with pain long enough to cast their votes; and it is within the recollection of many now living, that drooping paralytics, unable to move from the carts or dearborns which had borne them from their couches, were served with the box at the court-house steps, by zealous and accommo-

dating officers. Nothing, in fact, had been left undone which might contribute to bring the struggle to a decisive and unquestioned issue. Accordingly, when the day arrived, each party, marshalled by its favorite chieftain, was ready for action; and amidst drinking, cavillings, partisan harangues, quarrels, and ring fights, the polls were opened. Every minute of time was wranglingly contended for in favor of lagging voters—every suspicion was made the pretext for a challenge. But the scrolls soon showed on which side the tides of victory were rolling. The contest resulted in a complete triumph of the Crawford or Troup party, while the Clarkites, chagrined and crest-fallen, acknowledged for the first time that they had been fairly overcome.

When the issue of this memorable election had been fully ascertained, and disseminated through the State, all Georgia became a scene of rejoicing and revelry. Magnanimity was forgotten in the maddening mirth of triumph at the defeat of a long despised foe. The ordinary greetings of civil life were ungenerously exchanged for taunts or exultant blusterings when in the presence of a vanquished adversary. Little children ran about singing and shouting from the very contagion of gladness. Women threw aside the needle and the shuttle to prepare for the dance and the feast. The men gave up business for merry making; and many who had been long famed for their severe morality and ghostly manner of life, were surprised in the joyous *mêlée*, and were seen reeling about and carousing with their less austere neighbors. The day was enlivened by hilarious and gratulatory gatherings, and the night made beautiful and merry by gorgeous illuminations and garish festivities.

Such is, briefly and imperfectly, the origin and partial history of those local factional issues which so long distracted the State of Georgia, during the stirring times of Crawford's political life. During the period of their baneful ascendancy, society was awfully afflicted. Friendships were often rudely severed, families divided, and whole neighborhoods broken up and made hostile by the deplorable influences of this partisan rancor. In fact, the Presidential election of 1840 was the first contest since 1806 which possessed sufficient strength, as regarded other issues, to overcome this ancient embodiment of party warfare; and it

is remarkable that, even at this day, the Democratic and Whig parties of Georgia are composed, in the main, of these old factions—the Clarkites being mostly of the former, and the Troupites of the latter party.

At the session of 1807 the Legislature of Georgia had elected Crawford a Senator of the United States, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Abraham Baldwin, a signer of the Declaration of Independence and of the Federal Constitution. This flattering mark of distinguished merit, thus early conferred on one so recently an humble and unaspiring pedagogue, evidences, in a striking manner, the brilliant dawn of those splendid talents which, while yet in the meridian of life, soon lifted him to the highest honors of public office, and gave him in the political world an influence that has survived his death. When it is stated, however, that these superior mental endowments were aided by a rare boldness and independence of character and of opinion, it will not be difficult to account for this rapid preferment.

The political sentiments of Crawford were decidedly liberal, and, in some respects, differed widely from those which have been promulgated and advocated as the peculiar tenets of the Jefferson school. He marked out his own course, and pursued his own conclusions, little regardful of those party trammels which have generally obtained a controlling influence with prominent national politicians. Accordingly, at an early period after his entrance into the Senate of the United States, he joined issue with William B. Giles, of Virginia, the veteran debater of that august body, and the acknowledged spokesman of the Jefferson Administration. The contest was on the Embargo question; Giles earnestly advocating its policy, while Crawford opposed it as a measure fraught with mischief and distress, and a useless and unwise preliminary to a war already virtually begun, and which was clearly inevitable. Crawford had very little tolerance for concessions and dilatory action, in a cause which he conceived to have been closed to amicable adjustment. He was no half-way man. He never paused to compromise, when he could see his way to a favorable result by risking a less indirect procedure. In fact, Crawford was in favor of declaring war from the moment that the British Gov-

ernment refused to make proper amends and satisfaction for the unwarrantable attack of the Leopard on the Chesapeake, off the harbor of Norfolk; and, in after years, did not scruple to charge Madison with ambiguity on the point of war or peace in his celebrated message of 1812, characterizing it as akin to the sinuous and obscure declarations of a Delphic oracle.

The Embargo was the darling scheme, along with the Non-intercourse Act of 1809, of the Jefferson and Madison Administrations. Crawford was thus thrown into an attitude of partial opposition to the Democratic leaders of that day, although far indeed removed from any fraternizing sympathy with the then unprincipled and rancorous remnant of the old Federal party. From these differences, slight as they were, sprang the germs of that conservative, national party which, soon gathering compactness under the lead of Madison, of Clay, and of the younger Adams, has opposed, ever since, a steady and unyielding barrier, amidst varying fortunes, to the unbridled radicalism of Democracy, as also to the baneful extremes of Federalism. The declaration of war, it may be observed, was not favored by Jefferson. With him the milder and, as he thought, scarcely less effectual remedy of spirited retaliatory measures, as concerned the British orders in Council and the French decrees, was the preferred line of conduct. Madison, long his warm adherent and premier cabinet officer, had his doubts and his difficulties. The multiplied aggressions of the British Government had, indeed, stirred up within the American nation fierce and ominous fires of resentment. Still they perceived that the business men of the country deprecated hostilities. New-England had gone quite to the point of rebellion on account of the Embargo and restrictive measures. She was now loud in her denunciations of war. The commercial cities of the North were scarcely less reconciled to the commencement of hostilities that would certainly depress and cripple them. The cotton-planters and the tobacco-growers dreaded the ruinous depreciation in the then high price of their staple productions, which was sure to result from a declaration of war. The Federalists, rejoiced to take hold of aught that might offer to prop their sinking fortunes, or to worry their exultant opponents, harangued bitterly against

the rupture of peaceful relations with England, and bullily defied those who advocated the last resort. The Democrats hesitated; and although Madison afterwards broke through these procrastinating counsels, and staked his administration on the issue of the war, yet there was a time when his delay had called forth no light reprehension from those of his political friends who coincided with Crawford. His decision lost him some friends and gained him legions of malignant enemies; but, at the same time, it operated to change wholly the original complexion of the Jeffersonian Democracy, and gave vitality and impulse to a third party, which had suddenly emerged from the chaotic political elements, under the bold lead of William Harris Crawford. But in 1811 the transition had been powerfully aided by the position which had been taken by Crawford and his Republican friends with regard to the question of rechartering the Bank of the United States; and the final concurrence of Madison in this policy was the closing scene of the ancient organization of parties, and marked still more fully the differences of the liberal and the radical wings of the original Democratic party.

At this point opens a brilliant and most important period in Crawford's political career. His reputation up to this time, although gradually spreading, had been mainly confined within the limits of his own State. The slight differences which had separated him from the immediate body of Mr. Jefferson's party, as concerned the policy of the Embargo, and which had given rise to the encounter between himself and Giles, had not drawn out the full powers of his mind, or unfolded to the eye of the nation those vast intellectual treasures and inward resources, which afterwards outshone and eclipsed all competition, and marked him as one of the leading statesmen of his day. His fame now expanded and spread, and Georgia surrendered her favorite son to the nation.

From 1790 to 1840 the various questions connected with the constitutionality and expediency of the United States Bank engaged more deeply the public mind than any others belonging to the history of the country. Indeed, the interest thus excited began under the previously existing government, and originated with the project of chartering the Bank of North America. The cry of the then opposition soon became

sufficiently effective to induce the stockholders to surrender their Congressional privileges, and to accept a charter less objectionable and less precarious from the State of Pennsylvania. But when in 1791, immediately after the adoption of the present Constitution, the project of a National Bank was revived under the auspices of Alexander Hamilton, a steady and furious opposition arose, which, only checked for the moment by the overawing influence of Washington, soon swelled into a large and jealous party, and has succeeded in bequeathing its rancor and vindictiveness to every succeeding generation from that time to the present. Previously to this the organization of parties had been based on the approval and disapproval of the Federal Constitution. But the agitation of the Bank question, and its charter by Congress, gave a complexion to political divisions which begat a new era in the history of parties. On this subject it was that Hamilton and Jefferson first crossed weapons; and on this the tocsin first sounded the hostile notes of that factious warfare which led to such acrimonious encounters and differences betwixt their respective adherents. No two men could have been brought together more entirely opposed in opinion, or in habits of thought, or in modes of action, than Hamilton and Jefferson. Their disagreement grew into an implacable hostility, which defied the mediation of Washington himself, and, as might have been expected, hurried each to rash and unwary extremities in the formation and maintenance of their political opinions. Hamilton was an extreme Federalist; Jefferson was an extreme Democrat. Hamilton leaned to and advocated a strong and centralizing government, wholly disallied with all genuine republican notions. Jefferson was a rabid and uncompromising radical, and promulgated doctrines and principles at once abhorrent and dangerous to the permanence and safety of any form of government. The first favored English politics; the last was an ardent friend to French politics. They differed on every and all subjects, and always quarrelled. It was not to be expected, therefore, that they would agree on the question of establishing a National Bank. Washington, when the bill was sent to him for signature and approval, with a decent respect to the sharp conflicts of opinion among his friends, de-

manded an opinion from each of his four ministers. Three of them, at his request, reduced their ideas to writing. Knox, who was a poor hand with the pen, gave his in conversation, and they were found to coincide with those of Hamilton. The Attorney General, Randolph, sided with Jefferson in an unqualified opposition to the scheme. How far the personal animosities and differences of the two Secretaries may have affected this great public interest, may never be known. At all events, Washington decided according to the views of Hamilton, and signed the charter. He carried along with him a sufficiency of the Republican influence to rescue the scheme from the odium of an extreme Federal measure; and thus the question had rested from 1791 to 1811.

At this session, to the confusion and dismay of the ultra Democracy, the friends of the Bank again entered the arena, and applied for a renewal of its charter, under the advice and lead of Crawford. Crawford had not taken his position inconsiderately or unwarily. He was, in his sentiments, a firm Republican and supporter, in the main, of the Jefferson and Madison Administrations. But his mind was of too comprehensive and active a cast to be fettered by narrow party ties, when reason and experience pointed to a useful result. In tracing the history of banking institutions, he was doubtless forcibly struck with the fact that they had found admission and patronage among the principal and most enlightened commercial nations; that they had successively obtained in Italy, Germany, Holland, England, and France, as well as in the United States; and that, after a candid estimate of their tendency and an experience of centuries, there existed not a doubt about their utility in the countries where they had been so long established and so fairly tried. Wherever they had been created and properly sustained, industry and trade had been indebted to them for thrift and important aid, and Government repeatedly under the greatest obligations to them in dangerous or distressing emergencies. In reviewing the history of the Bank of the United States, he found that the greatest amount of good had followed its establishment, and that for twenty years every department of industry, as well as of government, had received timely aid and advantages from its beneficent operations. These facts weighed heavily with

one of his eminently practical constitution, whose mind, directed always to great and expanded measures, was wholly incapable of being dwarfed to the pitiful dimensions of insane factious opposition; and was impervious alike to the threats or the allurements of sectarian predilections. He decided promptly on his course of action, and determined to advocate the renewal of the expired charter openly and zealously. With him were ranged Albert Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury, Pope, the Senator from Kentucky, and some few more distinguished Democrats, or Republicans. But against him there appeared a formidable host of talents and influence, and the entire prejudices of the Jeffersonian sect. The principal of these opponents were Smith of Maryland, and Henry Clay, the Senatorial colleague of Mr. Pope. William B. Giles sided with the opposition, but made a speech so rambling and tortuous as to leave his opinions on the main question well nigh undefined, and which his then coadjutor, Clay, wittily characterized as having "discussed *both* sides of the question with great ability, and as having demonstrated to the satisfaction of all who heard him, both that it was constitutional and unconstitutional, highly proper and improper to prolong the charter of the Bank."

Crawford was Chairman of the Committee to whom the application of the stockholders, praying Congress to renew the charter of the Bank, had been referred. He applied himself to the duties of his station with an ardor that showed his disregard of party associations where the public good was concerned, and with a zeal and fidelity that eminently evinced the depth and sincerity of his convictions. He fortified his cause and himself with every necessary extrinsic aid; took the elaborated opinion of the Secretary of the Treasury; and consulted extensively with deputations from the commercial and industrial interests of the great sections of the Confederacy. But the mastery of extrinsic facts did not alone serve to fit him for the ensuing struggle. The benefits arising from the establishment and continuance of the Bank were unquestionable. The necessity and expediency of renewing the charter could not be successfully controverted. The battle had to be fought on the ramparts of the *Constitution*, and of this Crawford was fully aware. He had calculated

that the opposition would direct their main efforts against the *constitutionality* of the measure, and thus drive the petitioners out of Congress without allowing them to bring in their array of popular evidence and convincing facts. But he had prepared to meet them at the very threshold, and armed himself with a panoply of reason and argument, which, supported by unquestioned authority, effectually dislodged his adversaries from their defiant position, and threw them at once on the defensive. He courted, and evidently desired them to attack; but, failing in this, he was nevertheless fully prepared to assume the offensive.

On the 5th of February the report of the Committee had been made to the Senate, and a majority concurred in the motion to accompany the same with a bill to extend the expired charter of the Bank. The bill was subjected to some amendments, and its consideration postponed for one week. On the morning of the 12th, Mr. Anderson, of Tennessee, moved to strike out the first section, but declined giving any reasons in support of his motion, on the ground that the question had been doubtless already decided, in the mind of every Senator, as of every man in the nation. This course at once unfolded the policy of the opposition. Crawford easily perceived that, confident of numerical strength, they had decided either to provoke assault, or else quietly to demolish the bill section by section. He replied to Anderson by observing that such a method of dispatching business was novel and astonishing; that a bill had been presented to the Senate to continue the operation of an institution of twenty years' standing, whose good effects were universally admitted, and whose influence on the public prosperity was not to be denied; and yet, in place of giving any reason against the continuance, the Senate was told that public sentiment had decided the question. He appealed to the mover if this was a fair and magnanimous mode of procedure! How was it possible, he asked, for the friends of the bill to meet objections never made? When a question of such magnitude was to be decided, he contended that it was proper to offer some reasons why the bill should be rejected. It was answered by General Smith, that there was nothing novel in the course suggested by the Senator from Tennessee; that it was parliamentary to make such motion; and that

it always became the introducer of a bill to give some reasons to induce the Senate to give the same its support. Anderson concurred, and again repeated his former motion.

Crawford promptly rejoined. He intimated that his remarks had been misconceived; that he made no complaint against the motion; but that it was not usual in any deliberative body that a chairman should be called on to state the reasons which induced a Committee to report any provision to a bill, when a motion was made which went to put an end to any discussion of the detail. "Gentlemen," he said, "were about to defeat the bill, and it was fair that they should assign their reasons. How could he foresee their objections? Or if, perchance, he should foresee and answer them, would not gentlemen say that such were not the reasons which influenced their votes? It was like pursuing a *will-o'-the-wisp*—you can never arrive at the true object of pursuit."

He was again answered by Gen. Smith, that it was always the duty of a Committee to inform the Senate of the reasons which induced them to report a bill; that it was expected by himself and others that the chairman would favor them with an argument to induce their support of the bill, and that *then* he might consider of his duty in making answer.

This last rejoinder fully exposed the plan of action which had been agreed on by the opponents of the bill. It was clear that they did not intend to take the initiative in discussion, and Crawford persisted in his endeavor to provoke assault no longer. He asked for no postponement, he craved no further time for preparation, but proceeded forthwith, and to the surprise of the opposition, to deliver his views in a speech which, for vigor and originality of thought, cogency of argument, and power of intellectual research, has never been surpassed in any parliamentary body, and which fixed his claims to greatness. He begins by boldly laying down the premise that the Federal Constitution had been so much construed as if it were *perfect*, that many of its best features were about to be rendered imbecile, and that prejudice was thus tending to actually destroy the object of affection; that when this was carried so far as to endanger the public welfare, it was necessary that its *imperfections* should be disclosed to public view; which disclosure, while

it might cause the adoration to cease, would not, therefore, necessarily place the Constitution beyond the reach of ardent attachment. He follows up this startling declaration with a severe analysis of the Constitution, to prove its force; showing that the very numerous *incidentalisms* which appertain to its express grants of power, clearly demonstrate the *fallibility* of the instrument, with all its just claims to our respect and deep veneration. After going through thus with the entire list of the specified powers of Congress, adroitly using each to illustrate his premise, he finally seizes on the fourth article of the Constitution to prove "the absurdity," as well of the idea of its perfection, as of the construction that the enumeration of certain powers excludes all other powers not enumerated. His method of reasoning this point is so novel, so interesting, and so resistlessly convictive, that we shall venture to transcribe the portion which embraces this head of his speech.

"This article," he says, "appears to be of a miscellaneous character, and very similar to the codicil of a will. The first article provides for the organization of Congress; defines its powers; prescribes limitations on the powers previously granted; and sets metes and bounds to the authority of the State Governments. The second article provides for the organization of the Executive Department, and defines its power and duty. The third article defines the tenure by which the persons in whom the judicial power may be vested shall hold their offices, and prescribes the extent of their power and jurisdiction. These three articles provide for the three great departments of government, called into existence by the Constitution; but some other provisions *just then* occur, which ought to have been included in one or the other of the three *preceding* articles, and these provisions are incorporated and compose the *fourth* article. The first section of it declares, that 'full faith and credit shall be given, in each State, to the public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of every other State; and the Congress may, by *general* laws, prescribe the manner in which such acts, records, and proceedings shall be proved, and the effect thereof.' In the second section it declares that a person charged, in any State, with treason, felony, or other crime, who shall flee from justice, and be found in another State, 'shall, on demand of the executive authority of the State from which he fled, be delivered up, to be removed to the State having jurisdiction of the crime.' A similar provision is contained in the same section, relative to fugitives who are bound to labor, by the laws of any State. In the first case which has been selected, express authority has been given to Congress to prescribe the manner in which the records, &c., should be proved, and also the effect thereof; but, in the other two, no authority has

been given to Congress; and yet the bare inspection of the three cases will prove that the interference of Congress is less necessary in the first than in the two remaining cases. A record must always be proved by itself, because it is the highest evidence of which the case admits. The effect of a record ought to depend upon the laws of the State of which it is a record, and therefore the power to prescribe the effect of a record was wholly unnecessary, and has been so held by Congress—no law having been passed to prescribe the effect of a record. In the second case there seems to be some apparent reason for passing a law to ascertain the officer upon whom the demand is to be made; what evidence of the identity of the person demanded, and of the guilt of the party charged, must be produced, before the obligation to deliver shall be complete. The same apparent reason exists for the passage of a law relative to fugitives from labor. According, however, to the rule of construction contended for, Congress cannot pass any law to carry the Constitution into effect in the two last cases selected, because express power has been given in the first, and is withheld in the two last. But Congress has nevertheless passed laws to carry those provisions into effect, and this exercise of power has never been complained of by the people or the States."

The speech then proceeds with an able argument to prove that there must necessarily exist, in the Constitution, powers derivable from *implication*. He contends that it is only by *implication* that Congress exercises the power to establish a Supreme Court, because the *express* grant is limited, as concerns the action of Congress, only to the creation of "inferior tribunals." Thus, he argues, is derived the sole power to accept or purchase places for the erection of forts, magazines, dockyards, and arsenals; as also the power to build lighthouses, and to legislate for the support of the same. These all being clearly *implied* powers, and having never excited complaint when exercised by Congress, he maintains that the same ancient and thoroughly settled rule of construction will leave Congress with the power to create a Bank, derivable from the clause which gives the power "to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises." He argues:—

"A law to erect lighthouses is no more a law to regulate commerce, than a law creating a Bank is a law to collect taxes, duties, and imposts. But the erection of lighthouses tends to facilitate and promote the security and prosperity of commerce, and, in an equal degree, the erection of a Bank tends to facilitate and insure the collection, safe-keeping, and transmission of revenue. If, by this rule of construction, which is applied to lighthouses, but denied to the Bank, Congress can, as incidental

to the power to regulate commerce, erect light-houses, it will be easy to show that the same right may be exercised as incidental to the power of laying and collecting duties and imposts. Duties cannot be collected, unless vessels importing dutiable merchandise arrive in port; whatever, therefore, tends to secure their safe arrival may be exercised under that general power: the erection of light-houses does facilitate the safe arrival of vessels in port; and Congress can, therefore, exercise this right as incidental to the power to lay imposts and duties."

Pursuing this course of syllogism and logical deduction, he goes on to argue that the creation of a Bank is necessary and proper, as the *very best means* to collect, safely keep, and disburse the public revenue; not because the National Government is actually dependent on a Bank, but that it is materially aided by a Bank, and that it must, therefore, be a constitutional agent indirectly or impliedly contemplated as necessary. Adverting to the idea that the States have reserved to themselves the exclusive right of erecting Banks, he boldly promulgates the doctrine that, so far from such power having been reserved, the States are actually prohibited by the Constitution from exercising this power. He says:—

"In the tenth section of the first article of the Constitution, it is declared, among other things, that no State shall coin money, emit bills of credit, or make anything but gold and silver a tender in payment of debts. What, Sir, is a bill of credit? Will it be contended that a bank bill is not a bill of credit? They are emphatically bills of credit. But it may be said that the States do not, by the creation of banks, with authority to emit bills of credit, infringe upon the Constitution, because they do not emit the bills themselves. If they have not the power to emit bills of credit, *à fortiori*, they cannot delegate to others a power which they themselves cannot exercise. But, Sir, according to the maxims of law and sound reason, what they do by another, they do themselves."

Leaving the field of solid constitutional argument, the speaker next proceeds to discuss his proposition with reference to its alleged party connections, and, incidentally, as regards the competency of a State Government to resist the establishment, within its limits, of a branch of the United States Bank. At the time that the constructive rules obtained which authorize the erection of a Bank as the fiscal agent of the Government, he contends that party, in its present sense, was unknown; that the Constitution itself was just framed, and not beyond the influence of unquestioned first impressions;

and that the Bank had then been sanctioned by the best authorities, and in the best days of the Republic. After contrasting those purer times with the rancorous scenes in which he was then mixing; denouncing the intolerance and vindictiveness of the then "Democratic presses;" and protesting against the illegal interference of certain "great States" with the regular operations of Congress, he gives vent to the following splendid philippic:—

"The Democratic presses have, for more than twelve months past, teemed with the most scurrilous abuse against every member of Congress who has dared to utter a syllable in favor of the renewal of the Bank charter. The member who dares to give his opinion in favor of the renewal of the charter, is instantly charged with being bribed by the agents of the Bank—with being corrupt—with having trampled upon the rights and liberties of the people—with having sold the sovereignty of the United States to foreign capitalists—with being guilty of perjury by having violated the Constitution. Yes, Sir, these are the circumstances under which we are called to reject the bill. When we compare the circumstances under which we are now acting, with those which existed at the time when the law was passed to incorporate the Bank, we may well distrust our own judgment. I had always thought, Sir, that a corporation was an artificial body, existing only in contemplation of law; but if we can believe the rantings of our Democratic editors, in these great States, and the denunciations of our public declaimers, it exists under the form of every foul and hateful beast, and bird, and creeping thing. It is a *Hydra*; it is a *Cerberus*; it is a *Gorgon*; it is a *Vulture*; it is a *Viper*. Yes, Sir, in their imaginations, it not only assumes every hideous and frightful form, but it possesses ever poisonous, deleterious, and destructive quality. Shall we, Sir, suffer our imaginations to be alarmed, and our judgments to be influenced by such miserable stuff? Shall we tamely act under the lash of this tyranny of the press? No man complains of the discussion in the newspapers of any subject which comes before the Legislature of the Union; but I most solemnly protest against the course which has been pursued by these editors in relation to this question. Instead of reasoning to prove the unconstitutionality of the law, they charge members of Congress with being bribed or corrupted; and *this* is what they call the liberty of the press. To tyranny, under whatever form it may be exercised, I declare open and interminable war. To me it is perfectly indifferent whether the tyrant is an irresponsible editor, or a despotic monarch."

But Crawford was not content even thus to rest his case on the solid basis of primitive republican authority. Assuming that the Democratic or regular Jeffersonian party were opposed, on principle, to the establishment of a Bank, he proves that their public acts give the lie to their opinions, inasmuch

as this same party indirectly sanctioned the Bank by establishing a branch in Louisiana in 1804, and, in 1807, by passing laws to punish offenses of counterfeiting, or otherwise improperly interfering with the Bank monopoly; and this, too, with such unanimity, that the bill glided through both Houses without a call of the yeas and nays on its final passage, or any of its intermediate stages. And it is under this head of the speech that, speaking of the right of States to oppose the erection of branch Banks within their borders, we find the following emphatic and unqualified declaration of opinion on a point which, so far as the name and authority of our distinguished subject may be regarded, must startle and disconcert the wild secessionists and ultra States' rights men of the present critical times:—

"Permit me, Sir, to make one or two observations upon this competency of the State Governments to resist the authority or the execution of a law of Congress. What kind of resistance can they make, *which is constitutional*? I know of but *one kind*—and that is by elections. The People, and the States, have the right to change the members of the National Legislature, and in that way, and in that alone, can they effect a change of the measures of this Government. It is true, there is another kind of resistance which can be made, but it is unknown to the Constitution. This resistance depends upon physical force; it is an appeal to the sword; and by the sword must that appeal be decided, and not by the provisions of the Constitution."

After a concise and lucid exposition of banking principles as illustrated and developed in connection with the history of many of the States, and the special benefits to be derived from a National Bank, the distinguished speaker, towards the end of his argument, notices the objection raised by many to a Bank, because a portion of the stock may be owned by foreign capitalists. Formidable as this objection may at first seem, he seizes and wields it as an affirmative argument, proving that what has been so generally deemed a disastrous policy, is really an advantage to the country. He argues that if, by investing their principal means in an American institution, dependent entirely on the will of the American Government, and existing by the sufferance of the American people, foreigners acquire any influence over such institution, it is their interest to exert the same in our favor. A country in which the capital of foreigners is

employed, and whose Government can, at any moment, lay its hands on the same, must of necessity possess more influence with these foreigners than they possibly can over us or to our injury; besides the important fact that, in case of apprehended war between their nation and ours, self-interest would impel them to exert a beneficial influence in favor of that which holds their money.

The conclusion of this finished argument is worthy of its principal features and main body, and is eminently characteristic of its author:—

"Sir, we have the experience of twenty years for our guide. During that lapse of years your finances have been, through the agency of this Bank, skilfully and successfully managed. During this period, the improvement of the country and the prosperity of the nation have been rapidly progressing. Why, then, should we, at this perilous and momentous crisis, abandon a well-tried system—faulty, perhaps, in the detail, but sound in its fundamental principles? Does the pride of opinion revolt at the idea of acquiescing in the system of your political opponents? Come! and with me sacrifice your pride and political resentments at the shrine of political good. Let them be made a propitiatory sacrifice for the promotion of the public welfare, the savor of which will ascend to heaven, and be there recorded as a lasting, an everlasting evidence of your devotion to the happiness of your country."

This speech, and the one which followed a few days afterwards from the same source, proved to be unanswerable in every respect. Crawford had forestalled and neutralized the whole plan of argument in opposition, both within and without the pale of the Constitution. He had gone over the whole ground, and surveyed it in its every point, before he engaged in the conflict of debate. Consequently, the speeches of his opponents which followed the delivery of his own, are mostly discursive and declamatory, rarely ever argumentative. They did not bring forth a solitary new objection, although, as we have already intimated, the speakers were among the most talented men of the country. Their efforts seemed to be mainly directed with a view to defeat the bill by conjuring up against it long dormant party prejudices, and to enlist all the rabid animosities of political warfare. And so irrefutably had Crawford planted his positions, that even Henry Clay, with his spicy variety and raciness, was forced to the unworthy resort of meet-

ing argument with the usual demagogical appeal to the lower and baser prejudices of the mind. But, at the same time, it is not unlikely that the boldness and independence displayed by Crawford on this occasion, served first to attract and wean him from the ultra Democracy of the true Jeffersonian school, and to direct his ardent and high-toned ambition to the attainment of great political purposes and ends, which rose above the circumscribed and impracticable views of the radical sect in whose opinions he had been raised.

The discussion, however, was not altogether of a peaceful and quiet character. Most of the opposition speakers, aware of Crawford's extreme sensitiveness and irascibility of temper, were careful to avoid all exceptionable allusions to the differences of opinion which separated him, on this question, from the main body of his political friends, and to eschew all course of remark which might induce unpleasant personal application. But Whitesides, a Senator from Tennessee, was not so prudent and forbearing, and declared, in the course of a very indifferent speech, that members of the Democratic party who were now found making common cause with the friends of the Bank, must be regarded as political apostates. This remark stung Crawford to the quick, and aroused at once that deep sense of resentment which possesses all spirited persons who are conscious of honest motives. In reply, he denounced the use of such language, in connection with a member or members of the Senate, as indecorous and unbecoming; declaring that no one should, without the walls of the chamber, apply such to him with impunity. Whitesides attempted to exculpate himself by an explanation; but explanation had then been offered too late to restore friendly feeling. He did not deny having used the expression, and Crawford persisted in denouncing it as an assertion made without the proof to sustain it, and which was plainly contradicted by the record. This closed all doors to an amicable adjustment, and, so far as appears, Whitesides made a merit of submission to the denunciation.

It is known that the bill, reported by the Committee, failed to pass at the session of 1811. Crawford, therefore, did not succeed in accomplishing his main object, although he paved the way for a resuscitation, at a

future session of Congress, of the expired charter; and the stand he had taken lent a support to the Bank which sustained its political fortunes through many years of trials and struggles. But the debate, in view of the previous party relations of those who participated in it, gave rise to political events of the most important and permanent character. The whole project of the National Bank was conceded to Federal paternity. This fact at once arrayed against it the entire forces of the Democratic or Jeffersonian party, and among these was James Madison, then President, though known to be less attenuated in his opinions than the illustrious leader and founder of that hide-bound sect. Crawford had entered the Senate, a member of the same party, but, as we have seen, crossed swords with its prominent champion, on a vital issue, at the very first session. The gap thus made was never fairly closed; and although Crawford was reckoned an anti-Federalist during his entire public career, it is yet a remarkable fact that he never acted with the Democratic party on any of the important issues at stake. When, therefore, in 1811, he was put forward as the leader of the Bank party, it became evident that a confusion of parties, already foreshadowed in 1808, must speedily ensue. The main body of the Federal party gladly followed his lead. The prominent liberal Democrats took their stations by his side. At the session of 1816, the Bank charter, thus aided by this timely co-operation of dissentient factions, was passed. In this manner a third party began slowly to emerge from the confusion; for the largest portion of the Federalists, although co-operating with their opponents on the Bank question, had marched off under the anti-war banner, sheared, however, of its brightest ornaments, and of its most patriotic and liberal members. While, then, the new party did not absorb this rancorous phalanx, their ranks were soon swelled by important accessions from the Democratic fold. Chief among these was President Madison, who, after signing the Bank charter, became its hearty and powerful advocate, and, of course, approached Crawford with every demonstration of confidence and political sympathy. Clay soon followed, and publicly announced, as he has repeatedly done since, his entire change of opinion on the Bank question; while, on the floor of the House of Representatives, Cal-

houn himself was recognized as the prime mover and leader of those who favored the re-establishment of the Bank.

These events gave birth to the Whig party; which, soon gathering compactness and strength, has exercised great influence in the political world from that day to the present. Men may since have changed, and run the gauntlet of political tergiversations; but the party is essentially the same, and at its head may still be recognized many who were principal actors in its original formation.

It is painful to pause, at this interesting period of Crawford's political history, to record the unwelcome fact that his opinion, as concerned the constitutional power of Congress to charter a Bank, underwent in his latter life an entire change. His great speech in support of the Bank had not been successfully answered at the time of its delivery. It gave birth to an influence that shortly afterwards created the elements of a new party organization, converted to its opinions many of the most distinguished of the Bank opponents, and brought about a train of legislation that established the Bank as one of the cardinal means of carrying into effect the granted powers of Congress. This legislation remained unaltered, and almost undisturbed, for nearly twenty years after the charter of 1816, during which time the Bank had faithfully and correctly transacted all the fiscal business of the Government; and at last its political fortune had only gone down before the selfish animosities of jealous politicians, and the indomitable will of an equally implacable and intolerant party chieftain. During all this long period, Crawford was alive, in retirement at his rural seat of Woodlawn. His Bank speeches, if they had not made for him all the political consequence he ever enjoyed, had at least first introduced him to the nation, and laid the foundation of his greatness. The fruits of his bold exertions and labors were manifested on all sides, and in every quarter of the Union, by an unparalleled progress of general prosperity. He had made the Bank a favorite with the nation, and, in the outset of his brilliant career, had staked his fortunes on its single issue. Long years rolled away, and his fame became identified with this first object of his public devotion. But time, which had developed the full scope of his policy, verified his expectations and

predictions, and crowned his efforts with unsurpassed success, had touched him with a heavy and blighting hand. Disease had made rapid encroachments, and dealt him a blow from which he never recovered. Artful and unprincipled men, seeking his confidence under the guise of friendship, had abused his weaknesses, and inveigled him in unpleasant personal controversies, which subjected him to the merciless assaults of ancient political enemies whose rancor he had been led to provoke, and which grew to be too serious, too bitter, and too intricate in their final connections, not to dislodge an equanimity, which, never very settled, had now been so severely ruffled by disease. It so happened, too, that Clay and Calhoun, with whom he was then so fiercely engaged, and originally his opponents on the Bank question, had become of late the peculiar friends and guardians of the Bank interests. It is not, therefore, surprising that, under such circumstances, he should have been dispossessed of his calm judgment and discretion—especially when it is further considered that the varying tide of politics had thrown him alongside of those who were moving their whole official and personal influence to the destruction of the United States Bank.

It was at such a time, and in the midst of such exciting events, that the world heard first of Crawford's change of opinion on this question. It occurred just before the close of his life, and after he had been in close retirement for more than seven years, during which time the whole complexion of parties and of politics had undergone a change, leaving no outward discernible marks of the eventful era in which he had figured. His immediate circle of intimate and confidential friends were all opposed to a Bank. A distinguished member of Congress from Georgia, his early friend and political follower, was leading opposition to the Bank in the House of Representatives, and against him, in favor of the Bank, was arrayed the entire South Carolina influence, headed by McDuffie, who had just publicly assailed Crawford's veracity on a delicate and important point. Thus was presented to him the unwelcome spectacle of enemies sheltering themselves from overthrow behind the solid ramparts of his own previous opinions, while his friends were being daily confused and driven off by the exhibition of this proof armor which himself had forged.

It would be attributing to him more than human endowments, to suppose that these facts did not materially influence the apparent change of opinion to which we have adverted.

About this time, as our information unfolds, Crawford, in his capacity of Circuit Judge, went over to the county of Elbert for the purpose of holding the semi-annual term of its Court. He staid there over night, as had long been his custom, with an ancient and confidential friend, himself an active and zealous politician. Conversation turned on the proceedings of Congress, as regarded the Bank, and, incidentally, concerning his own former political relations with that institution. During its progress, the host adverted to a copy of the debates, in his possession, on the formation of the Federal Constitution, and its adoption by the States. The book was placed in Crawford's possession; and then it was that recently engendered prejudice found, as it was thought, a genial and strong covert behind which to plant and sustain the change of opinion so much desired by friends, incautiously excited, and perhaps so long meditated by the veteran statesman himself. These debates show, among other things, that the framers of the Constitution failed to pass a resolve giving to Congress the express power of chartering corporations. The importunities of friends, powerfully aided by the very natural bias of personal resentments, induced him to seize on this as the pretext for a change; and as conviction is not difficult where inclination leads the way, the change was easily accomplished and was soon announced. This account of so strange a revulsion of opinion, once, in the zenith of intellect and of life, deeply entertained and cherished, is fully confirmed both by his own pithy letter to the editor of the *Savannah Republican*, and by the admission of Mr. Dudley in the sketch to which we have elsewhere briefly adverted. It is an account well worthy of nice and scrupulous examination; and we should scarcely deem our task to be fairly fulfilled did we not address an effort to that effect. The justice of history requires, especially at the hand of impartial and candid reviewers, to be fully vindicated in connection with one whose opinions will inevitably exercise great influence with the future generations of the Republic, as they have eminently done with those of his own times.

It is true that the Convention of 1787 failed to engraft within the *express* powers of the Federal Constitution the power of chartering corporations. But it is equally true that a proposition to invest Congress with the *direct* power of erecting forts, arsenals, and dock-yards, also failed.* And yet Congress has always exercised, and must continue to exercise both powers. The principle of implication reaches and covers both cases, and we contend that Crawford's own argument, to prove the existence of implied powers, is irrefutable. The context and tone of the Constitution tend clearly to show that only general and cardinal powers were intended to be expressly granted; for to have burthened a written form of government with the distinct recitation of every grant necessary to put in operation the whole machinery of legislation, would have been to swell the present admirable limits of the Constitution into crude, indigestible, and impracticable dimensions, would have sheared it of that remarkable simplicity and comprehensiveness which render it so accessible and practical, and would have entailed upon the country a tome of Institutes or Pandects as intricate as those of Justinian, instead of establishing a constitution as the *fountain* from which to draw all proper laws. The grant "to regulate commerce" is an elementary and cardinal grant of power, and needs to be amplified by all proper species of legislation tending to promote the ends of commerce, in order that it may be rendered tangible and operative. So also with the power "to establish post-offices." A post-office would not be desirable without the supervision of a postmaster; and this officer, by the will of Congress acting under the implied power drawn from this clause, is appointed by the Executive or his cabinet. These two instances are sufficient to show the *nature and character* of the Constitution, and fully establish Crawford's own former position, "that the enumeration of certain powers does not exclude all other powers not enumerated."

How then could the bare fact, that the Federal Convention of 1787 had rejected a proposition to invest Congress with the *express* power of chartering corporations, while the same Convention had rejected similar

* Viz.: in the rejection of Pinkney's draft. The power was afterwards made an *incidental* one.

propositions as applied to other enumerated grants, and while his own argument on the point, more than twenty years previously, still remained without answer,—how could this naked fact operate to produce a change of opinion so sudden and wonderful in Crawford's mind, as regarded the constitutionality of the Bank? A change on this point involves a change of all his former ideas concerning the character and context of the Federal Constitution; and the fact that the Convention had rejected the proposition to insert, *directly*, the power to erect forts, arsenals, and dock-yards, similarly construed with the fact which induced his change of opinion on the Bank question, would have compelled him to deny all such powers to Congress. The labors and the reflections of his whole political career, directed, as they were, with an energy and talent that never stopped short of complete satisfaction, would thus have been forced to succumb to the unsettled impressions of an intellect, shorn by disease of its meridian strength and lustre, and naturally impaired, to some extent, by long retirement, and premature old age. Our admiration for Crawford's character and talents, our sincere respect for that greatness which filled the world with his fame, would forbid us rashly to yield the ability of the splendid argument which distinguished his Senatorial career, to the less studied and undigested opinions of his latter years.

There are, moreover, very strong reasons for supposing that this fact, alleged in after years as the cause of his change of opinion on the constitutionality of the Bank, could not have weighed very heavily with him at the period of 1811. He may not have then examined its history as minutely as he did afterwards; but the fact that such proposition had been rejected in the Convention, was evidently before him. It was alluded to in the debates which first occurred in connection with the charter of the Bank in 1791. It was incidentally brought up in answer to his own speech of 1811. His investigations must have brought the fact to his eye in the elaborate opinions officially submitted by Edmund Randolph and Jefferson, when required to do so as cabinet officers by President Washington; not to name that of Hamilton, who argues the point at considerable length. The contents of these papers were known well to the politicians of the Revolutionary era. Besides, Crawford

was in the habit of frequent intercourse with members of the Convention who voted on the very question mooted, and from whom he must have learned the history of the proceeding. We yet find no allusion to the matter in either of his speeches; and the fair conclusion is that the fact then weighed very lightly in his estimation. And why should it not? How could it be regarded in a serious view? Ought not the Constitution to be decided on by the import of its own expressions? Crawford was too astute a politician not to be aware of the evil consequences which might result, if an obscure and scantily reported history, as to certain matters which occurred in the Convention, shall govern the construction of the Constitution. The instrument, like all other written forms, is entitled to a fairer and less attenuated measure. All must admit that there are incidental powers belonging to the Constitution. If the conclusion shall, therefore, be, that because some incidental powers are expressed, (as those for erecting forts, dock-yards, &c.,) no others can be admitted, it would not only be contrary to the common forms of construction, but would reduce the present Congress to the feebleness of the old one, which could exercise no powers not expressly *granted*.

Crawford, even in his latter days, could not have questioned the power of Congress to grant a charter of incorporation to the municipal body of Washington City. And yet no such power is expressly conferred by the Constitution. If, because the Convention rejected a proposition to insert the express power to charter any incorporations, the Bank is unconstitutional, the same rule must hold good as concerns any other description of incorporation. A corporation is the same, whether applied to a bank or to a municipality; and if the absence of express power constitutes a restriction, the rule must be universally applied to all subjects of legislation coming under that head. Such a mode of reasoning would capsize the legislation of every State in the Union, as well as of the National Government. It must be remembered that the express power to charter banks or incorporations is not given in any State Constitution, any more than it is given in the Federal Constitution.

But the validity of such a reason, as the basis of a radical change of opinion, may be impeached on other and stronger grounds.

The mere rejection of a proposition to insert an express power to grant charters of incorporation, is not, *à fortiori*, the evidence of opinion, on the part of the framers, hostile to the proper exercise of such power. In arranging a form of government adapted to the growing and varying wants of a country which bid fair, even then, to become a populous and an enterprising empire, it is scarcely allowable to suppose that a Convention would have assumed the responsibility of fixing as an immutable feature of the Constitution a special fiscal agent which, for better or for worse, was to be the perpetual depositary of the government funds. This would have been absurd. The Bank, in the process of time and amidst the vicissitudes of trade and commerce, might have been found less convenient as a disbursing agent than some other project. The means by which national exigencies are to be provided for, national inconveniences obviated, national prosperity advanced, are of such infinite variety, extent, and complicity, that there must of necessity be great latitude of discretion in the selection and application of those means. The wisest course under such circumstances was, as the Convention fortunately decided on, to engraft a *general* clause based on *necessity* and *propriety*, leaving it to the judgment of the legislators of each succeeding age to select the means of procedure. Besides, the debates and proceedings of the Convention on the subject of adopting the proposition in question, clearly show that its rejection was carried on numerous grounds, none of which refer to a decided opinion as to its incompatibility with the general powers belonging to the Constitution. Some friends of the Bank of North America, as it existed under charter of the old Government, voted against the insertion of an express power to erect incorporations. The Constitution had been, after much contention and struggling, nearly per-

fectured. The elements of opposition had sprung up at every step in its progress to formation. Each express power had been jealously argued. It was only after mutual concessions that opposing factions had coalesced on its main features. It was known that fierce and powerful opposition awaited the question of its adoption before the people of the States. Every thing, therefore, which might tend to feed this opposition was strictly excluded; and it is probable that, after agreeing upon the few express grants of cardinal power, the clause giving to Congress the *general* power to pass all laws necessary and proper to carry into effect the express powers, united more differences of sentiment in its support, and at the same time was intended to convey more extended import, than any clause of like size ever united or conveyed before.

Now it is well known that, throughout his entire political career, Crawford had been distinguished by bold expansion of thought and liberality of opinions. He had been in advance of his friends and of his political party on all the great practical questions at issue. He had planned his action on these views, and never varied from their pursuit. The views we have here set forth are deducible from his own speeches and reports to Congress; and it is hardly to be presumed that his sagacious mind had, in its zenith, failed to take in and act upon their full scope. We cannot, therefore, consent that the foundations of his fame and greatness shall be thus undermined by arraying the prejudices of his latter years, as of superior authority to and against the splendid achievements of his meridian life. Leaving, then, these facts and reasonings to be appreciated as may best chance, we shall now proceed with the regular course of narrative.

J. B. C.

LONGWOOD, Miss.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE WHIG REVIEW,

ON THE

DISADVANTAGES OF BEING BORN IN ONE'S OWN COUNTRY.

CHARLES LAMB once presented to the world a capital and conclusive paper on the inconveniences of being hanged; and, prompted by my own experiences, I shall be able to establish, I am pretty sure, that one might as well be hanged as—

This is broaching the matter too bluntly: I must approach the grand *Quod Erat Demonstrandum* with a little preparation. It will not do to state, in so many words, that it would have been more comfortable for me to have been born a Caribbean, with the privilege of wielding a club in my own defense; or a Choctaw, with the inalienable natural right of cleaving my enemy's skull with a tomahawk; or a Hindoo, with idols of my own to worship, and not imposed on me by other nations, although they might be of wood; or, in a word, any body else, or any where else, than a free Republican citizen of this vast confederacy. I propose to begin at the beginning, and to show, in my own simple history, the utter absurdity of being born an American; that in the creation of an American Nature intends a huge joke; or, to sum up all in brief, that it may be fairly doubted, if not entirely demonstrated, whether, properly speaking, there is any such place as America. I am willing to admit that the title "America" does appear in various geographies, gazetteers, and other publications of a like kind; also, that there is a certain considerable superficial space marked off in many, perhaps in all of the maps or atlases in common use, which passes, also, under that designation: but whether there is any distinctive country, with its own proper customs, habits and self-relying usages, answering to that name, or any such characteristic creature, representing such customs, habits and usages, called American, will appear or not, when we have advanced a little further in the subject.

I was first led to entertain doubts in this

way. It was the custom of my father—peace to his memory!—to have me accompany him to the shop of the barber, where he submitted every other day to his quarterly shaving. In these visits, it happened, not rarely, when the shop was well attended with customers, that I, a lad perhaps some five or six years of age, was prompted to mount a chair, and recite or improvise a brief oration on some current subject arising at the moment; and my success was often so considerable that I received an honorary gratuity of a sixpenny piece—which altogether inspired me with the feeling that native talent was held in high esteem among my countrymen. This opinion I cherished and held fast to till my tenth year, when my mind was disturbed by the unusual commotion in the same shop at the announcement of the death of the British Premier, George Canning, and the appearance, shortly thereafter, in an honorary gilt frame, of a colored head of the said Canning, assigned to the most conspicuous position on the wall. This shock was followed up with a pair of boots, purchased for my juvenile wearing, which I heard named Wellingtons, and which, vended as they were freely in my native city here of New-York, I learned were so named in honor of a distinguished general who had spent his life in fighting the battles of the English Government.

As I grew in years evidences thickened upon me. To say nothing of Liverpool coal, Kidderminster carpets, and such indoor importations, I found the same shadow crossing my path in the public streets, laid out by the same native corporation. I struck out to the east, and found myself rambling in Albion Place; I wandered to the west, and landed in Abingdon Square; I pushed for the north, and came square upon the snag of London Terrace. I used to rub my eyes and wonder whether I was in the New

World or the Old; and was afflicted with the uncomfortable sensation of the man who went to sleep in the mountains, and waking up after a twenty years' nap, opened his eyes under a Republican government, although his slumbers had begun under a royal rule. Mine was merely reversed: I fancied I had slept backward to the good old times of George the Third, and was surprised to miss the statue of that excellent king from its old post of authority in the centre of the Bowling Green next to the Battery.

When I had grown up to be old enough to take an interest in books, I found the same happy delusion still maintained. I put out my hand, as I suppose boys do in other countries, to seize upon some ballad, history or legend connected with the fortunes of my own people; and I found twenty busy gentlemen zealously filling it with English publications. Whatever my humor might be, to laugh or weep, for a glimpse of high life or low, for verse or prose, there was always one of these industrious gentlemen at my side, urging on my attention a book by some writer a great way off, which had no more to do with my own proper feelings or the sentiments of my country than if they had been Persian or Patagonian—only they were in the English language, always English. I said to myself, as I began to consider these matters, I'll take to the newspapers; surely these, as belonging to the country, published in the country, and by men like myself, must make me ample amends for being practised upon in the bound books: I will read the newspapers. Never had boy, thirsting after patriotic reading, more completely duped. One after the other, here were police reports, with slang phrases that certainly never originated in any of the courts or prisons of the New World; elaborate accounts of prize fights and cricket matches, and what not of that sort; and withal, such an outpouring of small-beer scandal and little nasty vituperation of my decent fellow-citizens, that the shadow fell upon my spirit again, and I was more than ever clear upon the point, that whoever had the naming of this quarter of the globe in the maps and gazetteers had clearly committed an egregious mistake in calling it America: he should have named it Little Britain.

In spite of these discouraging convictions,

I saw that the people about me were given to laughter, and, in a way of their own, had something of a relish for merriment. I have it at last, I said to myself: they let these heavy dogs of Englishmen name their streets and edit their newspapers; but when they come to any thing elegant, sportive and cheerful, they take the matter into their own hands. I'll go to the Museum and see what the Americans, my fellow-countrymen, are about there. Will you believe it?—as I live, the first object I encountered in the hall was the cast-off state-coach of her Majesty Queen Victoria, so blocking up the way that I made no attempt to advance farther; but, turning on my heel, I determined to indemnify myself at one of the theatres. I struck for the nearest, and, as if in conspiracy with the state-coach, the first notes I caught from the orchestra were "God save the Queen," played with great energy by the musicians, and vigorously applauded by a portion of the audience. I tried another house immediately, where I was entertained during my short stay by an old gentleman in a wig, (unlike any other old gentleman I had ever seen in my life,) who was denouncing some body or other, not then visible, as having conducted himself in a manner altogether unworthy an "honest son of Britain!" There was still another left to me—a popular resort—where flaming bills, staring me in the face every time I passed, had promised abundant "novelty suited to the times." I have you at last, methought; you cannot escape me now; this is the theatre for my money. What was my astonishment, on entering and possessing myself of one of the small bills of the evening, to discover that they had taken one of those new books I had come away from home to avoid, and made a play of it: it was really too much partridge by a long shot. There was not a mouthful of fresh air, it would seem, to be had for love or money: the moment I opened my mouth, wherever it might be, at home or abroad, for health or pleasure, these busy dietarians were ready with their everlasting partridge, to gorge me to the throat.

Where was the use of repining? Time heals all wounds of the youthful spirit. I grew to man's estate. Now (said I, chuckling to myself at the thought) I will set this matter right. These men mean well: they would give just what you desire, but,

poor fellows, they haven't it to give. That (I continued to myself) is easily settled: I'll write a play and present it to them: I will take an American subject, (allowing, for the nonce, that there is such a place as America;) I will represent a man of character, a hero, a patriot. I will place him in circumstances deeply interesting to the country, and to which the republican feeling of the country shall respond with a cheer. No sooner thought than done. The play was written: an American historical play. With some little art a hearing was procured from one of these gentlemen—a stage-manager, as they call him. I stuffed him, that all the pipes and organs of his system might be in tune, with a good dinner; which he did not disdain, although I may mention that the greens were raised in Westchester, and the ducks shot on the Sound. I announced the title and subject, and proceeded to read: during this business he seemed to be greatly moved. At the conclusion of the MS. I found my manager in a much less comfortable humor than at the table. In a word, with ill-concealed disdain, he pronounced the play a failure, and wondered that any body would spend his time on subjects so unworthy the English Drama, as little provincial squabbles like those of American History. He was right: American History is not a suitable subject for the English Drama. With doubts still thickening in my mind whether this was America, I paid the reckoning, thrust my play in my pocket, and hurried home, anxious to consult some authentic chronicle to make sure whether there had been such an event as the Revolutionary War. Such an event was certainly there set down, at considerable length, and one George Washington was mentioned as having taken part in it. The printed book I read from was called the History of the United States; but from all I could see, hear, and learn, daily, about me, the United States so referred to was decidedly non-existent, at least so far as I had yet pushed my researches.

But I did not, even now, altogether despair. I said again, Perhaps I am limiting myself to too humble a range of observation; why should I confine myself to the city of New-York, Empire City though it be, and capital of this great Western Continent? I

will change the scene; I will go a journey; I will strike for Bunker Hill: if I find that, all is safe. Boston is not at the end of the earth, nor is one a lifetime in getting there. I found Bunker Hill: I could not easily miss it, for there was a great pile of stones, a couple of hundred feet high, which a blind man could not have missed if he had been travelling that way. You are mistaken, young man, (I again addressed myself, as I contemplated the granite pyramid;) there has been a Revolutionary War: the American colonies fought it, and after a severe struggle, great waste of blood, treasure, and counsel of wise men, they severed themselves from the Mother Country, and they were free! The little grievances which have irked you, such as names of streets, play-houses, and such trifles, are scarcely worthy of consideration: politically you are free. You have your own political institutions, with which no stranger can intermeddle: what more could you ask?

I was hugging myself in this comfortable conviction, pacing proudly in the shadow of Faneuil Hall, that venerable cradle of our boasted Independence, when a boy placed in my hand an "extra" sheet, from which I learned that a steamer had just arrived from England, and had that moment landed on the very wharf of Boston where the tea was dumped, an emissary, apparently authorized by the Mother Country, for he was a member of the British Parliament, who had come to resume in due form the old political authority of the Mother Country, and to direct us *ex cathedra* in the regulation of those very political concerns of which we fancied we had acquired the exclusive control by fighting through that old Revolutionary War. You see, my dear Mr. Editor, it was all a mistake: the whole thing is a cunningly devised fable; there was no such contest as the Revolutionary War; there was no such man as George Washington, (facetiously represented as the father of his country;) and there is no such country as America. The sooner we reconcile ourselves to the facts the more comfortable we shall all be. Christopher Columbus, in the order of Providence, was a grand mistake; at least such is the settled and unshakable opinion of your obedient servant,

BELLEROPHON BROWN.

USES AND ABUSES OF LYNCH LAW.

No. III.

BLAKE found the Mississippi conspirators firm in their bad purpose, and willing to second him; but those of the adjoining States were terror-stricken and demurred, so that he was forced to confine his operations to the former.

Every preparation was made, and the whole affair actually conducted to within eight days of the proposed crisis, when an exposure took place. A lady residing in Livingston county, who had been induced to watch her slaves very closely, from a singular alteration in their demeanor, overheard a conversation between two of them on the night of the 26th June, which filled her with terror and apprehension. She immediately informed her son, and one of the parties, a girl, was summoned into the house, informed of what had been already heard, and finally induced to confess.

The information was laid before the "Committee of Safety" of the county, early the next morning, and they proceeded to investigate the subject in the most active manner. The knowledge of the conspiracy was traced back to four slaves, who were the ringleaders among the negroes, two of them preachers; and their guilt being fully established, they were hung.

Up to this moment no agency of a white man had been discovered; but on the next day further information was furnished the Committee, and then through this second channel they at last reached the fountain-head of the mischief.

Our space prevents us from describing the scenes that followed, but we will glance at the proceedings in Livingston.

With every certainty of the correct and forcible administration of the law, there would have been now no time for its formal delays; but knowing as the citizens did that they stood as it were upon a volcano ready to explode, that the law was utterly impotent in the premises, and that no man could be depended upon save him who went heart and hand with them in crushing the conspiracy in its bud, but one course was open. The Committee did all that

could have been expected from them. As fair a trial as it was possible for them to give, was allowed the accused. The Governor of the State was consulted, and issued a proclamation approving of their proceedings.

The most important conspirators that were living in Livingston were Ruel Blake, Cotton, Saunders, Donovan, and Dean. A man named Lee Smith was found guilty of some knowledge of the plot, but allowed to depart upon the condition that he would leave the State. He fell into the hands of the infuriated citizens of Hinds county, and was slain. Two Earls were also arrested, and made confessions. One hung himself in his cell, and the other was sent to Vicksburg, and we believe escaped.

The guilt of these men was proved by the most clear and indubitable evidence; by their confessions upon the gallows, and by their implicating one another.

We give below the confession of Dr. Cotton:—

"I acknowledge my guilt. I was one of the principal ones, with Boyd and Ruel Blake, in getting up this conspiracy. I am a member of the Murrell clan, and belong to what we call the Grand Council. I have counselled with them on an island in the Mississippi, and once near Columbus, this spring. Our object in undertaking this clan was not to liberate the negroes, but to get plunder. It has been in contemplation several years, but fell through on Murrell's conviction and imprisonment. We sought to revive it on the plan laid down in Stewart's pamphlet. From the exposure of our plans in that publication, we feared the citizens would be on their guard on the night of the 25th December, so we thought we would take by surprise on the night of the 4th July, and it would have been to-night (and may be yet) but for the detection of our plans. There are about one hundred and fifty of our clan in this State. Boyd is the leader, and the Earls, who swore for us on the 1st, were his main men. Saunders was in the plot. Blake's boy, Peter, was justly punished, for he was very active in corrupting his fellow negroes. There are arms and ammunition deposited in Hinds county, near Raymond.

(Signed)

JOSHUA COTTON.

"July 4th, 1835."

The gang of villains whose projects were thus frustrated was very far from being

annihilated. They had learned too well the benefits to be derived from a mutual system of assistance and co-operation by a combination of persons in the different walks of life,—from a proper apportionment of labor, in the true spirit of Adam Smith's doctrine of economy,—to again recommence the career of iniquity, unaided and unabatted.

They had learned that by proper management, by the application of brute force, of threats, of example in some situations, and the juggling of courts, witnesses, and juries in others, that any confederate was comparatively safe from every danger of being overtaken by retributive justice, save by the dreaded and fatal Lynch Law.

The members of the band generally changed their posts; those who were planters and merchants, finding themselves objects of suspicion, sold out, often to others of the clan, whose characters were as yet unknown to their new neighbors, and moved to some adjoining State.

The Grand Council was probably done away with, and having now no acknowledged leader, they divided themselves into numerous small parties, each with their chosen chief and manager, and unconnected with the others in any momentous project, but still known to each other, and furnishing shelter and assistance to any villain or villains who might require it.

Many of them emigrated to Texas, and it is of this section that we would speak, being intimately acquainted with their movements from personal observation.

One of the first who met with his deserts was an old man by the name of Yokum, who had been the terror of the part of Louisiana where he formerly resided, we believe upon Plaquemine Brulé, or in that vicinity. It has often been told us by old settlers from that portion of the State, that not one of Yokum's family, or of the gang whom he kept around him, had met with a natural death.

This patriarch in crime selected "Pine Island Prairie," in the lower part of Eastern Texas, a place where he would be but little troubled with inquisitive neighbors; and where, from its location upon the road leading from Belew's Ferry upon the Sabine through Liberty, and crossing the San Jacinto at the Attascaseta ford to Houston, he would be sure to *entertain*, that is, "keep" or "receive," almost every traveller that chose that route.

Knowing the advantages of a good character at home, he soon, by his liberality, apparent good-humor, and obliging disposition, succeeded in ingratiating himself with the few settlers who were, with backwoods courtesy, called neighbors,—any one within fifteen miles being entitled to the benefit of the term.

The first thing that attracted general suspicion and inquiry, was the appearance of his stud. Planters and stock-raisers in Texas keep many horses, but they are universally of the small breed of Louisiana Creole ponies, or those of the Spanish kind. The larger breed of horses from the Northern or Western States are designated as "American horses," and are seldom met with, unless perchance a physician, lawyer, or wealthy planter may keep one as his especial saddle-horse. Travellers, however, almost invariably are mounted upon them.

No Texan can conceal his stock of cattle or his stud, as every acre of prairie and timber is thoroughly hunted over once and often twice a year, by large parties of stock-raisers, who join together and ride over the whole country within twenty and thirty miles of their residences, and very frequently much farther, gathering every four-footed beast into the nearest pen, and selecting out their own for the purpose of branding them. Ignorant except of their own peculiar business, their knowledge of everything pertaining to cattle, their recollection of, and skill in managing them, is wonderful. It is not surprising, then, that the large and increasing stock of fine American horses, which were found grazing in the prairie near Yokum's, excited their suspicion. Inquiries for missing travellers, and the non-appearance of some who were known to have stopped upon the road at houses east of Yokum's, but who did not make their appearance again, furnished additional cause. At length, by a very singular train of events, things came to a crisis.

A man named Carey, an industrious, hard-working person, settled upon a prairie near Cedar Bayou, in company with a Mr. Page. They owned a small tract, and cultivated a small farm jointly.

Near them—in fact, the fences of their plantations joined—lived a Mr. Britton, a blustering, quarrelsome Down-easter, who, in consideration of his Goliath-like proportions, determined upon ruling the prairie.

Britton, Page, and Carey occupied the same "league" of land, and ere long the former was embroiled with the two latter in a violent dispute, commencing with a difficulty in the division of the property, and aggravated by that fruitful subject, a quarrel about their dogs.

Page kept sheep, but no dogs; and Britton dogs, but no sheep. Britton's favorite dog killed Page's sheep, and Page or Carey killed Britton's dog. Here, now, was a germ for a serious difficulty, and in itself a very pretty quarrel as it stood. Soon after, Britton met Carey upon the prairie, and horse-whipped him. Threats and recriminations followed, but nothing serious resulted from them for nearly a year.

At last, something again excited Britton's ire, and he sent word to Carey that he was braiding a lash for his especial benefit—a lash that would cut him to the bone.

Carey's business that afternoon caused him to visit a neighbor, a new settler, who was living, *pro tem.*, in a small log pen, or house. Here he found his antagonist, sitting in the door, and leaning his head back against the door-post; and also two or three other persons, who had called upon the new comer.

Carey entered, placed a rifle which he was carrying upon the bed, and, after remaining some half an hour, during which time nothing had passed between him and his enemy, rose to retire. His gun lay with its muzzle toward the door, and Carey stepped round the bed, as if to raise the gun by the breech. As soon as he put his hands upon the piece, it was discharged, and a ball passed through Britton's brain. He fell dead instantly, without groan or word. We are in error, however, in stating that he fell dead; for so quickly did death supervene the rifle's report, that he remained sitting bolt upright, and the spectators did not know until Carey had left the room, that anything more serious than an accidental discharge of the rifle had taken place.

The perpetrator of this homicide (whether accidental or intentional none but his Maker and himself can tell) immediately fled from the county, and took refuge with old Yokum, probably judging that his late deed would be a fitting letter of introduction.

Yokum received him with open arms, promised to protect and defend him, and, if necessary, to secure his retreat from the county in safety.

This, however, was very far from his real design, and he kept Carey housed for a long time, a prey to agonizing fears, which were not allayed by the tales he was told of the threats which the county had made of taking him by force, and lynching him.

Thus working upon his fears, Yokum prevented his prisoner (for such he really was) from carrying out the intention which he had expressed soon after his arrival, of delivering himself up for trial, as soon as the momentary excitement of the people had died away; and ultimately persuaded him of the absolute necessity that existed for him to dispose of his property in Texas as best he might, and then to fly from the country. Yokum offered to purchase the "improvements," which were valuable, and to facilitate his exodus and that of Page's family; and placing full faith in his honesty of purpose, Carey gave him a letter to his friend, directing him to make a deed of sale of the plantation, &c., to Yokum.

Yokum immediately rode over to the scene of the late disturbance, and finding Page ready to comply with his partner's wishes, left with him several of his fine American horses, with which the family were to escape, and which was to be the first payment, with a sum of money which he promised them toward the purchase of the estate.

During Carey's residence in this backwoods Alsatia, he had formed an acquaintance with one of the clan, who seemed to have taken a fancy to him, and to whom he probably was indebted for his life. While Yokum was absent, this person opened Carey's eyes as to the whole plot, which was now drawing to its close. The whole property was to be transferred to Yokum by Carey's agent, Page, for a nominal consideration, and Yokum promised to hold it until he could sell it to advantage, and then to send the money to Carey, or to pay it over to his agent. In the meanwhile, the horses were given, or lent, and a small sum of money.

This, however, was all pretense, and Yokum's true design was to obtain a legal title to the plantation, and then to dispose of Carey in such a manner that there would be no danger of his turning up again. There was another necessity for this course: Carey had learnt too many and too dangerous secrets for Yokum to trust him out of his sight. Carey escaped, and fled to the

house of one of the most influential men in Liberty county, to whom he confided all his knowledge of Yokum and his doings, and also stated his intention of delivering himself up immediately for trial.

The people were called together, and determined to take the law in their own hands, to punish the guilty, and to drive the entire clan out of the county.

Upon their arrival at Yokum's house, they found that he had escaped, and setting themselves to work to make such investigation as they could, they soon satisfied themselves of his undoubted crime.

A negro informed them where the bones of a traveller could be found, viz., in an old well; and those of another were said to have been discovered bleaching upon the prairie. Yokum's family were ordered to leave the house, the furniture was removed, and then the premises were set on fire. The family, and all of the hangers-on, had a certain number of days allowed them to move their effects and leave the county, being threatened with death if they ever returned. This last measure was one of necessity, as the safety of all those concerned in their removal depended upon it.

A party meanwhile set forth upon Yokum's trail, and succeeded in finding him at a house near Spring Creek, in the present county of Montgomery, and then known as Spring Creek county. The culprit was secured and carried some miles on the homeward route, when his captors dismounted, informed him that his time had come, and, giving him one short half-hour to repent the villainies of a long lifetime, shot him through the heart.

The family of Yokum, and all connected with them, left the county and emigrated further west, denouncing the Lynching party and swearing that they would be revenged upon every one who had a hand in the affair. There is no doubt but that some of these threats would have been fulfilled, had not the citizens of Liberty county proved that they were terribly in earnest in their determination to take instant and fatal measures with any one of the clan who should dare to again cross the county line.

The least objectionable of all of Yokum's tribe, his son Christopher,—perhaps the only one against whom some heinous crime could not have been established,—had married but a short time before the general breaking up

of the gang. His wife refused to accompany or to follow him, but promised to live with him if he would return; and after waiting a year he determined to do so. Whether this was a mere ruse to obtain a foothold again, and to provide a house of refuge for others to carry out their threatened revenge, we know not, but it proved a fatal affair for him. As soon as the sheriff heard of his presence he immediately put him in the jail at Beaumont, in order to save his life, and if possible assist him to escape. But all precautions were useless. The people rose immediately upon learning of Yokum's arrival, and taking him out of jail hung him upon the first tree. Thus was entirely destroyed the branch of the Murrell gang in Liberty county, and the prompt action of determined men prevented it from becoming an abiding-place for thieves and a den of murderers.

Concerning the after fate of Murrell, and his conqueror, Stewart, many contradictory reports are in circulation. We have seen a statement that the former, broken down in health and spirits by his long confinement, died of consumption soon after his release, and that the latter was at the present time a wealthy farmer in the interior of Pennsylvania. With regard to Stewart we know this to be erroneous, and have good reason to believe that Murrell did not die from the disease or in the manner related.

After Murrell's imprisonment, and the *éclaircissement* which followed, furnishing proof indisputable of the correctness of Stewart's statements, his enemies, the yet undiscovered members of the clan, in a thousand ways sought to poison the public ear. They denounced him as a member of the clan, induced by hope of reward, by cowardice, or a spirit of revenge, to betray the plot. When a man has hundreds of secret enemies thrusting their stealthy but fatal daggers into his character, with but few friends who can but ward off the more open blows, his chance for obtaining even-handed justice from any community is small, and so it proved with our hero. For a time his popularity was great, and the Legislature of Mississippi voted him ten thousand dollars to pay his expenses to and in Europe, under the impression that his life was in great danger in any part of this country. Stewart declined the money and refused to leave, but determining to test his popularity and

the strength of his enemies, he ran for Congress and was defeated. Justly disgusted and indignant at the ingratitude of those for whom he had sacrificed so much, he left the State and country, and settled upon Peach creek, within a few miles of the Colorado river, in Western Texas.

Even here he deemed his life in constant danger, and from this time he did not dare to venture out from his cabin after dark, to have a light in his room, or to sleep in the same chamber as his wife. His hair and beard were neglected, and he sought to disguise his appearance, but all these precautions would have been of but little avail had not a secret but potent fetter been applied to restrain the hands of his revengeful enemies. It was said, and openly, by those of whose knowledge there could be but little doubt, that Murrell had commanded his friends to let Stewart alone, to reserve him for his own vengeance. Immediately after his release he left for Texas, but had scarcely crossed the frontier when he was attacked by a fever which speedily terminated his infamous career. Stewart survived him a short time, dying a natural death.

Murrell was no common man. Possessed of an indomitable energy, great quickness of perception, an unshaken nerve, a power to influence and control all with whom he came in contact, it is probable that under different circumstances, and unexposed to those temptations which early led him astray, he might have been an honor and a blessing to his country in the council or in the field.

We add a sketch of his phrenological developments, as given by Professor O. S. Fowler, in the State Prison at Nashville, December, 1835:—

"John A. Murrell has a very strong constitution; is well formed, tall, active, muscular, very fond of motion, and works and moves with more ease than most men.

"His phrenological organization indicates a marked character. His head is high and long, and his brain of full size, which, with a predominance of mental and motive temperaments, gives clearness, activity, and strength of mind. One of the leading points in his character is *energy*, arising from large *Combativeness* and *Destructiveness*. He is uncommonly forcible and executive, and is prepared to go through thick and thin to accomplish his purposes. He never stops at trifles, and has any amount of courage and presence of mind in times of danger. He is fond of excitement, and not at all daunted by opposition.

"His *Acquisitiveness* is fully developed, giving rather a strong desire for property; yet it is not a ruling passion. *Secretiveness* is quite large, enabling him to exercise a high degree of tact and management, and also giving him perfect command over his countenance, and ability to conceal his real feelings, and act in disguise if necessary. *Cautiousness* is only moderate; hence, he is bold, daring and hasty. *Approbativeness* only average, with large and active *Self-esteem*, making him manly, dignified and authoritative, and more than polite, affable and familiar. He is disposed and qualified to take the lead, instinctively commands respect, and easily secures and influences others, and, at the same time, acts regardless of their opinions. He is prepared to take any amount of responsibility upon himself, if necessary, to carry out his plans. He would make a superior general in time of action.

"His *Firmness* is very large and active, giving great strength of will, determination, and perseverance. This is another most distinctive feature of his character, and to it he is indebted, in a great degree, for his success and influence.

"His sense of justice is not so small naturally as might be supposed; yet it is not large. If he had been educated under different circumstances, this faculty might have been as active and influential as in the majority of men. His *Hope* is quite prominent, and, joined with *Combativeness*, *Destructiveness*, *Self-esteem*, and *Firmness*, gives him an uncommon degree of enterprise, and disposes him to large plans and to anticipate great results. He has fair *Marvellousness*, rather large *Veneration*, and full *Benevolence*; hence, under religious influences he would be capable of sustaining a religious character, which would, comparatively speaking, do credit to the profession.

"As to his social feelings, some of them, namely, *Amativeness*, *Philoprogenitiveness*, are well developed, but *Adhesiveness* is not large. He is a friend so long as it is his interest, but no longer. His *Concentrativeness* is large, giving him great power of application, and continuity of thought. He has considerable ingenuity, scope of mind, and sense of the witty, and, under favorable circumstances, would show them in character to quite an extent.

"Intellectually, he has great powers of observation. He is forcible and clear as a reasoner, and quite safe in planning; he is seldom at a loss for ways and means to accomplish his purposes. His most successful manner of reasoning is by analogy and comparison. He is neat and systematic, has a good mechanical eye, superior practical judgment, and good general memory. He is decidedly a matter-of-fact man, and uncommonly quick and accurate in his judgment of the character and motives of others.

"His *Language*, *Individuality*, *Eventuality*, and *Comparison*, enable him to entertain company agreeably, relate many anecdotes, and show off to the best advantage.

"His notorious rascality does not depend so much upon a bad phrenological organization as upon the wrong direction of his mind when young, as history will probably show. He has natural ability, if it had been rightly called out and directed,

for a superior scholar, scientific man, a lawyer, or a statesman."

The application of Lynch Law in large cities, in densely populated counties, or in any place where law and order rule, is to be deprecated as the greatest of misfortunes. Where such rude justice is not only excusable, but peremptorily necessary, it yields, after a short space, to the more slowly-moving and deliberate decision of the law of the land. But when peace and order have been once fairly established, to permit of their overturn for a moment is to establish a precedent for riot and murder—to open the door for anarchy and incalculable mischief.

The hanging of the gamblers at Vicksburg, an affair which made quite as much noise in the world as the burning at the stake of so many martyrs would have done, is by no means a case in point, and has been very unjustly, although almost universally, censured.

It occurred during the Murrell excitement, when it was known that the gamblers as a body belonged to, or were cognizant of, the conspiracy. At this time every boat that plied upon the Western rivers was infested by gamblers, every village and town overrun with them. Reckless men, without hope or fear, they herded together, setting all law both divine and human at defiance, and shielding their companions from the consequences of any act, however heinous. Their only argument was the bowie-knife, their only rejoinder the pistol-bullet.

The movement against them was not confined to Vicksburg, but with scarcely an exception, they were driven from all the minor cities of the Southwest. At this time the people became aware of the imminent danger which they incurred, and the gamblers, in the very spirit of the old adage, "*Quem Deus vult perdere*," &c., conducted themselves with increased audacity. They mustered in such force at Montgomery, Ala., as to set at naught all municipal authorities and regulations. A hotel which they frequented was unlicensed, and the keeper, prompted by his customers, refused to pay fine or tax; and when an attempt was made to enforce some of the more forcible arguments—the stocks and stones—of the law, the officers were met with closed doors, and the appearance of a very ugly assortment of fire-arms at the windows.

The crisis was at last attained, and the citizens, assembling in numbers, declared that they would rid their city of the scum which had infested it, at any cost. Arming themselves, they proceeded to invest the enemy's head-quarters, which they found prepared to sustain a siege,—the doors barricaded, and the windows filled with desperadoes, rifles in hand, who dared them to advance, and swore with horrid oaths, that the first man or men who should attempt to force the door, or even approach, should be perforated with bullets.

We have now to record an act of cool and determined, almost unexampled, bravery upon the part of Edward Dargin, at this moment a Judge of the Supreme Court. Seeing that his party hesitated, he seized an axe and deliberately advanced to the door. The gamblers covered him with their rifles, but entirely disregarding the danger, he ordered the citizens to advance, fire the house, and massacre every man within it, if the besieged dared to fire upon him.

The cool bravery of the man cowed the ruffians, and Dargin dashed in the door with his axe, apparently regardless of the muzzles of eleven rifles directed against him. The gamblers submitted and left Montgomery, where, had it not been for this act of heroism, a more bloody tragedy than that of Vicksburg would have been enacted.

In Tuscaloosa the gamblers were driven out at the point of the bayonet, or to speak more correctly, at the muzzle of the rifle. The other towns imitated the example, especially those upon the Mississippi and Red River. For a time the *chevaliers d'industrie* scarcely dared to show themselves upon the boats, and when they did, were forced to conduct themselves with great circumspection, for upon the least disturbance the boat was rounded to at the next wood-yard, and the culprit discharged. In any aggravated case some of the uninhabited islands of the Mississippi were colonized by a set of modern Robinson Crusoes, whose chance of escape was rather slim.

At Vicksburg and Natchez, they had reigned supreme. They obtained complete and undisputed possession of a certain portion of the latter place, known as Natchez-under-the-Hill. This was of necessity the landing, and where all the warehouses for cotton and heavy merchandise were located, surrounded by dancing, drinking, and gambling houses.

No man's life was safe in the streets one moment after dark, and passengers of the steamboats lying there, who returned to their boats after sundown, ran through the lower town as if the avenger of blood were behind them. The gamblers were expelled in a body, and shortly afterwards the lower town was destroyed by fire, doubtless an act of revenge on their part.

Vicksburg boasted of no "under-the-hill," and so the gamblers, unable to colonize as in the case of Natchez, determined to take the town itself, or at least to hold all the peaceable citizens in subjection, and all authority at defiance. So for a time they did, but *their* harvest time came at last. In a quarrel one of the party shot a Dr. Bradley, and when an attempt was made to arrest them, they barricaded the doors as their friends had done in Montgomery. Had they submitted quietly at first, their fate would not have been more severe than that of the latter; but when the armed citizens approached the house, they were fired upon and several wounded, if not killed.

It needed but this; their cup of iniquity was full. Five of them were seized and hung; and had the entire gang in the Southwest met with the same fate in the same manner, their destruction would have been an incalculable blessing to the country.

The man who, really knowing the condition of this section at this time, and yet could stigmatize this action of the citizens of Vicksburg as a "barbarous murder,"—which hundreds of prints, at home and abroad, have done,—would be a fit candidate for the Non-Resistant Society, or Douglas, Smith, Kelly & Co.'s Liberty party of saints of the lower house.

Among the many "abuses of Lynch Law" which have occurred, we shall cite two, which we select for the reason that we are personally cognizant of the one, and are intimately acquainted with the facts of the other. Moreover, the circumstances of the latter bear a striking resemblance to those attending an exhibition of popular vengeance in the quiet and law-abiding city of Edinburgh, during the regency of Queen Caroline. If any other reasons were necessary, we might further state, that these two events have been held up to the world, with their attending circumstances, atrociously misrepresented by that precious collection of "Glauber" salt of the earth, Garrison's generation of knaves

and fools. And we also believe, that the days upon which these unhappy deeds occurred are marked as red-letter days upon the truthful (?) pages of the Anti-Slavery Almanac.

The small city of Grand Gulf, in Mississippi, was, on a certain Saturday night in May, 1848, a scene of the greatest alarm and excitement. A most brutal murder, and, as it was supposed at the time, a double murder, had been committed by a notorious negro, named Dick. He was a man of great muscular power, activity, and resolution, and but for his uncontrollable temper and savage disposition, would have been of great value to any master. A gentleman named Taylor originally owned him, and although a person of great strength and courage, found much difficulty in keeping the refractory slave in subjection. At times he would run away, and remain for days in the bush, and no one save his master cared to seek him. Mr. Taylor informed us that upon one occasion, when he came upon Dick unperceived by him, the fellow had a long knife in his hand, with which he was butchering, in imagination, all of those who had incurred his displeasure; and his recollection of causes of offense must have been very accurate, and the list of offenders a long one, to judge of the number of those over whose ideal slaughter he was gloating.

It is said, that when the idea of committing murder once fairly enters a man's brain, it never again abandons possession, but haunts him like a demon, urging him on, and, like the air-drawn dagger of the Thane of Cawdor, "marshalling him in the way that he is going." And so it proved with Dick.

A man named Greene, who owned a small "force," was engaged in the brick-making business, and, envying Taylor the possession of so valuable a man as Dick, endeavored to purchase him. For a long time Taylor refused, telling Greene honestly that Dick was a very troublesome negro, one that could be kept in order only by an owner that he feared, and that he (Greene) had neither the physical ability nor the resolution to conquer him.

At length, wearied with Greene's pertinacity, Taylor set a price upon his man, so exorbitant indeed that he had no idea of its being paid; but Greene quickly closed the bargain, purchasing, at the same time, a

tyrannical master and his own death-warrant.

As soon as Dick was released from Taylor's control, he gave free vent to his natural disposition, and in a very short time inspired his master, his overseer, and in fact every one upon the plantation, with such fear, that he became virtually the master of the place. His owner did not dare to punish him, nor did he think it at all safe to hint of selling him; and things went from bad to worse, until finally a tragedy was enacted, sufficiently bloody to gratify even the morbid tastes of the readers of Rey-

nold's raw-head and bloody-bones school of novels.

Greene, returning to the house very early upon the above-mentioned Saturday, and feeling quite unwell, ordered Dick's wife, a house servant, to make him a cup of tea. He then threw himself upon the bed, and had nearly fallen asleep, when a loud noise in the kitchen, shrieks, and cries of murder, aroused him. A negro-boy rushed into the room, and begged him to come into the kitchen and prevent Dick from murdering his wife.

P. P.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

MEREDITH DEMAISTRE,

THE PET OF THE PARVENUS.

CHAPTER VI.

(Continued.)

THE FOREIGN ARTIST.

THE party at Conrad's consisted of four persons. Jotting, the least significant man, as usual, had the best of it, contriving by every imaginable device to direct Sir Charles's attention upon Sir Charles, and Sir Charles's travels, to the utter annihilation of Jenkins and the German.

Sir Charles adored the beautiful. The essence of the beautiful is repose, equilibrium of parts. Sir Charles lived a life of intellectual repose, of the equilibrium of parts. Jotting drew forth a small portfolio, which he handed, with an air of triumph, to Conrad. It was a portfolio of Sir Charles's sketches. He protested he had stolen it from Sir Charles's table. Sir Charles protested faintly; his features preserved their equilibrium. Conrad laid the portfolio on the table unopened, and continued the conversation, endeavoring to elicit something from his visitor on the prospects of Republicanism in Europe. His visitor was from Munich, the seat of the fine arts in Southern Germany, and he despised Republics. They discompose.

Moved by a scornful curiosity, Jenkins went to the table and opened the portfolio.

All the figures were classic and in repose. A Virgin, asleep—a Cupid, asleep—a German man-at-arms on horseback, of the thirteenth century; both man and horse apparently asleep. It was clear Sir Charles had studied Winckelman. An irrepressible desire to yawn seized upon the party. There seemed to be nothing in it, until Conrad, grown desperate, opened a discussion upon art.

"You have no art in America," observed Sir Charles.

"No," said Jenkins, "we have Art Unions."

Sir Charles replied that he considered an Art Union, under good patronage, a valuable aid to poor artists.

Conrad denied it. The pictures sold in the Art Unions are scattered abroad and lost, both to the artist and the public. A painter, said he, sells his reputation when he sells a good picture by lottery. An artist lives upon the past; what he *may* do is judged by what he *has* done. If his works are distributed over a continent, his fame perishes as fast as he creates it. The lottery system, Conrad thought, would end in the destruction of the art of painting, and the painters would be turned into engravers and draughtsmen.

Sir Charles and Jotting yawned simulta-

neously. The conversation had become too general. A pause.

"Pray, Mr. Conrad," asked Jotting, with an effort, "what do you propose to do for the artists?"

"Nothing," replied Conrad, "unless it be occasionally to buy a good picture and condemn a bad one. That is all. I do not propose to erect a hospital for bad taste and stupidity. I buy what I like, and neglect what I do not like. If every man would do the same, we should have good artists, and they would live as other men do, with tolerable comfort, in the enjoyment of their occupation. The life of a good artist is happy even when he is not rich. That of a bad one is miserable, were he a millionaire."

Sir Charles pulled out his watch.

"You, Sir Charles, must know," he continued, doggedly, "that for all the profit it would ever bring you, art is a humbug."

"Aw! yes!" replied our amateur, lifting his eyebrows, as if to say, "An impudent dog!"

"Well, then," said Conrad, "it is the love, the passion, the ardor of fame, that guides your pencil, in making these little what d'ye call 'ems, these sketches," said he, nodding at the portfolio.

"Aw! no, by no means; quite past any thing so boyish."

"The devil you are! I ask pardon," said Conrad, with a peculiar mixture of sarcasm and politeness. "True it is, ambition and ardor, and all that, are d——d boyish and silly. Pray, Sir Charles, by what motive should a gentleman and a man of sense be actuated when he makes pictures?"

"Motive—heh—I cannot tell. A grace, an amusement, perhaps. Were you ever in England?"

"No."

"I saw a gentleman at the hotel who has evidently been in England. His name, if I remember it, was Demaistre."

"Foppish," said Conrad, with a sneer.

"Aw!—dresses. It will do. I allude to a peculiarity of manner."

"Very insolent, I think."

"If I may venture to differ," said Sir Charles, with a bow—

"Certainly," replied Conrad, politely; "we all venture a little that way—it is a republican fashion."

"Mr. Demaistre strikes me favorably. The manners of a man who has seen the

world. The most complete gentleman, I think, in your city."

"By what mark, Sir Charles, do you judge he has been in England?"

"The manner of the man. A peculiarity—I cannot tell."

"A cool indifference, with great suavity," said Conrad.

"Aw! yes—an indifference, as if one should rely much upon one's position."

"Assumption?" asked Conrad, mildly.

"Assumption? Eh! no. The advantage, not the assumption of it. Demaistre is of a good family."

Jenkins laughed. The Englishman moved himself uneasily in his chair. He was discomposed. Jotting suffered intense agony, and for a moment lost confidence in his lion. He expressed it by twitching his chair instinctively away and leaning over toward Conrad.

"Of English extraction, I am told," continued Sir Charles.

Another smile from Jenkins increased the Englishman's uneasiness, and elicited from Jotting an expression of alarm.

"Demaistre," said Jenkins, "is a pure Yankee, and has never been in England."

Sir Charles absolutely started, and discovered a remarkable perturbation of spirits. Jenkins and Conrad became interested to know the cause of his discomposure. Politeness forbade inquiry, but Sir Charles soon gave them an opportunity. With a sudden and complete transformation of manner, with the look and phraseology of a stock-broker, he began to make inquiries of Jenkins as to our hero's pecuniary resources, and the degree of confidence that might be placed in him, and receiving very vague and unsatisfactory answers, he pulled out his watch, declaring it was late, and took his leave, followed by the alarmed and crest-fallen Jotting.

Jenkins fell back in his chair and laughed long and heartily. "I have discovered," said he, "the foundation of an Englishman's composure; it rests on the stability of consols and U. S. 5s. The depth and profundity of it is equal to the breadth of the cash foundation. At a hundred thousand one may begin to cultivate composure; at a million one may see nothing in it; at that point the equilibrium may be quite undisturbed. It was once a fashion of English gentlemen to be spendthrifts and have debts;

and then they were a rakish, jolly, good-humored race of cavaliers; their fathers were court favorites, and they were the bloods. Now, England has become a huge shop—a kind of magazine of cutlery and ginghams: London is the till, Liverpool the packing-room, Manchester the manufactory, the House of Commons is a board of directors, the Court is a silk show, and the royal ministry a wholesale office. The younger partners of the concern, the gentry and aristocracy, are composed, and cultivate an equilibrium of parts which they catch by sympathy and imitation from their fathers' salesmen and auctioneers, a class of men whose business drives all expression out of their faces. Any skilful stock-broker in Wall street will illustrate the manner for you, in the face with which he shaves a note. He is high art and composure itself."

"There is more truth in what you say," said Conrad, "than you may imagine. The age of chivalry has been succeeded by the age of cotton, and the affairs of all nations turn upon a debit and credit account between Milord Anglais and Bowie the planter. Courts, church establishments, royal ministries, all turn upon that, and live by that. But whom have we here? Politics avaunt—a lady at this hour!"

CHAPTER VII

THE CLANDESTINE VISIT.

JENKINS took up his hat, and made a sudden exit, notwithstanding Conrad's efforts to detain him. A lady entered in deep mourning, with a green veil over her face. Conrad was left alone. Being emphatically a nervous man, his trepidation was excessive. The veiled visitor found a seat for herself as near as possible to the door. Conrad in his efforts to snuff the candles put them out, and overthrew several pieces of furniture in his endeavors to find matches. The candles were at length relighted; he wiped the perspiration from his brow and sat down upon a lounge. The veiled visitor began:

"Mr. Conrad's reputation for honor and generosity has led me to apply to him for assistance in my distress. I am a poor widow with several children, in danger of immediate starvation. I have money owing to me by a gentleman who uses every pretext to defer the payment. If Mr. Conrad

will assist me with his advice and influence, and the temporary loan of a few dollars, I shall be eternally bound to him."

Conrad rose gradually from his seat as the lady continued, and helped out the conclusion with:

"A set thing, madam—'Yours in misery. The forlorn Angelina.' Whew! I cannot help you. You should have chosen another hour for your visit. It is 12 o'clock, midnight; you come alone, in disguise. You are not a starving widow; you have a scheme. Shall I light you to the street door? I have nothing to do with ladies in green veils, after midnight, madam."

"Are the miseries of the unfortunate nothing to you, sir?"

"It is a trap, a trap; you are no widow, but a hussy, madam," said the German, taking snuff nervously. "Your hours are bad; it is bad for the health, madam, to walk so late. You can go."

"Will Mr. Conrad forgive an old friend," said the lady, rising and throwing back her veil, "for deceiving him?"

"Mrs. Tiptoff!" exclaimed the German, with unfeigned astonishment; "what in the name of folly can have brought you here?"

"My carriage is at the door," said the lady, "and you are supposed to be a homœopathic physician—you understand. The real doctor has his office under your room—it was lucky."

"Really, madam, if in *any* way I can aid you," said the other, approaching and taking her hand.

"You can, materially," said the lady, with a fascinating smile.

Conrad led her to the sofa—she glanced uneasily at the door. He locked it, and returning, sat down by her side, and took her pretty little hands in his with an air of unfeigned affection, dashed, however, with sarcastic humor, as if to say, "The situation we are in is not of my creating, my pretty lady, and if anything happens it is no fault of mine."

The lady allowed him to keep possession of her hands, while she made the following development:

"Our friendship began a year ago," said she, blushing.

"A year ago, madam, at Baltimore, I had the honor"—

"Of becoming the friend," said she, "of a

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foolish woman, unworthy of so honorable and so generous a confidence."

"My poor lady," he replied, "you abuse yourself!"

"I know, Conrad, you pity and despise me! You will do more; you will renounce my friendship utterly when I tell you how unworthily I have acted! (*Tears.*) My poor husband!"

"Surely, madam," exclaimed Conrad, in a thick voice, "you have not"—

"Oh!—no, I have only"—

"Only what?" said the German, his face relaxing again into its usual sarcastic expression.

The lady made a slight effort to withdraw her hands. Conrad retained them. The situation was peculiarly exciting and delicate. Conrad perceived its full merits, and retained the advantage. She continued:

"I was giddy and ambitious. You were grave and prudent. Our friendship was the most disinterested, the most prudent!"

"True, my dear Mrs. Tiptoff, it was a prudent and disinterested friendship. You would not have it now become imprudent and selfish."

An expression, slight, very slight, of disappointment passed over the features of the lady. Conrad perceived the same emotion in her hands, which he held tenderly, but not lovingly, in his own.

"Our engagement, madam, was, I think, very properly broken off by your father. He was right in saying that our dispositions would not harmonize. You were fond of show and of society; I was half a hermit, and am so still. I am older and you are younger than we seem. I can advise you and be a friend to you," said the German,— "what is your trouble?"

"A fool, a fool, Conrad! a fool is my trouble. My husband is a dear old fool!" said the fair unfortunate, gently withdrawing her hands, and covering her face with them.

Conrad was silent. His silence was habitually sarcastic. The lady could not sustain it. She looked at him through her fingers, which were pressed over her eyes, adorned, whether more beautifully with sparkling diamonds or pearly tears, we leave the taste of our readers to determine.

"Truly, madam," said the sympathetic Conrad, "it is a frightful thing for a pretty woman to have a fool for a husband. But

it is past counsel; we must make the best of it, madam," said he, with an air of deep respect. "If my poor advice can be of any use, if I can aid you in curing Mr. Tiptoff of that terrible disease with which he is afflicted, command me; but I fear it is a calamity past cure. I have heard of wise men made fools by pretty women, but never of the converse. One cannot love, you know, and be wise."

"I do not know that you can change his nature," replied the fair visitant, sobbing violently, "though you know and can do so much."

"True, madam, I know a good deal, and can do some difficult things—with modesty I speak; but the thing to be done in your case must be done by yourself."

"By me!" said the lady, with unaffected surprise. "Can I change my husband's nature?"

Conrad eluded the question.

"The institution of marriage, my dear Mrs. Tiptoff," said he, "is a peculiar one."

"Very," replied the lady with a sob.

"The most peculiar imaginable," said Conrad, delighted with an opportunity of venting a generality.

"I *know* it," said the lady, recovering herself.

"Your husband, you say, is a fool."

"I do."

"The term, madam, is too general. Give me an example of his folly, and perhaps the remedy will suggest itself."

"He gambles!" (*A sob.*)

"A very bad fault."

"He drinks!"

"Worse yet."

"He is a gallant!"

"At his age, madam, a desperate fault. Has he any other peculiarities?"

"Yes, one, the worst of all; he cannot afford anything." (*A flood of tears.*)

"The vice you mentioned last, my dear madam, is one of the basest and meanest doubtless of the whole catalogue. A husband who cannot afford anything is certainly a brute."

"I thought you would say so," said the lady with deep emotion, "and I came here to ask your advice about it. What shall I do? You know how necessary it is to me to have money."

"And yet you will admit poor Dick is a kind-hearted fellow."

"I don't think it very kind in him to deny me the necessities of life," said the lady pettishly.

"Your expenses are, I believe, about ten thousand a year?"

"I don't know,—something like that."

"And poor Dick's income is at least six thousand. The fellow must be a brute; an abominable husband that."

"Then why does he not do as other men do, make it larger?" said the lady, arguing sharply. "There is old Squabb, with a head like a pudding, has made a yearly income of twenty thousand out of nothing. There was Tibbs left his widow a million; he began with a dollar. My husband's fortune, when we married six months ago, was larger than it is now."

"It was certainly a wicked thing in Dick to lessen his estate, when it was necessary to your happiness that it should be made larger. He gambles, you say?"

"Yes; in less than a year he has lost nearly five thousand."

"Thirty thousand more sunk in the purchase of an establishment for Mrs. Tiptoff; five thousand more in splendid entertainments; five thousand more in every kind of luxury and amusement for *poor* Mrs. Tiptoff. Indeed, at that rate methinks this brute of a husband is in danger of losing not only his entire fortune, but the respect and affection of his wife."

The lady was silent awhile, and then said:

"But he is a gallant."

"That is a serious fault. Have you reason to doubt his fidelity, or is this gallantry a foolish bachelor's habit?"

"I could forgive him all," said the lady, "if he would only give up that vile brandy and water after dinner."

"Truly, madam," said Conrad, "I would have him take a little brandy with his water, as in these times cold water after dinner is esteemed unhealthy, and it is dangerous to make sudden changes in one's habits."

"That odious gambling!" said the lady, faintly.

"As for that, it is a mere love of play. Indulge it; play with him yourself; keep him at home."

A long silence ensued, which it seemed impossible to break. Conrad at length spoke:

"If your husband is a natural fool there

is no hope for him; but if he is only what you describe him, a good-natured, careless fellow, the victim of bachelor habits and extravagance, his folly is of a curable sort, and quite in your own power to amend."

"Mr. Conrad," said the lady, "forgive me if I say, that is not all."

As she spoke a sound of footsteps and of boisterous laughter in the entry alarmed them both. The lady dropped her veil and drew her cloak about her, and with the instinct of fear ran into the adjoining bed-room, shut the door, and locked it. There was no other exit. At the same instant a roisterous knock at the door, and the voices of Jenkins and Dick Tiptoff, calling for admission, gave a turn to the feelings of both Conrad and the lady which it is needless to describe.

Conrad hesitated a moment. He remembered the carriage at the door. His new visitors were drunk, or nearly so. There was no alternative but to let them in.

"Begad, Conrad, I have you now!" said Tiptoff, staggering into the room. "Where's the girl? Begad, I will see the little widow in the green veil. You're a rogue, but a sly old proser. A little widow in black with a green veil. Eh! Jenkins—carriage at the door. Eh! ah! what an abominable sly old dog. By-the-by, now I think of it, that carriage and grays look very like mine."

"Tush, tush," said Jenkins, pushing him down upon the sofa; "like yours! indeed, do you think your grays are the only pair in New-York? What a vanity!"

"I could not keep him away," whispered Jenkins. "I was joking about the woman, and your gravity, and he insisted on coming up. He swore he would fight the way through a crowd to catch philosopher Conrad with a woman in his room at midnight."

"Take him away at your peril, sir," said the German, angrily, "and to-morrow send me an apology for this vulgar intrusion."

Conrad's reply was in a whisper, but the quick suspicion of the drunken man was aroused.

"Intrusion, sir, intrusion! it was a joke; damme if it wasn't. Apology, sir! I apologize now, and will fight you to-morrow. Damme, it is queer. That was my carriage; I know the grays among a thousand. I will go down and see."

Conrad rushed to the door, locked it and put the key in his pocket. Tiptoff staggered across the room and fell headlong against

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the door of the bed-room. A faint scream was heard and a fall within.

Conrad took Jenkins by the shoulder and forced him out of hearing of the other. A hurried explanation ensued. Jenkins threw off his coat, and leaning out of the window, suffered Conrad to pour a pitcher of ice-water, which luckily stood at hand, over his head. He was sobered in an instant, and hastened down to the street. The coachman had stepped into a neighboring dram-shop. Without an instant's hesitation Jenkins mounted the box and drove off to a neighboring hack-stand, where he left the carriage in charge of a driver, and drove back in a hack which he bade wait for him at the door.

The interval of ten minutes was passed by Conrad in repeated struggles with the drunken man, who raved about his grays, and roared at the top of his voice for the police, swearing he was robbed and murdered and betrayed. Shrieks, sobs and cries issued from the bed-room, serving only to infuriate Tiptoff, who swore it was a rape, and that he would rescue the woman from all the philosophers in Christendom. The scene ended with Jenkins's speedy return. Tiptoff was taken up bodily by his two friends and carried off by Jenkins in haste to a hotel, where they two spent the rest of the night in drinking, and heaping curses on the philosopher, of whom Tiptoff remarked, in a lucid interval, that he considered him a brick, but hypocritical.

Jenkins had taken the precaution to inform Conrad where the carriage of the lady had been left.

Conrad went in search of the coachman, and found him in that happy condition between drunkenness and stupidity, which enabled him to find his carriage and bring it to the door without any serious accident, and at the same time without inquiry as to the reasons of its absence.

When Conrad entered the bed-room, after having locked the door of his room, he found the unfortunate Mrs. Tiptoff stretched upon the floor and perfectly insensible. He carried her in his arms to the sofa, and waited for some time in expectation of her recovery. Finding her continue insensible, he awakened the doctor in the room below. Dr. Vacuum, the German Homeopathist, did not express any surprise at the condition or situation of his patient, whom he recognized.

Dr. Vacuum's discretion was rewarded by Conrad with a handsome fee. They together took the lady to her carriage; the doctor saw her home; and the next day it was reported, on the representations of the doctor and coachman, that the unfortunate and interesting Mrs. Tiptoff had been carried home insensible from the room of a German magician or clairvoyant, who had shown her some disagreeable passages of her future life.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SUPPER AT DELMONICO'S.

"THE life of a man of letters in New-York is one of peculiar severity. The simple exercise of the pen, under the guidance of talent or of genius, or both, commands only the precarious wages of an artisan whose occupation is in little request and in small repute. Whether it be the fault of authors themselves, or of the public, or of those middlemen the publishers and book agents, or the great abundance of foreign publications in our tongue, I know not. The spirit of imitation possesses us, and we cannot thrive in competition with our models. The imitations of Dickens and Macaulay fall dead in a market which furnishes Dickens and Macaulay cheap to all readers. If to be an American author is to be an imitator of one's ablest contemporaries, to be an American author is to be poor. In vain we lecture against originality as an unholy thing; in vain we impregnate our brains with the genius of Shakspeare, of Scott, and of Fielding—no man reads us; we have neither friends nor enemies."

The tone of deep despair with which Jenkins delivered this half-soliloquy, carried his sentiments clean over that fatal verge which parts the silly from the sublime. The company of laughing listeners before whom he delivered himself, consisted of our Hero the Elegant, Tom Jotting, Mr. Crabb, a publisher, and Mr. George Destin, the well-known editor of a now celebrated weekly. It was a supper at Delmonico's; Demaistre entertained his friends of the press. The company was doubtless as humorous an assemblage as ever came together on such an occasion. Every requisite of good fellowship was there. Jotting the butt and scandal-monger, with store of fopperies, and

a silvery, affected tongue; Crabb, with his rough, keen, appreciative intellect; Jenkins, tender and morose in a breath, with dashes of humor and observation; Destin, a man at all points, and a classic; and to crown all, that profound master of the world, the handsome Demaistre, whose beauty of person, set off and heightened by the most absolute taste in dress and composure of manner, took nothing from the freedom of his conversation.

What know ye of conversation, ye male spinsters, ye prosy haunters of the Respectable Club, with your twittering, simpering, *seedy* "remarks," your stale jokes, and shallow "observations?" Here was life, nature itself, in all shapes, and of all intensities. No envious prigs, with understandings fanatically decayed; no "snarling bastards" of literature, carping at words and cutting sentences on Blair and Alison; no puny Zoluses, sounding the lungs and smelling at the breath of genius in hope to find them decayed; no "botchers of old threadbare stuff, a hundred and a hundred times clouted up and pieced together"—wretched bunglers who can do nothing but grimace their betters. Here was talent, shining, keen, and full of pith and purpose.

The bottle went modestly about, paying large tribute only to the glass of Jenkins, of whom it may be said, that though never drunk, he stood always upon the verge of it, like genius on the brink of madness.

Humble observer as I am, without fancy to invent, or talent to describe, coarse copyist of reality, dare I, kind reader, introduce you to such a circle? The poor siftings of memory, gathered from the narrative of my friend Jenkins, will seem to you thin substitutes.

"The lamentations of discontented authors," replied Crabb, after indulging a laugh at Jenkins, "remind me of old maids carping at the girls."

"Your comparison, Crabb, will not hold water," said Destin. "I compare Jenkins with a young beauty outshone by some foreign chit, covered with spangles and millinery."

"It is even so," groaned Jenkins; "one fights in vain against these foreign fopperies."

"Trade," said Crabb, "knows no tastes. It can only buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market. Mr. Jenkins here,

though we are friends, is eternally abusing the publishers."

"By insisting they shall buy his manuscript?" asked Demaistre.

"No, sir, worse than that; he wishes us to read them, never reflecting that publishers don't read the books they issue. A publisher who pleases his own taste is a bankrupt. As for me, gentlemen, I read Tom Paine, and publish Doddridge. Would you have the apothecary taste the physic he sells? A new author is a new commodity; to buy of him is to buy in a lottery. Among native authors we draw more blanks than prizes. With foreign books it is different. What has sold well in France or in England, we judge, will sell equally well in America. Demaistre, boy, pass the sherry. Here's to Native Genius: May it never languish."

Jotting here made rapid notes with a pencil.

"A spy!" cried Destin, throwing his wine over Jotting's paper; "we shall all go into the 'Maniac.' Crabb's treason must not be published."

"Sir," said Jotting, angrily, "you have spoiled my paper and my clothes."

"Gad! Destin," said Jenkins, "you have spoiled the whole man."

"Not so," interposed Demaistre; "Jotting wet is better than Jotting dry."

"Gentlemen," said the butt, "you may run me as you please——"

"But we shall never win," rejoined Jenkins.

"I say," said Jotting, infuriated, "you may run me as you please; wet or dry, I am equal to the occasion."

"Even were it the curling of a whisker," said Jenkins.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," shouted the choleric little scribbler, "I will show you——"

"A deal of fun," replied Jenkins.

Jotting rose from the table, buttoned up his coat, and would have gone out. Demaistre caught him at the door.

"Mr. Jotting," said he, "Mr. Jenkins will certainly apologize."

"Certainly," said Jenkins, "I am ready to apologize."

"And I, Mr. Jenkins," said Destin, "will do the same."

"They will both apologize," added Demaistre.

In the soul of Tom Jotting an apology had something glorious and manly about it, and was any day worth the bearing an affront.

"My apology," said Jenkins, standing up, "or rather, with your leave, Mr. Destin, *our* apology to our much injured friend——"

"No, no, sir," said Jotting, testily, "not much injured, only much insulted."

"Our apology," said Jenkins, correcting himself, "to our 'much insulted' friend——"

"I beg, Mr. Jenkins," said Jotting, "you will let us have it plain. You bedevil the thing."

"Our apology," continued Jenkins, "shall be a toast and a sentiment. The toast is: The Weekly Press. The sentiment is: The Maniac, a paper of which our friend here is one of the truest representatives."

The toast being drunk with decorum, Jotting set down his glass, and with an expression of much deference said:

"My dear Mr. Jenkins, the respect you have manifested for my calling, the sentiment you offer, the 'Maniac,' a paper, I may say, in whose prosperity I have a profound and startling interest——" Here Mr. Jotting hesitated.

"Say no more," cried Demaistre. "With your leave, gentlemen, I will offer a toast." The bottle went about, and Demaistre gave: "The authors and editors," bowing to Destin.

"Destin," said the bookseller, with a grin, "you must reply to that. I am always ready to say a good word for my friends, but when they are present they can speak for themselves."

Destin rose and replied very gravely:

"The gentleman on my right has thrown upon me the responsibility of a reply to the toast. For the authors I dare not presume to speak; let the immortals do that—when they come. For the editors I am not deputed; their choice would be more popular and doubtless more able: for the cause only, will modesty or duty permit my speech in this critical presence. My audience is a representative one: the book merchant, the author, the second controller of that mighty engine the 'Maniac press,' and the critic and man of taste," bowing to Demaistre, "compose a representative body, before which the most adroit and accomplished orator might stand abashed and silenced. It is mere despair that gives me tongue; I throw myself upon your mercy; I avail myself of

your virtues. From the man of assurance and strategy, the hero of the drawing-room and the dictator of taste, may I not learn courage to speak when I have nothing to say? From the essayist and humorist may I not gather some grace to defend a cause which, were it a good one, should be its own defender? From the book merchant may I not take wit to advertise a profession that exists by self-praise, and of which the left hand cordially shakes the right? From the associate conductor and gatherer of *facts*, (of which a mighty genius has remarked they are divine,) ought not a sentiment of reverence and awe to impend over me, and temper my speech with the quality of sublimity—with respect?" Destin paused and fixed his keen gray eyes gravely upon Jotting, who blushed and trembled as if caught in a theft. "I appeal to the chair," said Destin, in a tone of injured modesty, "against the proceedings of the gentleman opposite."

"I will not put it in," said Jotting, eagerly.

"Then why, sir, commit it to memory?" inquired Destin, in a tone of great anger.

The expression of surprise and inquiry on the faces of the other three, changed into one of suppressed mirth and affected indignation.

"The interests of the Maniac," said Crabb, "are very strangely uppermost in Mr. Jotting's thoughts."

"But it is a breach of decorum," replied Demaistre, "to bring any interests whatever into this occasion; and though the words of our friend are forcibly impressed upon the minds of all of us, a deliberate attempt to coin them into *items* is not only out of order but an offense. Mr. Jenkins, you are deputed by the chair to administer a reprimand."

"Do you hear, Tom?" said Jenkins, with a grave twinkle of the eyes. "I am bid to reprimand you."

"Well, Tim, fire away," said Jotting, with a grin; "whatever you say about me will recoil upon yourself."

"Gentlemen," said Demaistre, "you trifle. The occasion is serious; the presence dignified, the theme solemn. Mr. Jotting, you must rise."

With a countenance full of humor and severity, Jenkins began:

"Mr. Jotting, you are a man——"

"Who," interrupted Crabb, blowing on the 'who.'

"I am not 'a man who,' sir," said Jotting, unable to repress his sudden vexation.

"A man *which*, will do as well," rejoined Crabb.

"Silence!" cried Demaistre.

Jenkins continued:

"You are a man of honor, and will understand the delicacy of my position. Bidden by a superior authority to reprimand you for a misdemeanor, I am restrained by my own feelings from inflicting a wound upon yours."

"Allow me to suggest, Mr. President, that the reprimand is sufficient," said Crabb.

"How do you show that?" said Demaistre.

"Sit down," said the book-seller to Jotting, who had risen up he knew not why; "sit down, sir, and I will tell a little story. You know we of the trade, middle-men between the authors and the public, are but the carriers of science and virtue, expresses between brain and brain; and with what we carry we are as little conversant as the mail driver with the letters in his bag. Our wisdom, such as we get, comes to us by observation. We see men in the light of interest chiefly; but dry as we are, we too have our pleasure in it, as the Devil said to Faustus, when we bring an author to the public, or what is much more common, the public to an author. We are Fame's brokers, the pimps of reputation, the go-betweens for Tom Ticklebrain and Miss Betickled. An author came into my shop, a tall, seedy-looking devil, half-author, half-blackguard, and throwing a package upon the counter, said he would call for it again in a week, and went out, looking very fierce. Accordingly, a week after, he returned, and finding his package lying just where he had left it—"Mister," said he, "have you read this?" "Read what?" said I. "This manuscript," says my blackguard, with a stare. "I did not know it was a manuscript," said I. "Well, it is," said he, "and I will leave it here a week longer;" after saying which he went out fiercer than before. In a week he returned. The package lay there as before. "Mister," said he, gathering his brows and frowning on me like a storm, "have you read this?" "By no means, sir," said I, looking very polite; "I trust I am not so ignorant of good manners. If it has been opened, some of the boys have done it. I will have the matter looked into." "Mister," said this

tall, lantern-jawed savage, "I am not to be trifled with. This is a manuscript, a History, sir, of the Mexican War. I was a captain in the Volunteers. The history is the only authentic one in existence." "Thank ye," said I; "I am obliged by the information." "I go," said he, drawing himself full six feet two, "but I return." "Very good," said I; "hope nothing 'll happen to you disagreeable." You know my cheerful way of talking.

"Another week passed. Mr. Lantern Jaws came as before—found his package as before. But this time the fellow looked famine-struck; I never in my life saw any thing so savage, or so gaunt. In a fierce, hollow voice he asked me if I had read his manuscript. I said, 'No; I never read any thing.' With a volley of oaths worse than I ever heard, he asked me 'whether I meant to insult him.' 'Insult you, Mister!' said I, keeping my pleasant manner, and feeling sorry for the poor devil, he looked so hungry; 'it was far from my thoughts.' 'Did I not leave this manuscript here to be read?' said he, hoarsely. 'Very possibly,' said I, quite cheerful; 'but you did not say so, and if you did, who was to read it?' 'Don't you read here?' said he, looking wildly about at the book-shelves. 'No, we sell books.' 'And who, then, (another volley of curses,) does read?' 'The public,' said I; 'the public read, or pretend to; it wouldn't be decent to say the contrary.' 'Do the public read this, or this, or this?' said Lantern Jaws, touching Dr. Gag's, Dr. Glib's and Dr. Gorgon's systems of Divinity, very handsome books, and saleable. 'I suppose they do, sir,' said I; 'they *buy* 'em.' 'I'll see what they are,' said my savage. So he took off his battered Genin, showing a shock of wiry black hair, and a head like General Jackson's, and taking a seat by the stove—"Mr. Bookseller," said he, "by your leave I'll sit and read here awhile. I'm an author, and like the fowls in a feshet, I've nowhere to perch." "Make yourself at home," said I; so down he sat and began reading. He read all that day till night; finished Gorgon, and the next two days he read Glib and Gag. One of your wizened, white-faced ministers would have taken six weeks to read what this bony ruffian drove through in three sittings. Once in about an hour he would take mouldy bread and cheese out of his pocket, and eat it. I saw the handles

of two bowie-knives, and a pair of revolvers sticking out here and there all over him. He read with his eyes flashing and his hair on end, like a lunatic. At the end of the third day—"Mister," says he, "is that all?" "All for what?" "To write on Divinity, something that will sell?" said he. "God bless you! Mister," said I. "Well," said he, drawing on the word, "I hope he may, but if he don't, I can't help it." I am not an atheist, gentlemen, though I do read Tom Paine, and helped celebrate his birth-day; but this awful lantern-jawed animal made me pray a little inwardly, there was such a God-scorning pride in his snarl. "Do you intend," said I, "to write a book on Divinity?" "I do," said he, "and I intend to found a system. I am a philosopher. I shall restore the old religion of king David." "God save you, sir," said I again, "that's the modern religion." "It's a lie," said my savage, quietly. "When king David hated a man, he fought him and cut him down. That's my religion." "It will not do, sir," said I; "such a system would never sell." "Are you sure of that?" said he. I hesitated. "It would be a good thing in the country I came from," said he; "the people there haven't any religion." A thought struck me: possibly it might be a novelty, and have a good sale in the western market. "If you will write something," said I, "I will break a rule and read it myself." He asked for pen, ink, and paper, and said if I would come to his den, as he called it, next evening, he would show me something powerful.

"At the appointed hour I went in search of my savage, and found him in a garret in a back street, sitting on a trunk, and writing on a bit of board which he held before him on his knees, instead of desk. There was no furniture in the place, and no fire. A roll of blankets in a box of shavings was all the bed he had, and yet he received me like a lord, made me sit down upon the trunk, and offered me a quid of tobacco, which he said was all the refreshment he had to offer. I was astonished at the politeness of the man, and his poverty touched me. 'Sir,' said I, 'if you have any thing written, go with me to my house; it is dinner time, and when we have dined, we can talk matters over comfortably.' Without showing the least surprise or satisfaction, my savage, without saying a word, took some papers out of the trunk, put them in the pocket

of his seedy black coat, took up his battered Genin from the floor, and bowed with a grave business-like air, as if he were a Secretary of State taking a foreign minister to dine snug with him on the South Carolina business. I am a widower, you know, without children, and can take *any thing* home. So cannot a Secretary.

"After devouring an immense quantity of beef and chicken, and finishing two bottles of my best Hock, which he did not know the name of, my savage grew communicative and happy. He talked, Lord bless you, like a philosopher. I never heard a man talk better, or use better language, though now and then a few South-western phrases would drop from him, and then he would apologize. He said he had the Old Testament by heart, and admired king David and Moses, though he held Solomon in little estimation. 'Solomon,' said he, 'was the Lord Bacon of the Jews, and a man of a mediocre conscience. His wisdom was the wisdom of experience. First he was a naturalist, and then a very great rake; he had a large head and a small heart; and as is commonly the fact with such men, his wisdom has the air of discontent and is remorseful; while David's is full of hope, and courage, and passion.' David, he said, was a desperado, and a protectionist. Next to his honor, which was the image of God in him, he loved his country. David hated the Egyptians, and the pagans that lived about the edges of Judea. He fought them and cut them up. He made Judea a great State.

"I cannot tell you, gentlemen, one half, no, not one tenth the odd things my savage said to me. He talked, not like a book, but like a statesman, who knew the world outside and inside, and the pith of it. He knew politics and religion, and he had so little fear in him he could believe any thing. I asked him what he thought of the miracles. He said he thought nothing either way; he did not trouble his head about them. When he read the Old Testament he paid no heed to any thing but the actions of the men described there. Some he thought were beyond him and came from God, others from the devil, others signified nothing either way. I used to think much of Tom Paine till I heard my savage talk. Paine was a boy to him, a mere simpleton. Paine was afraid of being thought superstitious; this man was afraid of nothing.

About many things he was as ignorant as a child, and as simple in his beliefs. He did not believe in martyrdom. It was better to fight and kill the wicked than to let the good be killed. Great men, he said, must be fighting men, and not martyrs. Goodness without valor was a pretty thing, but inferior to valor alone. He told me stories about himself. He had fought duels, killed several men, thought it all right and necessary, and quoted the Old Testament; and when I quoted the New against him, he said if both were inspired, as it was agreed they were, he might take his choice; that it took many to make a world, and that David was as good a model in the West at this day as he was in his own time in Judea; that different times and states of society required different virtues, and though his might be those of a barbarian, God gave all.

"This man wrote as he talked. I bought his manuscript, which he spent the next month in producing, and then on a sudden he left the city. I have not since heard from him."

Demaistre and his friends listened very attentively to the bookseller's description of the philosophical desperado. Destin was profoundly interested. Jenkins, on the contrary, drank sneeringly and in silence. "For desperadoes," said he, "I have but little relish, and philosophers bother me. Let us gossip." Jotting was quite bewildered, and made several very thin remarks. Demaistre looked polished and gentle. "These rude virtues," said he, "strike one with admiration at first, but we soon weary of them. Art triumphs over strength. Intellect rules the world. Mr. Destin, try a little of this Greek wine; the boquet is magnificent."

CHAPTER IX.

INTERLOCUTORY.

Good reader, I am about to sketch thy picture. Thou hast never been correctly delineated; the artists, false rogues that they are, have given a stiff, classic, or sentimental air to thy limbs, drawn thee in the unnatural attitudes of a jointed doll of wood, which they call a "lay figure," set up in their mechanical oil-paint shops, which they affectedly call "studios." Egad! much study is done there, by the cat and a tame owl, on the catching of mice. And they

have so far befooled thee with a pretended likeness of thyself, thou esteemest thyself one of the silliest fellows in the world; but it is false, they lie on their vile canvasses, the scumbling dogs! Thou art not the intolerable wax-nosed simpleton their pictures make thee: on the contrary, thou art a bold, stout, lean, valiant, stomachy fellow, scorning a lie as if it were poison, and hating a trimmer, or a hypocrite, as if he were a villainous imp of Satan. Thou hast a strong liking for honest, clear-hearted men, and brave fellows, and a corresponding detestation of flunkies, and soft-hearted framers of excuses. Thou art a whole-souled fellow, and as haughty as Lucifer; and if a good thing comes to thee, thou makest no inquiry of its origin: whether it be base-born or lawfully got, home-spun or made abroad, a patent of the devil, or a gift of Gabriel, it is all one to thee. Thou hast one infallible test of the good that is in every thing: does it speak to the manhood and jolly scorn that is in thy noble heart? thou askest no farther. Look what a picture of thee I have made! Here, away with this detestable, hypocritical canvas, made by that base emaculate dog, Megrim. Throw it out, tear it up, burn it; whatever you do with it, never set your eyes upon its mealy face again. Fie! my friend; they would persuade thee out of thy opinions, would they, the villains! Thou art no critic, art thou; thou knowest nothing? Oh, no; thou hast no legs, hast thou? and must limp vilely upon their crutches, I fancy. Here, take this little tickler; it is a cat, and the tails thereof are nine,—and their names are, *courage, wit, will, pride, scorn, jollity, foresight, facts, force*: have at 'em, drive, lash, lay it on with a will; see how they caper and run, the meagre, mealy-visaged, convicted rogues! Never mind you; the squalling is good for ringing in the ears and deafness. And now let us sit down and drink,—beer, ale, wine, brandy, whiskey, what you will, strong or weak,—we'll have our glass, and let the others preach; they their sermon, we our glass, well divided. If we did not drink, they would not preach, so we are necessary to them, but they are not necessary to us: good again; here, fill away. Waiter, a tankard of ale for Mr. Bull, he repents; here's to him; see, the tears trickle from his eyes. Alas! my brother, I weep, I faint with sorrow; leave off your bad ways, you fat

scoundrel, or I will beat you within an inch of your life! No, no, he repents—or is it only too much beer? To you, Pat, you blethering villain! Yes. Here, waiter, son of O'Brien, king of Cork, whiskey and water for the son of your mither: he drinks; it has no effect; again, again, again, and the drinking doth not slack. Oho! I have you there, Pauthrick; you'll not get us drunk quite yet, my lad! no, no, no, time enough for that, my boy. To you, Sandy, my philosophic guardian of the saxepece; to you, canny Scot, servant of kings, servant of self,—how is it thou makest so good a republican? Honest reader, this is Sandy the stern republican,—drink to him. There is humor in his eye: beware his jest, beware his bargain; treat him well, or take thyself away.

Ah ha! Mein Herr! quit thy native humility; think thyself a man, else the good God will not let thee be a republican. I cannot drink Rhine wine, it is a cold drink. Monsieur, my service to you; we drink to you in champagne of Cincinnati, the best and bravest wine in the world. Thou art a brilliant fellow, Monsieur, but is there not a corner in thy heart reserved for kings? No! Then let us drink again in wine of France. Here is confusion to despots, honor to the braves. Have you any men left in France; were they *all* guillotined? No! Then let us be united, Citoyen, and we two will stand together, and beat the world.

A brave company of jolly fellows, are we not, hey, brother Bull? Let me introduce to you all, gentlemen, my friend the Reader, the honestest, bravest, hard-featured dog. You see that little instrument he carries: it is a shooting tool; a rifle, gentlemen, a very dangerous weapon for boys; never let your children use it,

brother Bull; they commonly hit their fathers, without much practice. Here, my friend, call for what you like. Monongahela for the stranger; he takes it pure! Bacchus defend me! I acknowledge the weakness; I cannot drink fire; here's to ye in ale. Have you come all the way from the back-wood to find men in New-York? Look, hunt, advertise, inquire; call here, call there;—faugh! you are a fool; that is a whiskerando, a barber's doll. Let it alone; we will go out early in the morning and look for one; meanwhile, here are a few tolerable substitutes, good fellows all; and one of them you see, the fat boy with the tankard, a scoundrel cousin of mine, very companionable; an excellent solid rogue and the best target. He weeps; d'ye see the big tears upon his manly cheeks? The woes of all humanity oppress him; he is grieved for his portionless younger brothers and poor relations. He means to give them each a little bit of land to till; he will give us all a bit of land, and make us all happy;—and yet, in your ear, the fat rogue is broke with mortgages. Here he sits all day, drinking, while the rats are eating holes in the sides of his ships. No voice of that, it is a great secret.

(*Bull sings:*)

Now let us sing,
God save the king,
Or queen, (if yet there be one.)

(*Pat sings:*)

And the next boy
That gives us joy,
Let's pray it be a *he* one.

For you must know, my masters, there is a dirth of virility, and the women and fops are getting the upper hand. And so good-night, and dream of your sweethearts.

THE EAGLE AND THE ANCIENT ELEPHANT.

BY REYNARD THE FOX.

[Whether any political significance ought to attach to the following anonymous production is a point which the editor submits entirely to the superior penetration of the reader. We ourselves do fancy we see something in it, notwithstanding the decision of our elbow critic, Mr. Simple, who is ready to make out it is a mere prose poem, with no more significance than one of *Æsop's Fables*.—Ed.]

In the forests of Bāmangwātoo, the great Elephant, Sadi, had led the herd an hundred years. At night he withdrew to the summit of a mountain, bursting his way through the forest, and in his sullen rage tearing off great branches from the oaks, and trampling the young trees to death. The steep rocks echoed his moans. The roaring waterfall could not drown his voice. Dire was the tumult in the soul of the mighty Sadi.

"True it is," said he groaning, "what the inspired Giraffe, Erson, said, looking fiercely through his liquid eyes, 'Sadi has not done the work of Sadi.' When the Quaggas rush headlong over the desert, if the leader of the mighty herd stops to bite a leaf, the following thousands rush over him and trample him to death. The heart of Sadi is old. He communes with the past. The glory of his youth is the food of his soul. Ancient rivers, mighty torrents, heaven-high rocks, and ye stars of the deep heavens, ye are congenial to the soul of Sadi. Your glory comes to you. God gives it; ye ask not for it; but for living creatures there is no glory but in *action*; the flame of victory bursts from the ardor of conflict.

"The Lions come upon us, they lurk amid thickets, they cry not; their voice is bushed. They wait for night and the tempest. Out on the desert I hear the sound of their gathering. The ear of Sadi is quickened with grief. The Leopard came to me and said, 'Sadi, thou art the King of the West. The She Lion, the Queen of the East, sends thee greeting, and desires thy love.' My soul was moved within me by the false words of the Leopard, and I said to him, 'Stay in the West and hunt in the great forests of Bāmangwātoo;' and he found out the secret thickets, and the dens of the subtle Foxes, and the Foxes obeyed him, and he

moved all the beasts of Bāmangwātoo to let the Lions come in and feed: to feed upon grass, and the fruits of the soil; but they feed not upon these. Their food is the flesh of tender beasts, friends of my friends, friends of the mighty Elephants, the lordly Elephants, the defenders of the West. Wo is me! The heart of Sadi is dead: he communes with the past. The glory of his youth is the food of his soul!"

The cataract sounded afar, the wind roared in the forest. The Black Eagle, the unconquered king of air, heard the sorrows of the noble Sadi; and his victorious soul grieved for the sadness of his friend. "Sadi," he cried, "where is thy brother, the Gray Elephant of the West, thy great companion?" And Sadi answered and said, "Are not his tusks broken, is he not worn with age?" Then said the Eagle, "The fire of glory is in his soul; but thou, Sadi, hast thou betrayed the beasts of Bāmangwātoo? I see the Leopard ranging in the forests; and the Jackals run to and fro, the Jackals of the Lion Queen."

Then said Sadi to the Eagle, "Bird of God, bird of victory, child of the lightning, I am betrayed. Age and weakness have betrayed me; the false Leopard is a liar: I will slay him, I will crush him with my tusks."

Then said the Eagle, "Greatest of Elephants, have a care of thy fame. They say the Leopard was thy knave and emissary. Thou hast talked with him in secret. The Foxes of Bāmangwātoo have listened, and heard what the Leopard said to thee in secret, and thou didst not crush him."

"He said I was greater than the Gray Elephant," replied the mighty Sadi.

"Fool!" screamed the fierce Eagle, the bird of God, the child of the lightning, "he only is great who loves Bāmangwātoo, and hates her enemies."

The mighty Sadi was amazed, and trembled, for never before had the Eagle spoken fiercely to him.

And the form of the Eagle was changed. His wings expanded like a morning cloud. He was the genius of freedom and of victory. His eyes were lightnings, his voice thunder. The beasts of Būmangwātoo heard the rush of his wings and the thunder of his voice,

and their spirits were roused, for they knew that the Black Eagle was the bird of God; and they assembled together and killed the Jackals and drove out the Leopard; and the mighty Sadi was left alone. Alas for the mighty Sadi! he no longer leads the beasts to victory; his soul communes with the past; the glory of his youth is the food of his soul.

THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW ON FREEDOM OF TRADE.

FROM THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW OF FEBRUARY, 1851, WITH REPLY.

FREE TRADE.*

START not, reader dear! The bill of fare is no doubt formidable; and of a verity thou mayest well entertain some gastric misgivings. But we are yet in holiday times, good friend, and there is digestion in the winter breezes, coming down upon us booming from far lake and forest. So be of good cheer; take an easy chair, or a hard one, if none other be at hand, and, cocking your toes, and nose if so minded, "draw near the ingle," determined to go it with right good-will, and we assure thee, if thou be not a man of the "*dura ilia*" stamp, or a woman after the heart of Lucinda Stone, thou shalt find nothing in the above, or our reficiamento thereof, to breed thee mental spasms, impart a twitch of statistical night-mare, or raise one blue-devil or blue-stocking before thy distempered vision. In sooth, good friend, 'tis not our intention to make a book. "*Some books*," thou knowest, "*are lies frae end to end*," as that ungodly Vates, the highland chiel, hath in malice sung; and some—but it is submitted that the "o'ergrown bulk" of many a goodly volume has resulted from "taking the sow by the wrong ear" at starting, and waddling, splashing and stumbling through the remainder, endeavoring to convert it into the right one; the application of which philosophy is, in this instance, left to thine own sagacity. Having, as we trust we have, by this time established ourselves in thy intimate confidence, we beg thee to be assured, that of Mr. Carey's facts and figures we shall be as sparing as possible, leaving some millions thereof untouched or unbrushed for thy palate's tempting. So, too, of the American Review. We shall not seek to solve the problem, "*Who feed the English?*" inasmuch as we are determined they shall not be fed by us Americans, unless for a substantial "*quid pro quo*."

With the red hot bolts both have flung at the heads of that "iniquitous" people, this child does not purpose to meddle, albeit he is impressed with the conviction that they are brimful of mischief and destructiveness, and very undeservedly hurled at that mildest, most inoffensive, and most forbearing type of Christianity and thrift, "*Johann Bool*." Whether he abstains from handling such hot and hissing combustibles through simple respect for his fingers, or that he believes the peculiar chivalry which would, without further aim or cause, stake its life of life for injured innocence or outraged virtue, is gone clean out of the world, he does not choose to explain. With respect to Ireland, that she hath been used as a pack-horse, a poor dumb drudge, a long and callous-eared donkey, goaded, scourged, blasted and tortured by steel, and whip-cord, and flame, he is willing, for the argument's sake, to admit. Nay, to the end of redeeming her from that unworthy comparison—alas! too meet for her condition—he will not gainsay that, although she sitteth wailing by the way-side, betrayed, ravaged and desolate, with ashes on her head and agony in her heart; and although she is crowned with a crown of thorns only, yet is she a rightful queen, and of royal beauty ineffaceable. Whether true or not, he has not the heart to deny that her grace and loveliness have been to her a fatal dower, serving only to lure her despoiler. And if, shaking off her dream of death, she turn her to the rising sun, and invoking freedom fresh from the breath of God, spring at her defiler, then would he proudly deck her brow with garlands of everlasting radiance. But, meantime, he has his own views in her regard. The stain upon her name of damnation's deepest dye can only be removed by her own hand. He fancies that until it is removed, 'tis vain to tell her sorrows—how her rich luxuriance hath been

* The Past, the Present, and the Future. Harmony of Interests. By Henry C. Carey. British Policy Here and There. American Review, November and December. Horace Greeley, *passim*.

plundered, and her fecundity made the nurse of death. The real difficulty in solving the problem of her destiny is, that her courage and the conscience of England have been both *negative* quantities. One never will change, the other may; then, and not till then, will her day begin to date.

These are, in part, his reasons for thus in the outset dismissing these topics, on which two of the writers, whose views he proposes to test, are so nobly eloquent. The question he purposes to discuss cannot be illustrated by the sufferings and wrongs of Ireland; nor can it subserve her prospects or her hopes. If other interests were out of view, and that it remained to be considered how her injuries could be avenged, then possibly the plunder committed upon her would be entitled to weight in the commercial polity of the United States. But, even then, it would be little worthy of a great nation to baffle her rival through the medium of a little custom-house thimble-riggery. If we, in good earnest, desire her downfall; if her day of retribution be at last come; if she is to feel reacting, on her own heart, the broadcast felony she has scattered over land and main; and if it be ours to speed the bolt of justice, let us, in God's name, go right straight about it, as we would to bore the blue mountains, or marry the oceans.

Having premised thus much, we proceed to the consideration of the works above quoted, in the order in which they are given.

Mr. Carey's elementary book is exceedingly agreeable. It is evidently written with a purpose intensely in earnest. By many it is deemed original, by some profound, by some instructive, by some abstruse, and by some absurd. With this man it is "authority," with that a paradox or a burlesque. One thinks it infallible—facts, figures, deductions and conclusions—the other heterodox and heretical all. Here, either general commendation or condemnation is needless; it is needless even to refer to more than a few of its leading propositions and arguments. For instance, its first chapter is an original picture of primeval rusticity—whether it be according to nature or not, is immaterial. But, supposing it a fancy sketch, it is not void of attractions. There stands the naked man confronting the old Titanic forest, accustomed to bow to no influence but the spirit of the tempest. How he fells it, tree by tree; how he stitches his garment of fig leaves, sows his first seed grain, and builds him a rude wigwam, and how he fares therein, is an interesting inquiry to all. To break a spell so agreeable would be rude and ill-natured. But how it so chanced that the lucky settler, when selecting the mountain slope for its freer air and lighter soil, should find ready to his hand iron, and copper, and zinc ores, and how he was blessed with means and sagacity to smelt, and mould, and temper them to use, is a question intended to affect the one now in discussion; and while we freely admit that it is well calculated to set village wonder all a-gape, may we humbly hint that in the mind of a rigid philosopher it would possibly provoke a sneer? It serves the same purpose, and stands on the same basis, as the prophecy sung by Virgil for Anchises some thousand years after the old seer had gone to his everlasting rest. The trapper's protectionist instincts are so immediately developed, and the agencies, resources, and essential elements necessary for a prosperous forest manufacturing interest are so available to his hand, that one wonders a beaver or a griffin is not found to present him with a veritable, ready-made "spinning jenny." Nevertheless, the connection between the brass hatchet and the present inquiry (the very one Mr. Carey had in view) is not so clear. Nor is it explained in the text whether this original feller of pine would or would not prefer, or would or would not be benefited, if a keen polished steel axe had come to him, no matter if from the moon, so he got it for the produce of one day's labor, instead of ten he must have lost tinkering at, and hundreds he must have lost tinkering with, the blunt instrument. We have our suspicions on that head, and if we thought them needed, we would print them. For the rest, Ricardo's philosophy of rent supplies Mr. Carey with an opportunity for much eloquent and indignant commentary. The discussion turns on the question whether the first cultivators do not naturally select the "best soils," and proceed downwards as these are exhausted, which Mr. Carey denies with vehement enthusiasm. They naturally, he asserts, begin with the worst, like children at a feast, and leave the choice morsels for the last. Hence is deduced this consoling philosophy, that the supply afforded by the earth will always be in proportion to the demand of its inhabitants; and that as rent increases, so will the prosperity of those who pay it, the cash of the landlord and that of the tenant making a harmonious jingle together. This is gratifying to more than the mere philanthropist, the only drawback being, that stiff-necked and stiff-willed tenants in general can, with extreme difficulty, be made to believe that the more they pay out the more they have left. To every appeal in proof they would be inclined to answer by a useless fumble in their empty pockets. If Mr. Carey takes three from six, and tells them that three remain, they will comprehend and assent; but if he takes four from six and assures them that four remain, in the absence of practical proof they must only refer the thing to some occult science, and go their way, lamenting their ignorance of such lucrative philosophy. "Dub, you know what be animal magnetism?" said a Yankee Moor to his sable brother, fresh from the South. "No; for what should I noo? Massa nooa." "Well," replied the philosopher, "Tse larp you; hab you a half dolla?" The coin being produced, he placed it between his digit and palm, and interrogated the proselyte: "Dub, you see that there half dolla?" "Yea, ha, ha, hi." "Am you sure you see him?" "Yea, ha, ha, hi, hi." "Am you quite sure you see him?" "Yea, ha, ha, hi, hi; ha, ha, hi, hi." "Well, you will neber see him again, and that be animal magnetism." The tenant who pays his half dollar to the landlord for the purpose of experiencing our friend's philosophy, would find himself equally wise and equally empty-handed. But the rent discussion does one thing: it shows how much can be made of the *lana caprina* logic, and how a man can become violently earnest in proving the difference between *tweedledum* and *tweedledee*. If Ricardo's meaning be that men will naturally select the soils which yield most, as it evi-

dently is, then Mr. Carey simply re-asserts the same thing exactly; for he admits it is because it will yield most to such labor as he can apply, the rude cultivator selects the light, dry land of the hills. It is, under the circumstances, the "best soil;" and thus antagonistic results are drawn from precisely the same axiom expressed in different words. Mr. Carey's experience is of a wilderness, and as far as locality goes, he is right; but if he extended his inquiry to other countries, he would find, that where the land is cleared and cultivated, and men are free to choose, the rich valleys are first seized on. Let him take England at the time of the Norman invasion, or Ireland at the period of the Cromwellian one, and he will find the track of the freebooters every where along the teeming vales, and their castles rising in the lap of fertility. The present writer has often looked from Irish green hill-sides on scenes of luxuriance and abundance unrivalled. He has dwelt with gladness on the western prairies, seemingly illimitable in extent, and inexhaustible in fecundity, and on the blithe and prosperous homesteads of Pennsylvania; but while acknowledging the grandeur and sublimity of lea, and wood, and lake, and gushing river, in his glorious home, he must be permitted to say, that from ruined abbey walls and the ivy towers of long fallen fortresses in Ireland, he has beheld scenes bright as morning rays, and fruitful as omnipotent mercy, spread out before him, which no time, no expenditure, and no labor can produce the equal of in this country. And these are the scenes that tempted her robber invaders. These are the scenes which became their booty; and upon that theatre has been tested the problem, which to Mr. Carey seems inexplicable. Ricardo's theory has been there realized—there, on the richest soils in the world. Rent has eaten up the whole produce of the land, the most fruitful land, mark you, Mr. Carey, ever yet brought into activity. Rent has been increasing, and the produce decreasing, year by year; and as men spread themselves out on bog and moor and mountain, to raise clammy potatoes, the rent on the good soil has become higher and higher. Rent, more recently, has devoured the produce, and at the same time the sweat and marrow of the tenants. At last their vitals only remained, and it took them. Rent, more insatiable than a vampire, has fed on human flesh and blood. However irrelevant to the topic in issue, this sanguinary fact suggests one ominous warning to America. From many an Aceldama it shrieks, *No rent! no rent!* Yes, "*no rent!*" for of all the curses that ever befell humanity, socially considered, rent—the institution of landlordism—is the direst. No matter what the form of government under which it exists, in its very nature it contains the germs of slavery. When one man *owns* the land and another pays him rent therefor—pays him, in fact, for the privilege of toiling thereon, the privilege of raising the produce, and transmitting it to the owner, for his sole use, sinking his flesh and blood in the soil, that it may become richer, with the chance of being turned to beg on the high road in the end; that man is a slave, and the vices of slavery stamp their impress on his heart. This is so, however much wealth may increase. This is so, no matter on how large a scale the "*richer soils*" are cultivated.

To some extent we have digressed. We are not canvassing the question of landlordism; and Mr. Carey does not, in words, commend the relation it expresses between man and man. He does, however, call rent national wealth; he justifies it as the consequence of capital spent in improvements; and he tells the tenant, that by increasing the landlord's wealth he increases his own; and, on the whole, rent is so mixed up in the theory as to justify this brief commentary.

How far Mr. Carey's philosophy controverts the principle of FREE TRADE, it is not very easy to find, though the purpose lurks through his entire argument. Nevertheless, he sometimes unconsciously affirms it instead. Not a few of his inferences would make it even ancillary to that highest aim of social economy and Christian philanthropy—bringing the "*good soils*" into cultivation. Here, for example, is one—page 115:—

"A change has come over the system, and England is now making a market at home for labor and capital. She is at present fairly engaged in building up the great food-producing machine, and preparing to supply the necessities of life up to a level with the demands for consumption."

The change above indicated is the repeal of the corn laws, which Mr. Carey elsewhere condemns as arbitrary impediments in the way of "Freedom of Trade." These laws furnish the strongest instance of protection, and that which is most pregnant with instruction and warning. Though for a long period the object of gigantic intellectual assault, before which they at last fell, their most vehement assailant never predicted the result, which Mr. Carey says has actually occurred, namely, the advancement of agriculture itself, which he announces in our quotation; and he thus further emphatically testifies to the necessary consequences of this advance:—

"She (England) is substituting the permanent for the temporary, and with each step of her progress in this direction, capital and labor are becoming more valuable."

The only protectionist recommendation discoverable in the work, is the perpetual advocacy of centralization. Mr. Carey's highest stage of progress is in mixed communities, in having the consumer side by side with the producer, so as that, as he expresses it, the machinery of exchange would become as inexpensive as possible. As this position is more forcibly urged and more practically illustrated by Mr. Greeley, we shall defer examining it until we come to review his opinions and arguments.

That cultivation begins on the poorer soils and proceeds to the richer ones, is not the leading idea—it is the one idea of the book. It is repeated in one form or other at least a thousand times. There is not a single proposition used, of which it is not the minor or middle term. Upon it every thing depends, and, in turn, it depends upon every thing. It is at the same time cause and effect, effect and cause. Where there is wealth, men cultivate the "*richer soils*." Where men cultivate the "*richer soils*," there is wealth. In peace, men cultivate the "*richer soils*." Where men cultivate the "*richer*

soils," there is peace. Morality, integrity, all the cardinal virtues, are concomitants of the cultivation of "rich soils," and such cultivation is sure to be accompanied by the virtues. So in like manner of the vices and the cultivation of the "poor soils." Take one example:—

"The lonely cultivator of the almost desert land is forced to depend on the thin soils of the earth for his support, and is in constant fear for his life and the safety of his little property. In every stranger he sees one as poor as himself; one to whom his little stock of wealth, trivial as it is, would be a treasure. Or if perchance the stranger comes from distant and civilized lands, from among a people who cultivate the rich soils of the earth, the lonely man sees in the nails and beads of his visitor what 'would make him rich indeed,' and avarice seizes on his soul. His labor, severe as it is, scarcely yields him food, and he has no means wherewith to buy it. He murders his visitor, and seizes on his goods. Here we have combined, fear, rapacity, cruelty, and such are uniformly the characteristics of men who are forced to rely on the poorest soils of the earth."

This is a gloomy picture; of which not the least startling figure is the poor foredoomed stranger. Let him doff his rich gear and ask shelter as a beggar, he is murdered because he is poor; let him display his wares, even a horse nail or a wooden comb, and he is massacred, because he is rich. Herein is to be found the clue to the first murder. No doubt, Cain shed his brother's blood, not because he was thereunto tempted by Satan in the guise of jealousy or pride, or because he had been corrupted by his mother's sin, but because he was forced to cultivate the "poorer soils." 'Tis somewhat of a marvel, that even now a new sect of predestinarians, starting at this point, and making this discovery their gospel, have not grown into sturdy existence. No doubt they would have followers. The creed would be saving and attractive, conferring blessings innumerable in time, as well as eternity. But, how far it is flattering to the pilgrim fathers, on whom the writer elsewhere bestowed an enthusiastic eulogy, we leave to Mr. Bulwer or Mr. Webster to determine.

Dismissing Mr. Carey's elements of economy, and descending to his practical knowledge, our feeling is one of unmixt astonishment. While the picture is imaginary, he has a shade appropriate to every theory. He butters his parsnips with soft words, notwithstanding the apophthegm. He manures by a phrase and enriches by a dexterous turn of his pen. But when he comes to handle a spade or a reaping hook, he is at once confounded. Hear what he says of an acre of potatoes and an acre of wheat—page 299:—

"An acre of potatoes will outweigh an acre of wheat a dozen times, and its refuse will fertilize an acre of poor soil; but from the produce of an acre of wheat sent abroad to be exchanged, nothing goes back on the land."

The coolness of this assumption is amusing. It may pass muster, notwithstanding, with the philosophers. But there are few rustics whom it would not tickle exceedingly. Because the potatoes weigh a dozen times more than the wheat, therefore the former is a preferable crop. But this is not so bad as the assertion, that the refuse of an acre of potatoes will manure another acre. It is, of course, after such fashion, that he would perpetually fertilize the earth, so as to keep its produce up to the level of the demand of its inhabitants. There is not a man, however, who has tilled a rood of land, that does not know, that the refuse of ten acres of potatoes would not manure a square perch. No vegetable is so substanceless as the potato-stalk—it is, in fact, almost as perishable as the argument that is based on it. Thus far with respect to the refuse of the acre of potatoes. Then as to that of wheat, he says it is nil. But it so happens, nevertheless, that the straw on an acre of wheat would yield more manure than fifty acres of potato-stalks.

Before passing to Mr. Carey's other book, we are tempted to give an illustration of his grand theory in his own words:—

"A and B have each a horse and cart, and a farm, from which they can have 300 bushels of wheat, or its equivalent. An offer is made to give them each that quantity: but the distance is so far, that the hauling will occupy precisely the same time that the raising would do. A accepts, and B does not. A spends his time on the road, and B stays at home. When it rains, A stops at the way-side tavern, B spends the same day at home repairing his house. When A's horse feeds and rests, his master has nothing to do; B grubs up an old root, or repairs a fence. A's horse deposits his manure in the road, that of B goes on his farm. A's horse hauls every day, and the service performed, nothing remains. B opens a marl pit and puts on his land manure for two or three years. At the end of the year A's horse and cart are worn out, while B's are almost as good as new. The farm of A has deteriorated, while that of B is greatly improved. Both have done the same number of days' work, and both have received the same compensation, yet A is poorer, and B richer than at first. Every diminution in the quantity required of the machinery of exchange tends to increase the quantity of labor, both of body and mind, that may be applied directly to production, and such labor is rewarded with an increased return, and an increase in the powers of the machine itself. Such has been the case in all past time, and such will it ever continue to be."

The naked proposition at the base of this comparison is incorrect. That proposition and the super-vening facts are contradictory. Some of these facts are false statements, and all the intervening deductions are false logic. The comparison, to be a fair one, should rest on an immovable basis. This would require that the 300 bushels should be a fixed and absolute maximum, in the production of which alone all B's labor is to be absorbed. If he can apply some to meliorating his farm or his house, then he gets more in fact than A, and the fallacy in stating the question is apparent. Again, if the return be not determined and definite, we might calculate a tolerable column of casualties against B, such as the worm, the wet, the drought, the blight, while A's bushels remained sound and whole, and every grain available. If again A and B get the same thing exactly, then one cannot be richer; and if, on the other hand, one be richer, they cannot get the same remuneration; one must get a higher and a better one. But the super-vening facts not only contradict the terms of the proposition, they contradict each other, and each contradicts itself. Suppose we take these two:

The hauling will occupy precisely the same time and labor that the raising would do. B manures three acres, and he raises besides; yet A's horse and cart are worn out, while B's are almost new. The first and second branch of this sentence contradict each other. If it be true that the "hauling" and raising occupy precisely the same time, then it is untrue that there is time for manuring three acres. The second is self-contradictory.

How A's horse became a year older, while B's remained as young as before, is a phenomenon that Mr. Carey does not deign to explain; or how the cart which is most worked continues new, while that which does least is worn out, supposing them equally new, strong and durable at the beginning of the year. He leaves us hopelessly in the dark on the subject, and utterly incapable of comprehending it, save on the principle that, in political economy at least, the less is greater than the greater; while even that will scarcely aid us, in regard to the age of B's horse, which must be referred to some process similar to, and more successful than, that tried by the daughters of Jason when they boiled their father's old bones. The exact meaning or bearing, we should say, perhaps the depth of the conclusion is, we must needs confess, beyond our powers of comprehension. But if the offer of Mr. Carey were made, subject to every disadvantage and casualty, for our parts, we commend the choice of A. If not, the deductions are false in fact as well as logic. Land does not improve by growing corn; it seriously deteriorates, a fact which may be learned without the lights of philosophy or chemistry. It must be restored by manures. Some of these are enriching, some of a stimulating character only. The latter in the end will make rich land poor, instead of poor land rich. Even the former have their limits, both as to quantity and power, and there is a point of fertility, beyond which the earth cannot be pressed, so that, twenty to one, B's farm must have been deteriorated by being worked, A's improved by lying fallow. This would surely be the case, were Mr. Carey at hand to help B with his bundle of potato-stalks.

It will be seen that we have, in our last quotation, inserted the word labor. Mr. Carey must have intended it, or he intended to deceive. We prefer believing the former. Without it, the question would be unfair and unintelligible, and would bespeak a design on his part, which we would be sorry to impute to him, of relying on a contemptible "*arrière pensée*." But supposing A poorer, and B richer, where is the connection between that fact, and the general conclusion which follows, upon the truth of which, standing alone, every fact stated in the comparison must depend? To us it is precisely as intelligible, and we suspect it must have been used with about the same view, as Professor Fiechte's celebrated data. The professor having duly stroked his moustache, as it becometh all bearded thinkers to do, and having meditatively paced the floor, in sight of a small class of admiring disciples, thus began: "*Gentlemen, think the wall.*" After due time was allowed for this rather flinty performance, the man of learning asked the pupils whether they had in fact thought the wall: to which, in proof of their capability, the disciples gave an affirmative response. "Now," he resumed, "*think the thing that thought the wall;*" wherewith we take our leave of Mr. Carey's Elements, confessing our incapacity to comprehend either the data of the professor, or the conclusion of the economist.

Most of our readers are, we presume, aware that an association has recently been formed in this city called the "Free Trade League," having for its object the abolition of all custom houses, and the establishment of a system of direct taxation for the purpose of raising the supplies needed for the support of government. Among its most prominent and active members are the gentlemen connected with our contemporary, the *Democratic Review*, whose articles may now, we presume, be considered as the authorized expression of the views of the League in regard to all politico-economical matters, and as being therefore entitled to particular respect. Under this impression it is that we have transferred to our pages the above, constituting the whole of the first chapter of a review of Mr. Carey's works, intended and expected, as we believe, to annihilate both himself and the doctrine of which he is the earnest advocate, to wit: *that the true and only road*

to perfect freedom of trade lies through perfect protection, and that every attempt to seek it in any other direction must result in failure and ruin. In thus laying it before our readers we have a two-fold object.

First. We wish them to see for themselves the arguments of our opponents in favor of maintaining the British system which looks to monopolizing the machinery required for the production of cloth and iron for the world, and which preaches *free trade* as a means of maintaining this *monopoly*. To carry out this British system, advocated by our contemporary, it is essential that England should be made "the workshop of the world," and that she should be enabled to compel the farmers and planters of the world to bring to her all their raw products, that she may take what she needs *at prices to be fixed by herself*, and also to compel them to look to her for all their supplies of cloth and iron, *at prices to be fixed by herself*, thus reducing them to the condition of humble

dependents upon a small number of wealthy cotton spinners and iron masters. Such is the object of the *British system of free trade*, whose principal advocates are to be found in the editor of, and contributors to, the *Democratic Review*, and it can scarcely fail to interest our readers to know, and to understand, if they can, how the cause of *American Democracy* is to be aided by placing the whole body of our agriculturists in the power of the *moneyed aristocracy of Britain*.

Second. We desire, if possible, to induce our opponents to do the same by us, in laying before their readers our arguments on the opposite side of the question, that they also may have the opportunity to judge for themselves. In preferring, as we now do, this request to our contemporary, we must at the same time express our doubts of having it complied with, it being the uniform practice of the advocates of the British free trade, or monopoly system, to shut out every thing like free discussion of this important question. Nevertheless, we still have hopes that our contemporary may on this occasion pursue a different course, for the advantages we offer him are great. In the first place, we now lay his views before many thousands of Whigs, steadfast advocates of protection, that he may convert them if he can; and if he thinks his arguments calculated to open the eyes of our benighted readers, he must rejoice at the occurrence of such an opportunity to try their effect. In return for thus enabling him to lay his powerful arguments before our readers, all that we ask of him is that he will lay our weak ones before his own, for the purpose of strengthening their faith in the present revenue system, or in the future "free-trade" system, under which we must abandon the making of cloth and iron, and a thousand other commodities, yielding to Britain the entire and exclusive command of the trade of the world. Such an opportunity for converting the protectionists and strengthening the convictions of the free-traders, should not, and we trust it will not, be lightly rejected. We shall hope, therefore, to see this article transferred to the pages of our contemporary, and in return we pledge ourselves for laying before our readers his comments upon it. We seek the truth and desire to aid our readers in their search for it, and therefore do we give both sides of the question. Let our oppo-

nents prove their confidence in the truth of their doctrines by following our example.

Before proceeding to a detailed examination of this article, we desire to call the attention of our readers to its general tone, and to the claims, as scientific men, put forth by the members of the League, of whose views our contemporary is the organ. The subject chiefly referred to in this chapter is one of the deepest interest to all mankind, being no less than the question whether there do or do not exist divine laws, in virtue of which population tends to increase more rapidly than food, rendering necessary the constant recurrence of wars, pestilences, and famines, for the purpose of restraining numbers within the limits of the means of subsistence. Such a subject would, we might suppose, be treated with a gravity proportioned to its importance, particularly by the representatives of a school that claims for itself all the scientific knowledge, and quotes so fluently Bastiat, Mill, Say, Ricardo, and Malthus, in opposition to the "exploded fallacies" of protection to American labor. Far otherwise, however, is it. Instead of gravely discussing this great question, it is here, as is seen, treated with a degree of levity scarcely, as we conceive, to be excused in a journal with any claims to character, were the subject of discussion of little more importance than would be one in reference to the comparative merits of a couple of rival rope-dancers. In illustration of the views of our contemporary in regard to the cause of value in land, and the law of the distribution of its products, we are treated with a dialogue between a couple of negroes; while the question of the advantage to the land and its owner from the existence of the power to restore to the former the manure resulting from the consumption of its crops, is settled by a bunch of potato stalks! Such is modern British politico-economical science, as transferred to the columns of our contemporary, the *Democratic Review*, which claims for itself and its friends the possession of exclusive scientific knowledge! They constitute, in their own estimation, "all the talents" party of America.

The course here adopted appears to us to be precisely that of the skilful advocate who knows that his cause will not bear examination, and that the less that is said of it the better it will be for his client. He therefore

passes from subject to subject rapidly, touching as lightly as possible upon the merits of his own case, dodging every difficult question, dwelling upon the trivial errors or omissions of his opponents, and endeavoring wherever possible to raise a laugh at their expense, hoping to deceive the court and the jury into a verdict in opposition to both law and justice, at which their cooler judgments would be shocked. With a case that he feels to be strong, how different is his course of action! He then passes from point to point, dwelling on each in proportion to its importance, making his ground sure as he advances, certain to obtain from the cool and deliberate judgment of both the bench and the jury the verdict that he seeks, and he leaves the court feeling that he has done his duty both to his client and to the cause of justice. Such, however, is not the course of the advocates of the British monopoly which seeks to maintain and extend itself under the mask of freedom of trade. To pin them down to the examination of either facts or theories appears impossible. If the former do not suit their views, the answer is found in the brief words "political arithmetic." If the latter be not agreeable, they cry "free trade," and nothing more. The word itself is deemed a sufficient reply to the benighted people who cannot agree with them as to the road by which freedom of trade is to be sought. Now, we too are free-traders. We look with longing eyes for the time when perfect freedom of trade may be rendered possible, and therefore it is that we desire to see a full and free discussion of the question as to which is the true and profitable mode of reaching it. The experience of the nation has, as we think, proved that it can be done only through perfect protection. Mr. Carey has now fortified the believers in protection by showing that theory is also on their side, and the admission of the truth of his doctrine of the occupation of land and of the distribution of its proceeds, would be so fatal to the British monopoly system, called free-trade, that the advocates of the latter find it necessary to sneer it down, if possible, but at all events to avoid discussion of its merits. Our contemporary therefore tells us that it is by some deemed to be "original," while by others it is regarded as "profound, instructive, abstruse, or absurd," and closes by assuring us that for his part he is unable to "compre-

hend either the data of the professor or the conclusions of the economist;" and yet he undertakes to instruct the world in regard to the greatest of all questions, that of the divine laws which regulate the growth of food and population. For his inability to comprehend it several reasons might be given, but a single one will probably suffice for our readers, and that is, that *he appears never to have read the book*, a fact of which we hope to satisfy them, and that conclusively, before they shall have finished the perusal of this article.

The British politico-economical system may be stated in a very few words. Men are supposed to commence the work of cultivation upon the richest soils, those capable of yielding the largest returns to labor. As population increases it becomes necessary to have recourse to inferior soils; and the consequence of "the constantly increasing sterility of the soil" required to be cultivated is that the difficulty of obtaining subsistence increases with the increase of numbers, producing a necessity for dispersion over the world in quest of the original rich soils. The more they separate from each other the larger, it is held, is likely to be the return to labor employed in agriculture, and the more necessary is it that they should employ themselves in the work of cultivation alone, sending to England their raw products that she may maintain her monopoly of machinery for their conversion; and every attempt at interference with this monopoly is denounced as being in opposition to the true principles of trade. It is thought best that one nation should raise corn and cotton and transport them thousands of miles, that the two may be combined in the form of cloth, and that another should raise sugar and a third refine it; expending in the work of transportation, annually repeated, treble the labor required for raising the corn, the cotton, or the sugar, instead of at once bringing the consumer of food to the side of the producer of food and cotton, as urged by Adam Smith, the great founder of the politico-economical school which teaches the advantage of making a market on the land for the products of the land.

It will now readily be seen that the whole British monopoly theory, known by the name of Free Trade, hangs upon the question whether men do or do not, in the early period of every society, commence the work of

cultivation on the richest soils. *If they do*, then is it profitable that men should disperse themselves over the world in quest of those soils, applying thereon, when found, their whole labor, and leaving Britain the full enjoyment of the monopoly of machinery which it has been the object of her whole system of legislation to establish. *If they do not*—if, on the contrary, the early settlers commence invariably on the less fertile soils, leaving the rich bottom lands, and the beds of marl and lime, to their successors—and if it is only with the growth of population and of wealth, that these richer soils can be brought into activity—then is dispersion to be avoided, and then is concentration for the cultivation of those rich soils to be sought. Dispersion must tend to diminish the productiveness of labor. With each step in its progress, men become less able to combine their exertions for the common good, and their land becomes less productive, because of the increased necessity for sending abroad its raw products, wasting labor in transportation, and returning to the soil none of the manure. The powers of the soil constitute the farmer's capital. *In exhausting these powers, he is wasting his capital*, and therefore it is that all those nations which are compelled to export their raw products are seen to become impoverished, as witness Ireland, Portugal, and India, and as further witness all the lands of the Southern States.

When, on the contrary, the artisan is enabled to take his place by the side of the ploughman, eating his food on, or near, the land upon which it had been produced, the latter is enabled to return to his land the manure, and he not only ceases to waste his capital, but he increases it, because the same process which saves manure, saves also the labor of transportation, and he has more labor to give to his land; and therefore it is that land becomes valuable, and its owner becomes rich, wherever a market is made on land for its products. The two systems look in different directions—the one to the centralization in the hands of the British moneyed aristocracy, of power over the farmers and planters of the world, and to the exhaustion of their land and of themselves; the other to the establishment of power over their own actions among those farmers and planters, and to the enrichment of their land and of themselves. Which of the two is theo-

retically right, the British monopoly system, or that American one which looks to the establishment of perfect freedom of trade on the ruins of this monopoly, is to be determined by the settlement of the question, whether men do or do not commence the work of cultivation on the richest soils; whether the doctrine of Mr. Ricardo or that of Mr. Carey is the true one.

Our readers will now, we think, understand the cause of the indisposition of our Democratic reviewers to examine this question, and of their obvious determination to sneer down, if possible, the novel theory of our countryman. The latter once admitted, the system of the British monopoly school must pass away, for it must then be also admitted that with the increase of population resulting from bringing the loom and the anvil into connection with the plough and harrow, men are enabled to cultivate richer soils, to apply their labor more continuously to the work of cultivation, to maintain and to increase the powers of their land, and to give increased value to both their land and their labor; and that in case of the existence of any disturbing cause tending to prevent the artisan and the agriculturist from thus combining their exertions, their duty to themselves requires the adoption of such measures of resistance as shall appear likely most speedily and most effectually to remove the cause of disturbance. This has been done in Germany, and in this and other countries, by the adoption of measures of protection against the British monopoly, with a view to the ultimate establishment of perfect freedom of trade. The theory on which British free-trade rests, falls with the fall of the British doctrine of rent, and hence it is that our Democratic reviewers view with such hostility any attempt to lessen the authority of Mr. Ricardo. They desire to sustain him and the monopoly together, for divided they must fall.

The reviewer informs us that "if Ricardo's meaning be that men will naturally select the soils which yield most, as it evidently is, then Mr. Carey simply re-asserts the same thing exactly;" and he is of opinion that the difference between them is just the difference between "tweedledum and tweedledee." Passing by the beauty of this most happy illustration, which is so precisely in keeping with the rest of the article, we would beg to inquire if he ever read Ricardo? We

presume not, for otherwise he could make no such assertion. Ricardo is often quoted, but rarely read, and few of those who use his name have taken the trouble to endeavor to follow him in the infinite complications and inconsistencies to which he was led in the attempt to establish a system, now admitted to be unsound and untenable by many who were once his devoted followers. Mr. Ricardo meant what he said, that men took first those soils that were by nature the most fertile, for if he had meant otherwise, how could he have stated that the productiveness of the soil decreased with the extension of cultivation over newer soils, and that with that extension there was a perpetually increasing difficulty of obtaining food—that its price, as compared with labor, perpetually increased—and that the reward of labor, in food, was perpetually diminishing? Had his meaning been such as our contemporary has chosen to attribute to him, what could his successor Mr. McCulloch have meant when he spoke of the “perpetually increasing sterility of the soil in cultivation?” We would earnestly request our Democratic reviewer to study Ricardo, before he has occasion again to quote him.

A natural consequence of such “decreasing fertility” was supposed to be, that the owners of lands in cultivation were enabled to demand and to obtain as rent, a *constantly increasing proportion* of the *constantly diminishing quantity* yielded by the land in return to the labor employed upon it. In the infancy of cultivation, rich lands were supposed to be abundant and open for universal occupation, and no rent was then paid. With the next step in the growth of population, it became necessary to occupy No. 2, and then the owner of No. 1 could demand, as rent, the difference between the products of the one and the other. With the occupation of No. 3, the two first could pay rent, and so on successively, the proportion of the land-owner *increasing* with every *diminution* in the productiveness of the labor applied to agriculture, until at length the farmer would absorb the whole produce. Under such circumstances it is not extraordinary that a recent eminent writer should say, in speaking of this system of Mr. Ricardo, that “our own social system seems to harbor within itself the germs of ruin. Either we must destroy rent, i. e., that

which causes rent, or rent will destroy us.”*

It is obvious that with this increase in the proportion of the land owner, and this diminution in actual quantity going to the laborer, the latter must become daily poorer, and more and more a slave to the caprices of his landlord. Equally obvious is it, that according to Mr. Carey’s theory, directly the reverse would be the case, and that as the rich soils came gradually into cultivation, labor would become more productive, the power of accumulation would increase, and capital would be more required to seek for labor, enabling the laborer to retain for himself a constantly increasing proportion of a constantly increasing quantity, and consequently to exercise a constantly increasing control over his own actions. The one system teaches thus, that there exist divine laws in virtue of which men must necessarily become enslaved as population grows, and that is the British monopoly one. The other teaches that there exist laws in virtue of which men must necessarily become more and more free as wealth and population grow, and that is the system of Mr. Carey. Now, the laws of God tend to the establishment and extension of Democracy, or they do not. This was an important and highly interesting question to be examined by a *Democratic* journalist, but how is it examined? How has this reviewer treated of a great law of the distribution of the proceeds of labor between the capitalist and the laborer, first announced by Mr. Carey, and now admitted to be true by some of the most eminent members of the reviewer’s own politico-economical school in Europe? We pray the reader to look, for an answer to this question, to the article itself, where he will find it dismissed with a sneer in relation to the “useless fumble” in the empty pocket of the rent-payer; and yet the author of this article undertakes to lecture the world upon both democracy and political economy! Why it is so dismissed, may easily be explained. To sustain the British monopoly system, the theory of Mr. Ricardo, that there exists a law of God in virtue of which men must become gradually more and more enslaved, must be sustained by our *Democratic* contemporary. From such Democrats, the poor

* De Quincey, Logic of Political Economy

laborers of this country might well pray Heaven to deliver them.

It is somewhat unfortunate that our reviewer should not have made himself acquainted with the meaning of the word "Rent," as it would have saved him much useless, and, if it were not for the necessity of copying one of his own epithets, we might almost be tempted to say "absurd," declamation. The interest upon the value of property constitutes its rent, as is known by almost every school-boy. The man whose farm will sell for \$20,000 knows well that his rent is \$1200, and that to that extent the return obtained is interest upon his capital, the surplus alone being the reward of labor. As land increases in value, rent increases in *amount*, but diminishes in its *proportion* of the commodities obtained from it; because labor increases still more rapidly, and the laborer obtains a larger proportion and rapidly increasing quantity. When land prepared for cultivation is scarce, little rent is paid; but the *proportion* of the land sown is large, as in Ireland. When such land abounds, much rent is paid; but the *proportion* of the land sown is small. The interest paid for the use of other capital is its rent. When capital abounds much interest is paid, yet the rate of interest is low. When it is scarce, little interest is paid, yet the rate is high. The man who uses his own capital instead of lending it, knows well that to the extent of what he could obtain from others for its use, his profits are only rent, or interest, and that the surplus only is the reward of his labor or his skill. All this seems so very obvious, and is so well known, that we are surprised our reviewer should have so long remained ignorant of it, which we think he would not have been had he found leisure for reading Mr. Carey's book before reviewing it. Whenever he shall read it, we incline to think he will agree with him in the belief that increase of rent is a sign of increasing "national wealth," and also of increasing happiness and freedom to man.

The denunciation of rent by our reviewer is accompanied by an earnest desire that men should cultivate their own lands, becoming themselves their own rent receivers. Had he found leisure to read the book he was reviewing, he would have found that Ricardo's system, of which he is the advocate, teaches the existence of divine laws under which the land must necessarily be

more and more monopolized, and man more and more enslaved; while the system of Mr. Carey, at which he sneers, teaches the existence of other laws, the real laws of God, under which land tends to become more divided, and man more and more free. It is much to be regretted that gentlemen should undertake to review books without having read them. Had our reviewer read that of Mr. Carey he might, however, have incapacitated himself from defending the system under which Britain seeks to tax the farmers and planters of the world, because he might then have learned that that system, and the growth of democracy, are incompatible with each other.

The natural consequence of this "diminishing fertility of the soil," taught by Mr. Ricardo and his successors, is seen in the admiration of ships and wagons, sailors and wagoners, in preference to the land and its cultivators; the labor of the man who transports the food being regarded as *more productive* of the necessities and comforts of life than those of the man to whose cultivation of the earth its production is due. Thus, Mr. McCulloch says:—

"There are no limits to the bounty of nature in manufactures; but there are limits, and those not very remote, to her bounty in agriculture. The greatest possible amount of capital might be expended in the construction of steam engines, or of any other sort of machinery; and after they had been multiplied indefinitely, the last would be as powerful and efficient in producing commodities and saving labor as the first. Such, however, is not the case with the soil. Lands of the first quality are speedily exhausted; and it is impossible to apply capital indefinitely even to the best soils, without obtaining from it a constantly diminishing rate of profit."

Of this Mr. Carey says:—

"All this might be true if man *did* speedily exhaust the best soils; but, as he is always going from a poor soil to a better, and then returning on his footsteps to the original poor one, and turning up the marl or the lime; and so on, in continued succession; and as he has done so in every nation of the world where population and wealth have been permitted to increase; and as, at each step in this course, he is making a better machine; the converse of Mr. McCulloch's proposition may prove to be true. It is held that there are *no* limits to the capital that may be profitably expended in engines, because all are *equal* to the first; but that there are limits to that which may be employed in agriculture, because the last is necessarily *inferior* to the first. If, however, the last agricultural machine be always, as it always is, *superior* to the

previous ones: then capital may be invested in agriculture with *more* advantage than in engines, because the last are *only* of *equal*, whereas the other is of *superior*, power.

"A steam-engine produces nothing. It diminishes the labor required for converting wool into cloth, or grain into flour; for freeing mines from water; or for transporting wool, or grain, or coal. The gain from its use is the wages of that labor, *minus* the loss by deterioration of the machine. Labor applied to fashioning the earth produces wages, *plus* the gain by improvement of the machine. The more an engine can be made to yield the worse it will become. The more the earth can be made to yield the better will it become. The man who neglects his farm to employ himself and his engine in the work of fashioning or exchanging the products of other farms, obtains wages, *minus* loss of capital. He who employs himself on his own farm obtains wages, *plus* profits resulting from the improvement of the farm, to the extent that that improvement exceeds the loss from the deterioration of the spades, ploughs, engines, or other machinery that is used."

In illustration of this, Mr. Carey has given the case of the two men, A and B, which the reviewer has taken the trouble to extract* for the purpose of offering almost a page of comments, the object of which we suppose to be that of proving that the carter who transports the food is a more productive laborer than the man who produces the food. The exact "meaning or bearing" of the extract he has given is, as he says, beyond his comprehension, a fact which results probably from his having accidentally alighted on this passage somewhere, and not having read the previous or subsequent paragraphs. We do hope, and that most earnestly, that before he shall again undertake to review this book, he will take the trouble to read it. If he shall do so, he will then probably be enabled to teach his readers that in the school to which he belongs it is taught that the larger the proportion of the population that employs itself in the work of transportation, the greater will be the quantity of the necessities and comforts of life produced; and the greater the proportion employed in the production of those necessities and comforts, the smaller will be the quantity produced. The whole system is an almost endless mass of contradictions.

If men do commence the work of cultivation on the rich soils of the earth, and if with the growth of population it becomes more difficult to obtain food, then is disper-

sion necessary, and the more widely men are separated from each other the greater is the necessity for ships and wagons, and the larger must be the proportion of the population engaged in the work of transportation and exchange. This is the state of things advocated by the school of the British moneyed aristocracy, as being the most productive.

If, on the contrary, they commence with the poorer soils, and if with the growth of population and wealth they are enabled to obtain the command of the richer ones, then there must be in the natural progress of society a tendency to concentration, with steady diminution in the proportion of ships and wagons, and equally steady diminution in the loss of labor employed in the work of transportation and exchange. Ships and wagons produce nothing, but ploughs and looms do produce. The fewer sailors and wagoners needed, the more numerous will be the men who can follow the plough and drive the shuttle, the more productive will be the labor, and the more readily will the laborer rise to be a capitalist. This is the state of things advocated by the American Democratic free-trade school, but which is denounced by our *Democratic* reviewer.

It will now be obvious to our readers that the more exchanges are made on the spot, the less will be the *necessity* for transportation, and the greater will be the *power* of the farmer to bestow both labor and manure upon his land, and that with every such increase of power the productiveness of labor must increase. Further, labor, applied to the great machine of production, the earth, is productive of permanent results, whereas that applied to changing the mere form of the things produced, as in converting cotton into cloth, produces only temporary ones, and the growth of wealth is always in the ratio in which labor is applied in the former manner. The English school teaches directly the reverse of this, and the reverse of what is everywhere seen and known to be the fact; and our American *free-traders* follow blindly in their track.

"The earth (says Mr. Carey) is the sole producer. Man fashions and exchanges. A part of his labor is applied to the fashioning of the great machine, and this produces changes that are permanent. The drain once cut, remains a drain; and the limestone, once reduced to lime, never again becomes limestone. It passes into the food of man and animals, and ever after takes its part in the same round with the clay with which it has been incorporated. The

* See page 236, *ante*.

iron rusts, and gradually passes into soil, to take its part with the clay and the lime. That portion of his labor gives him wages while preparing the machine for greater future production. That other portion which he expends on fashioning and exchanging the *products* of the machine, produces temporary results, and gives him wages alone. Whatever tends, therefore, to diminish the quantity of labor necessary for the fashioning and exchanging of the products, tends to increase the quantity that may be given to increasing the amount of products, and to preparing the great machine; and thus, while increasing the present return to labor, preparing for a future further increase.

"The first poor cultivator obtains a hundred bushels for his year's wages. To pound this between two stones requires twenty days of labor, and the work is not half done. Had he a mill in the neighborhood he would have better flour, and he would have almost his whole twenty days to bestow upon his land. He pulls up his grain. Had he a scythe, he would have more time for the preparation of the machine of production. He loses his axe, and it requires days of himself and his horse on the road to obtain another. His machine loses the time and the manure, both of which would have been saved had the axe-maker been at hand. The real advantage derived from the mill and the scythe, and from the proximity of the axe-maker, consists simply in the power which they afford him to devote his labor more and more to the preparation of the great machine of production, and such is the case with all the machinery of preparation and exchange. The plough enables him to do as much in one day as with a spade he could do in five. He saves four days for drainage. The steam-engine drains as much as without it could be drained by thousands of days of labor. He has more leisure to manure his land. The more he can extract from his machine the greater is its value, because every thing he takes is, by the very act of taking it, fashioned to aid further production. The machine, therefore, improves by use; whereas spades, and ploughs, and steam-engines, and all other of the machines used by man, are but the various forms into which he fashions parts of the great original machine, to disappear in the act of being used; as much so as food, though not so rapidly. The earth is the great labor savings' bank; and the value to man of all other machines is in the direct ratio of their tendency to aid him in increasing his deposits in the only bank whose dividends are perpetually increasing, while its capital is perpetually doubling. That it may continue for ever so to do, all that it asks is that it shall receive back the refuse of its produce; the manure; and that it may do so, the consumer and the producer must take their places by each other. That done, every change that is effected becomes permanent, and tends to facilitate other and greater changes. The whole business of the farmer consists in making and improving soils, and the earth rewards him for his kindness by giving him more and more food the more attention he bestows upon her."

The less the necessity for wasting labor in

transportation, the greater is the amount of labor that can be thus bestowed; and "with every improvement in the machinery of exchange," says Mr. Carey,

"there is a diminution in the proportion which that machinery bears to the mass of production, because of the extraordinary increase of product consequent upon the increased power of applying labor to building up the great machine. It is a matter of daily observation that the demand for horses and men increases as railroads drive them from the turnpikes, and the reason is, that the farmer's means of improving his land increase more rapidly than men and horses for his work. The man who has, thus far, sent to market his half-fed cattle, accompanied by horses and men to drive them, and wagons and horses loaded with hay or turnips with which to feed them on the road, and to fatten them when at market, now fattens them on the ground, and sends them by railroad ready for the slaughter-house. His use of the machinery of exchange is diminished nine-tenths. He keeps his men, his horses, and his wagons, and the refuse of his hay or turnips, at home. The former are employed in ditching and draining, while the latter fertilizes the soil heretofore cultivated. His production doubles, and he accumulates rapidly, while the people around him have more to eat, more to spend in clothing, and more to accumulate themselves. He wants laborers in the field, and they want clothes and houses. The shoemaker and the carpenter, finding that there exists a demand for their labor, now join the community, eating the food on the ground on which it is produced; and thus the machinery of exchange is improved, while the quantity required is diminished. The quantity of flour consumed on the spot induces the miller to come and eat his share, while preparing that of others. The labor of exchanging is diminished, and more is given to the land, and the lime is now turned up. *Tons* of turnips are obtained from the same surface face that before gave *bushels* of rye. The quantity to be consumed increases faster than the population, and more mouths are needed on the spot, and next the woollen-mill comes. The wool no longer requires wagons and horses, which now are turned to transporting coal, to enable the farmer to dispense with his woods, and to reduce to cultivation the fine soil that has, for centuries, produced nothing but timber. Production again increases, and the new wealth now takes the form of the cotton-mill; and, with every step in the progress, the farmer finds new demands on the great machine he has constructed, accompanied with increased power on his part to build it up higher and stronger, and to sink its foundations deeper. He now supplies beef and mutton, wheat, butter, eggs, poultry, cheese, and every other of the comforts and luxuries of life, for which the climate is suited; and from the same land which afforded, when his father or grandfather first commenced cultivation on the light soil of the hills, scarcely sufficient rye or barley to support life."

It will be observed that among the most important advantages enumerated as result-

ing from making a market on the land for its products, is that of being enabled to return to it the refuse of its products, the manure, thus preserving and increasing the farmer's capital. That idea is repeated throughout the work, and it is shown that the dispersion every where taking place among our own population is a necessary consequence of the British system which compels our farmers every where to exhaust their land, and thus waste their capital. How it operates on the planters is thus shown :—

"The Kentuckian exhausts his land with hemp, and then wastes his manure on the road, in carrying it to market. Had he a market on the ground for corn and oats, peas and beans, cabbages, and potatoes, and turnips, he might restore the waste : but the rich bottom lands must remain undrained until he can place the consumer side by side with the producer.

"Virginia is exhausted by tobacco, and men desert their homes to seek in the west new lands, to be again exhausted : and thus are labor and manure wasted, while the great machine deteriorates, because men *cannot come* to take from it the vast supplies of food with which it is charged. Thousands of acres, heavily timbered with oak, poplar, beech, sugar-tree, elm and hickory, are offered at about the government price, or a dollar an acre, and on long credit, but they are not worth clearing : and they cannot be cleared, until there shall arise a demand for lumber for the construction of houses, mills, and railroads : and that cannot arise so long as men shall continue to be limited to the use of the worst machinery of exchange ; wasting on the roads the manure yielded by the products of their poor soils, and the labor that might be applied to the clearing of the rich ones. An acre of wheat has been made to produce a hundred bushels, and such will, at some future day, be the produce of these lands : but the consumer and the producer will then be near neighbors to each other, and all the manure produced by the land will go back again to the great river of these rich supplies. She pays well those that feed her, but she starves those who starve her : *and she expels them.*

"The cotton planter raises small crops on thin soils, and he, too, is ruined by drought. He tries rich soils, and rains destroy his crop, even to the extent of more than two hundred thousand bales, worth many millions of dollars, in a single season. Were he near neighbor to consumers of food, vegetable and animal, he could raise large crops of grass and food on rich lands, and manure the poor ones ; and then he would suffer little from drought or ruin. He would have always at hand aid in harvest, and his cotton fields would yield him larger crops from smaller surface.

"South Carolina has millions of acres admirably adapted to the raising of rich grasses, the manure produced from which would enrich the exhausted cotton lands : but she exports rice and cotton, and

loses all the manure, and must continue so to do until the consumer of veal, and beef, and corn, shall take his place by the side of the producer of cotton. When that time shall arrive, her wealth and population will both increase : but until then both must continue to diminish."

The meaning of this is not to be doubted. The manure is the refuse of the crops. Nevertheless, the reviewer undertakes to amuse his readers by endeavoring to have them believe that the refuse of an acre of potatoes consists of nothing but potato stalks, and that the meaning of the author whose work he was reviewing, was that those potato-stalks were more valuable as manure than an acre of wheat straw.

We are quite unwilling to believe our contemporary to be capable of intentional misrepresentation, and to that unwillingness is due our belief that the writer of the review had never read the book. The article throughout looks as if it had had two fathers, one of whom read the volume and selected the passages to be extracted, while the other wrote the commentary. If we are wrong in this, we shall be glad to know who will be willing to assume the responsibility of so gross a misrepresentation as that to which we have here called the attention of our readers.

A still more remarkable one will be found in the following passage :—

"The only protectionist recommendation discoverable in the work is the perpetual advocacy of centralization."

An entire chapter of Mr. Carey's volume is devoted to the exhibition of the advantages resulting from that combination of effort which results from concentration, and the exposure of the injurious consequences resulting from centralization such as England desires to impose upon the farmers and planters of the world, in constituting herself sole factor and sole manufacturer for the world. At the close of the first portion of this chapter, devoted to concentration, Mr. Carey says :—

"Such is concentration. Opposed thereto is centralization. The one looks inward, and tends to promote a love of home and of quiet happiness and a desire for union ; facilitating the growth of wealth and the preparation of the great machine of production, and enabling man to acquire a love of books and a habit of independent thought and action. Here each man minds his own business, and superintends the application of the proceeds

of his own labor. Centralization, on the contrary, looks outward, and tends to promote a love of war and discord, and a disrelish for home and its pursuits, preventing the growth of wealth, and retarding the preparation of the great machine. Under it men are forced to move in masses, governed by ministers, and generals, and admirals; and the habit of independent thought or action has no existence. Here no man is permitted to mind his own business, and no man controls the application of the proceeds of his labor. The State manages every thing, and the State is composed of those whose profits are derived from managing the affairs of others."

The reviewer having asserted, in the face of all this, that Mr. Carey was the perpetual advocate of "centralization," we really do not see how he can escape from the charge of wilful misrepresentation, except upon the plea that he had reviewed the book without having read it. For ourselves, we are willing to permit him to determine upon which horn of the dilemma he will hang himself.

We now desire for a moment to call the attention of our readers to the views of a person of very different calibre from our reviewer,—to those of a man who has read the book he has undertaken to review, or, in other words, of an eminent British agriculturist, who has travelled over a considerable portion of the Northern, Middle, and Western States, and has himself personally examined into the condition of both the land and its owner.

At a recent meeting of the Berwickshire Farmers' Club, Professor Johnson, then just returned from this country, delivered an address, from which the following passages are extracts:—

"I will briefly refer to some points which came under my observation in that part of the country which I visited. First of all, as to the state of agriculture in the northern parts of America, in our own provinces and in New-England, with which we are ourselves more familiar, when I tell you generally that the state of agriculture in those parts of America is what the state of agriculture in Scotland probably was eighty or ninety years ago; and when I tell you that in some parts of New-Brunswick they are very nearly in the precise condition in which Scotland was one hundred and twenty years ago, you will have an idea of the state of agriculture in North America. The system of agriculture is no farther forward—it is exceedingly far behind.

"Now what has been their procedure—by what kind of procedure have they brought about the state of exhaustion to which the soil has been reduced? Of course, in speaking of the exhausted

soil, I do not refer to the virgin soil which has never received the plough or the spade, but to the soil under their cultivation, and *which they are now exhausting*. When I tell you how the land is cultivated, you will understand how this exhaustion has been produced. The forest is in the first place cut down and burnt, after which the ashes are scattered, and a crop of wheat and oats is sown. When this crop is cut down another is sown; but they do not always remove the straw—they do not trouble themselves with any manure. The second year they sow it again and harrow it, and generally take three crops in succession. When they can take no more out of it, they either sow grass seeds, or as frequently let it seed itself. They will then sometimes cut hay for 12, 14, 16, 18, or 20 years in succession; in fact, as long as they can even get half a ton an acre from it. And you may suppose what is the natural fertility of the land, when they are able to obtain as much as three or four tons per acre at first, and go on cutting it for twelve years. They will probably have two tons an acre during all that length of time. The land is then broken up, and the crop of oats taken, then potatoes, then a crop of wheat, and then hay for twelve years again, and so the same course is repeated. Now this is the way in which the land is treated—*this is the way in which the exhaustion is brought about*. This exhaustion exists in Nova Scotia, New-Brunswick, Lower Canada, in Upper Canada, to a considerable extent, over the whole of New-England, and extends even into the State of New-York.

"Now, the condition of things in the Western States, in reference to England, is precisely the same as the condition of England in reference to the wheat-producing countries of the Baltic. The condition of the farmers is exceedingly bad, and in Maine I was informed that they were all in a state of bankruptcy. The land is all mortgaged, which hangs like a mill-stone round their necks, and is worse even than the state of farmers in this country. They are thus unable to compete with the western parts of New-York or Lake Ontario. You have all heard of the famous wheat of Genesee, where the land is more fertile than in any part of Great Britain; and I learned there that they are laying the land down to grass, *because they cannot afford to grow wheat*.

"In New-Brunswick, New-England, Vermont, New-Hampshire, Connecticut and New-York, the growth of wheat has almost ceased, and it is now *gradually receding farther and farther westward*. Now, when I tell you this, you will see what I believe to be the case is really the case—that it will not be very long before America will be unable—in fact *the United States are unable now—to supply us with wheat in any large quantity*. If we could bring Indian corn into general use, we might get plenty of it; but I do not think that the United States need be any bugbear to you. I believe the great source of competition you will have to contend with is the Baltic, and the countries on the borders of the Black Sea."

Such are the results of agriculture in every country that makes no market on the land

for the products of the land. In Ireland, the soil has been exhausted, and such has been the case in India and in Portugal, and in every country subjected to the British monopoly system, so strenuously supported by our Democratic Reviewer. The farmer is every where wearing out his land, wasting the manure yielded by his products, and annihilating his own capital, the consequence of which is a perpetual diminution in the return to agricultural labor. In Ohio, even now, the yield of wheat is under twelve bushels, and it diminishes from year to year, because of this perpetual destruction of the farmer's capital. In New-York, the average yield of potatoes is but seventy-five bushels, when it should be three hundred; and that of corn but twenty-five bushels, when it might be seventy-five; and yet the system which looks to the exhaustion of the farmer's capital is taught in a journal that looks to the farmers and planters for its circulation!

[In the April number will appear a review of the second part of the Democratic Review article.]

OUR TRANSATLANTIC ARTICLE.*

BEING A REVIEW BY AN ENGLISH HAND OF THE RECENT TRAVELS OF ONE OF HIS TRANSATLANTIC COUSINS.

[At what cost, and by what pains, the manuscript of the following article was procured, it were unbecoming to say. It bears internal marks of having been written for *Fraser's Magazine*. The style is Fraser's, and the fire and vivacity of the writer, who tears up his wretched subject with the courage and discrimination of a true "British critic," show a Fraserian pen. Public sentiment among the better class demands a British model for our Review; but who would not prefer originals before their imitations! The extraordinary prices given for a tearing article in London and Edinburgh puts a sharp restriction as to quantity upon an American editor publishing original British matter. We did not doubt, however, our readers would prefer a single original article intended for Fraser, and written by a genuine "shrewd Briton," to the entire year's price of the Review. If others can be obtained, at whatever cost, written for Blackwood and the Edinburgh, they will appear hereafter; but the difficulty of procuring these is understood to be extraordinary. And thus we are suddenly become international;—a generous emulation is established between ourselves and our superiors. Let us hope, under these new auspices, that the spirit of calumny and villainous personality which disgraces the American press will hereby receive a check, by the gentlemanly example of more polished and judicious writers, whose acknowledged aristocratic advantages must be respected by all deep-thinking Americans.]

THIS is a disgusting book, its author a squint-eyed hypocrite. What business the despicable puppy has to get his dirty publication reprinted in England, his master who sent him knows best; but, for our part, we think it would have been a mercy to the poor peeping rogue to have hung him out of hand: his life must be a burthen to him, if he has any consciousness of it.

A police officer, who was put upon the track of this mischievous adventurer, and who noted every action of the creature from the moment he set foot in London, has furnished us, by permission from high quarters,

with full information of his movements and designs.

The preface of his pitiful performance is a lie from beginning to end. The author professes to be a clergyman. He is, in fact, a preacher of that detestable, heathenish sect of Unitarians, of whom, we regret to say, a few may be found in England in the manufacturing suburbs.

"I brought letters of introduction to several noblemen and gentlemen of distinction—Lord L., Lord C., and Lord B., and many others; but selected only a few of the best, and found my advantage in it. And let me here take occasion to observe, that the nobility and gentry in England are the only classes with whom an American can

* Travels in England. By Rev. Thomas Trueboy. London: Higginbottom, Johnson & Co. 8vo. 2 vols.

associate with comfort or decency. Lest I may seem to do injustice to the lower and middle classes of England by this observation, I must justify myself by an explanation in full. Americans admit no distinction of ranks, and one meets with no examples among them of servility or assumption, unless it be among some decayed old families, whose pride has sunk them out of notice. In England, on the contrary, the lower sort, especially in the country, expect a gentleman to maintain a marked superiority, and if he does not do this he is very sure to be insulted. An American is consequently never at his ease until he gets among those with whom he can maintain an equal footing, and who will never offend him by exhibitions of servility or insolence. I say, therefore, that an American who wishes to enjoy himself in English society should avoid the lower and middle classes, especially the authors and artists, and seek that of gentlemen, of whom the only unquestionable examples will be found in the upper classes. In America the noble spirit of freedom, the original birthright of gentlemen, has penetrated downward, and, in general with the name, pervades all society alike. The haughty frankness of an American Westerner or Kentuckian is the rough soul of chivalry itself. It knows no superior, but is always ready to recognize equality.

"Of all classes in England, I would caution my countrymen against the literati and artists. The arts here lean entirely on patronage, and nothing is of consequence to an artist but a lord, or, at least, a member of an Art-Union Committee, who is something more. The taste of the Italian artists, in the days of Leo X., was directed to sublime and national subjects; but in England the taste of the artists, of necessity, directed by their patrons, runs in a low channel. Hence the vast number of dogs and horses painted and engraved in England, and these generally spiritless and incorrect. Landseer, the dog painter, is the artist most in repute in England. Maclise, Eastlake, and a few others of a superior school, are admired indeed, but produce very few pictures for want of due encouragement. Dogs and horses being the only national topics, their genius has no medium of communication with the popular mind.

"The authors are especially to be avoided by travellers, as they are most part the mirror and embodiment of class prejudices. With one or two exceptions, I found them a well-meaning but narrow kind of men, servile to noblemen, and thorough haters of Republicanism, if not in theory yet always in practice. They know nothing of America except through the book piracies of our publishers, and the imitative talent of our writers. Irving they call an Englishman, and eulogize him much; Prescott and Bancroft, they say, have studied Gibbon and Macaulay to some purpose. One of their *Times* writers assured me, with great gravity, that the history of America could not be written until the States became independent of each other, and made a tolerable subject by their civil wars. He writes the revolutionary articles in the *Times*, when the English merchants direct the Ministry to create a European revolution, in order to clear the foreign markets of French and German goods."

It is unnecessary to dissect this tissue of abominable lies. We can only make our acknowledgments to those authors and artists who, by some open slight upon this bore Trueboy with his pestering letters, have planted in his breast the salutary dread of them he expresses. For political reasons, it appears, certain distinguished persons have chosen to endure the society of impertinent Yankees, and, among others, of this odious Tommy. Perhaps the creature did contrive, by some low flatteries, to force himself upon the notice of one or two persons of importance. We find him toadying to Lord Grub, on his lordship's magnificent estate in L—shire. His lordship's well known hospitality, in fact an open house for all comers, very well accounts for the appearance of this travelling Tom Peep in aristocratic circles. "His lordship," says our traveller, "has at least 10,000 sheep upon his estates, as he himself assured me." The low propensities of the fellow may be seen by his pestering inquiries about the sheep. In the society of gentlemen his thoughts run upon rams and ewes. It is a well-known fact that his lordship is the best sheep-breeder in all England, and has the largest number of those fine and valuable animals on his own grounds; but who but the son of a sheep-stealer would, at Lord Grub's own table, be annoying his lordship with counting them? Now we happen to know, from his lordship's principal farmer, that the number of sheep on the Grub estate is exactly 9,090; and as it is impossible to attribute inaccuracy to his lordship, we catch our Yankee sheep-stealer in a double lie,—first representing that his lordship spoke about his sheep at all; and secondly, distorting the information vouchsafed by his lordship to so unworthy a questioner.

The notice taken of him at Lord Grub's, where he was entertained for a specimen of a backwoods barbarian, and admitted to a common intimacy with the parlor cat and the monkey, emboldens our observer of sheep to take some higher observations. He casts his insolent eyes upon his lordship's beautiful daughter, whom he has the audacity to pronounce equal in beauty with the "most beautiful American girl he had ever seen." That a travelling sheep-observing Tom Peep, capable of the insolence of picking and choosing among his letters of recommendation to "several English lords,"

and of the other gross violations of decency of which we have convicted him, should not only penetrate the sacred precincts of the domestic hearth, but should publish what he there saw, exposing to the world the veiled beauties of a young English heiress, is a circumstance to excite rather detestation than surprise. His lordship's daughter, the beautiful and thoroughly accomplished Lady Julia Grub, will feel her native modesty and honor profoundly shocked to find her beauty profaned before the world by a travelling idiot like this ridiculous Tommy Trueboy. To his narrow soul the honor of an English lady is doubtless as fair a topic of calumny as any, and likely to afford as much amusement to the prurient souls of his Yankee readers. Let this dirty little fellow have a care how ever he sets foot again on British soil; a punishment awaits him against which his cloth will be no protection, the punishment of a peeper and calumniator, the scorn of every true Briton.

Enough of the Rev. idiot. By him we have done our duty. The quotations we have given are quite enough to characterize their author as a puppy and an American. The book is a mere traveller's farrago of pretended information upon the condition of the agricultural districts of England and Scotland, the style low and vulgar, with an affectation of simplicity. American writers ought to stay at home and confine themselves to their scurrile daily prints, and that coarse and abusive style of criticism which is congenial to the republican mind. When they are sick of that, let them study their betters.

In the discussion of any thing serious, such as the comparative value of republican and aristocratical forms of government, we regret the necessity of using so miserable a fellow as Trueboy, and so wretched a production as his book; but Tommy is certainly a very fair specimen of the Americans, probably the best of them, and we must take him for want of a better subject. The fact that not a single clergyman in America enjoys a salary equal to that of a first-class newspaper editor in England, is proof enough of the utter degradation and poverty of the class. They are a kind of charity priests, like the begging friars, and live on the voluntary alms of the women and superstitious. They cultivate a peculiar enthusiasm very like the Hindoo Juggernaut mania, by which

they excite miserable crowds of devotees to the highest pitch of ecstatic fury. Under the excitement of these beggarly exhorters, thousands have been known to become permanently insane, struck, as it were, by the wrath of Heaven, as a punishment for spiritual indecency.

There is little doubt but that the continued prevalency of republican sentiment in America, after the wretched experience of a century of civil discord and insurrection over the entire continent, is to be attributed mainly to the influence of these begging clergy. The enthusiasm they excite is of the most ungovernable kind, and agrees perfectly with the atrocious libertinism of the democratic masses.

No more satisfactory proof can be offered of the utter corruption of society in America, and the deep discontent of the majority, than the almost ridiculous delight of the people at the visit of any Englishman of distinction. Mr. Dickens, though only a melodramatic tale writer of the popular sort in England, made a progress through America, like a conqueror. Thousands rushed to catch a sight at him; he was fêted and applauded to his own disgust. Her Majesty's Minister in America, as we are credibly informed, has made so deep an impression on the minds of the Americans, merely because he is a polite English gentleman, the most important affairs of the nation are intrusted to his hands. He advises the Congress, regulates the tariff of imposts, controls the press, and rules the manners. Sir Henry has a slight uneasiness, or nervousness of manner, which it has become fashionable among the wealthy Americans to imitate. As for his influence over the public counsels, it must be superior to that of any American, for we are authentically informed by a person who saw the paper with his own eyes, that the Committee of Foreign Relations of the American Parliament have before them a draft of a treaty made for them by Sir Henry, between the United States and some one of the Central American Republics. This is as it should be. American statesmen have no foreign policy, and in their dealings with foreign nations should consult with more experienced governments who have.

The respect shown for English opinion in this instance by the Democratic chaos, is a proof of an approaching change. We must

confess, we are not without some feelings of regard and affection for America. There is a great deal of talent and some genius of a practical order among them; but it must continue depressed and vulgarized, while they continue to hug the old and exploded notions of democratic equality. Democracies time out of mind are wholly incapable of adopting or carrying out any system of policy, and it would be an act of pure humanity, and show a true disinterestedness, if some of our young nobility would go to America, (the voyage is now become easy,) and by a personal example and influence teach the Americans how to behave and how to make laws and treaties.

The horrible system of negro slavery, supported by the southern inhabitants of North America, can never be ameliorated or abolished but by the advice and aid of Britain. The most feasible scheme we have heard of for its abolition, is that adopted by the present Ministry. In her grand policy for the civilization and christianization of the world, Great Britain has adopted a plan the most profound and successful. By persuasion, and if necessary by a gentle violence, she dissolves those unholy compacts of semi-barbarous States, which like the American Union are erected for the perpetuation of the worst

institutions and the propagation of the most injurious opinions. Lord P——n has hit upon a method which has thus far worked very well. Instead of a single embassy to the Central Government, he dispatches several, to the separate disaffected States, with orders to point out to them the peculiar disadvantages of their position. The colonies separately operated upon in this way, have awakened to a keen sense of their dependent and miserable condition. These separate agencies, operating together with the central one already all-powerful at the seat of the Central Government, are doing wonders. Numbers of the more enlightened American citizens, among whom we are happy to name the distinguished historian of colonies, Mr. B——t, entertain opinions very favorable to the interests of British civilization and the spread of Christianity. The wealthier classes on the sea-coast very generally incline to us; and taking all these evidences, together with the violent animosity of a strong faction in the northern colonies against the southern, which needs only a little of the same skilful fostering that created it, to create a civil war, cast a strong light upon the future, and inspire us with a Christian hope and sympathy for our benighted and struggling brothers on the other side of the Atlantic.

[We have to apologize to our readers for the abrupt termination of this powerful and characteristic article. The remainder miscarried. The Rev. Mr. Trueboy, with whom we have long been upon the most intimate terms, and for whose character we have the greatest respect, will pardon us for suffering the expression of some harsh opinions of himself and book. The humane and Christian spirit which marks the latter part of this article, and the strong interest the author manifests in the welfare of America, will surely enable his mild spirit to bear the brotherly correction which is given in the first part.—Ed.]

COPTIC SONG.

Go!—but heed and understand
This my last and best command:
Turn thine Youth to such advantage
As that no reverse shall daunt Age.
Learn the serpent's wisdom early,
And condemn what Time destroys;
Also, wouldst thou creep or climb,
Choose thy rôle, and choose in time,

Since the scales of Fortune rarely
Show a liberal equipoise.
*Thou must either soar or stoop,
Fall or triumph, stand or droop;
Thou must either serve or govern,
Must be slave, or must be sovereign;
Must, in fine, be block or wedge,
Must be anvil or be sledge.* GOETHE.

AMERICA AND EUROPE:

"PEACE" AND "FOREIGN RELATIONS."

For the first time since the year 1847, "universal peace, law and order," can now be found every where over the world. We of 1851 have at last arrived at one of those periods, so critical in Roman history that they occurred but to presage the birth of the Republic or its downfall, when for us, too, the gates of the temple of Janus may be closed: but not for us, on this occasion, the proud triumphs indulged in by the Roman citizen on an event which realized to his mind the supremacy of his country's arms, and the establishment among all men against whom he fought of the peculiar municipalism with which he desired to begird humanity; not for us, either, the relief from unjust aggression, the momentary release from suffering, which, on such occasions, a suspension of arms afforded even to the Scythian and the Gaul. The closing of our temple of Janus is an event which tells of the defeat of our friends, of the temporary suppression, at all events, of the principles upon which our Republic is founded, and which alone make our nation strong and powerful among men; and assures us at the same time that these friends, nationally or individually, have *not* been released from bondage, but that their sufferings are but the more inexorably renewed, while it brings with it too the conviction that the enemies of our principles and of our nationality are, by the peaceful climax of their rule, but the more strengthened against our own Republican existence, and the integrity of our continental empire. The peace of the world is the triumph of the monarchs; the peace inaugurated in this unhappy year by the enforced termination of the Schleswig-Holstein war, thereby extinguishing the last small but vivifying flame of Republican contest in the old world, signifies to all men, present and to come, that the free States and insurgent populations of the entire modern civilized order have been utterly defeated, after one struggle of three years' duration, by a handful of kings. From

Calpe to Leucadia's steep, no hand is longer raised for liberty; from the fair Mediterranean isles, dear to Greek and Roman story, and now crushed at the feet of a British or Neapolitan despotism, to the snows of Kurik, and the realms of the Norse of old, "peace" rests like death upon the soil of the earth and the hearts of men; from gory pikes, grim heads look down upon the living; and from the peasant as he strays over the land he curses, or the prisoner as he roams his cell, there rise up groans and sorrows, commingling in one eternal wail of blasphemy and woe. The Roman wanders by night by the ruins of his own Colosseum, an outlaw and a vagabond, whom it is lawful to kill by a French bayonet, or a Papal rope; to whom is not given the power of saying his own city, his own land, his own soul is his: but let the dog rejoice—has he not "peace"? The Hungarian has liberty no more: he may remember his mother beaten on a gun-breech, or his wife handed over to the savagery and lust of a horde of Croats; he may recall the smile of his children lying in death with faces upturned to his, or the last agonizing cry which rose from his burning hut: but why should a past like this grieve him? Has not the God he ought to worship mercifully afforded to him "peace?" Widows and the orphaned young may weep over the graves of German martyrs; Blum may sleep amid gore and kindly worms unavenged, and Viennese maidens steal in the darksome twilight to the spot behind the barrack wall where their lovers and their brothers were shot down in troops: but Germany can bear with slavery and sorrow—she has "peace." In Asiatic jails, in Australian penal colonies, in the foul cells of the Roman Inquisition, in those prisons of St. Mark where the burning leads or the flooded vault bring to the prisoner a slow and agonizing death; in that dungeon of Spielberg where the Carbonari chiefs died for years; in that gaol whence a French Imperial

ist only escaped to imprison the honestest of his countrymen; in cells so foul and abominable that the humanitarian liberalist would not consign thereto the thief, the ravisher, or the murderer, lie in unsympathized misery the bravest, the noblest, and the most unselfish of the few great men with whom our world has been blessed: but yet shall we not rejoice that runaway kings have returned to their thrones; that imperilled and shaking aristocracies have been bolstered up into a new though temporary vitality; that the accursed of humanity and the doomed by God have, by the sheer force of sword-edge and gunpowder, been blasphemously re-established in their murderous dominion over men? More massacres there will be throughout Italy, Germany, and that region formerly called Austria; more famines there must necessarily be in Ireland, more slaughters in Ionian Islands and India, more misery and cruel wrong every where: but will not kings be still enthroned; will not oligarchies be still empowered to live upon the labor and the lives of the people; will not church systems go on finely, the Pope in his Vatican, the Queen in her palace; will not our ambassadors have longer opportunities of imitating the gestures and bow-scraping of courts, and so improve their manners and education; will not merchants buy and sell, brokers quote stocks, free-traders sing psalms, make peace resolutions, and import cutlery and cloth, the same as ever; will not all fanatics and enthusiastic persons be put down, and will we not have "peace"? Of course we will. Who cares for the people!

Besides, in this universal failure of European Republicanism, we of America can find for ourselves peculiar themes of glorification. We predicted this result; worldly wise and highly influential persons amongst us warned our countrymen of the lower, or as some mistaken individuals will call them, of the Republican classes, that when the Roman, the Sicilian, and the Lombard awoke to a sense of national life; when the Magyar essayed to keep out the tide of tyranny with his sword-point; when the capitals of Europe were turned into shooting galleries for the practice of the million on kings; when a universal *bouleversement* was knocking over throne on throne, and respectable classes on respectable classes, it was all vain. Speciously, and with much long-worded rhetoric, did Review writers,

both of the Papistical and New-England order, would-be Archbishops of New-York, and would-be arch-professors of Harvard, make it known to the American people, that the revolution in which Europe was engaged was not based on the same principles, nor directed to the same ends, as our own—and that *therefore* the former was wrong. Eloquent statesmen of the expounding sort, sympathizing newspaper-editors of Janus-faced physique, maintained with evident decorum and pharisaical sincerity, that the American policy for seventy years had been established on the soundest do-nothing principles, and conducted on the broadest grounds of national humility and political negation; and that *therefore* it would be absurd to think of it at the age of seventy years doing any good either for itself or others. Even when one old man, a President with more Republican spirit in him than ordinary, desired to recognize, merely recognize, the then existing Governments of Hungary and of Rome, he was warned by wise and discreet persons that though the American policy required the recognition of the government in being as the government in right; and though the governments aforesaid were necessarily of right, and actually in being; yet safety required that he should wait till these governments were either overthrown or so firmly established that they might treat our cautious policy with derisive scorn, before that he should display his lingering ideas of having at some remote and probably fabulous period intended to proffer them, if they got on well, not the services of his country, but merely that passing courtesy of nations, which is equivalent in domestic politeness to a "How do ye do?—a fine morning—I wish you success;" a form of salutation we throw away in private life a dozen times a day, without thinking we have lost any thing, and receive as often in return, without considering ourselves in the smallest degree complimented, and not very enormously enriched. And the warning of the dramaturgic croakers was eminently fortunate. Rome and Hungary have perished. True, we had been in the habit of recognizing kings for years, without the certainty even for an hour that they might not perish too; but then it was so respectable, so conservative, so well calculated to keep us on good terms with all the monarchies, to recognize even a runaway brother,

that we did it. True, we ran the risk of placing ourselves in the predicament of the worthy Abbé of Notre Dame de Paris, who, on the morning after the fall of Charles X., ascended his altar with his prayers all pat, nothing thinking about the holes and rents made in his ballad by the bullets of the barricades, but, having recited his rôle as usual, till he arrived at that loyal prayer, now obsolete, "Domine saluum fac regem," balked at the "regem," and balked at his Latin, and ended, blushing deeply and in great tremor, with the singular invocation, "Domine saluum fac—le—le gouvernement provisoire." But then, even such a predicament would have proved only our loyal conservatism and ineffable consistency to the do-nothing policy, so worshipped by statesmen deficient in originality of thought and American character. True, we had ambassadors at courts, where there were no courts; sent letters to kings, where there were no kings; indited graceful epistles to a Louis Philippe at Versailles, when there was nothing but a Count Neuilly taking off a red cotton muffler on Dover beach: but all these follies only proved that, like Brutus, but in a different manner, it is sometimes politic to play the fool. True, by such conduct we have lost the friendship of many, the admiration of all the peoples of Europe, but then we have retained the friendship of kings, and got on in the general riot without having our shop windows broken in, without having lost our sales of bacon and breadstuffs, and without offending our titled customers. We can still sell raw cotton to kings and potentates, receive imperial ambassadors, and nod and smile at aristocratic tables over the misfortunes of a Republic. We can still creep on in our isolated, raw-producing existence, the market gardener of monarchies, the buyer of their stocks, the pander to their tyrannies over the people: but herein how unlike Lucifer the demon-angel, how truly Christian, how ineffably humble our deportment; for though he desired rather to rule in hell than be last in heaven, we prefer to be last even in the train of the monarchic brood which, crawling forth from the ebony gate of Hades, still agonizes the world, than first among the Republics of men.

These European Republicans must indeed be wild, very wild, enthusiastic, and very impracticable men. No doubt they may be very honest, very brave, very straightforward

in their ideas and conduct; but then, they do not understand our policy, and what is more, they never will understand it. There are depths in the abyss of want of intellect which it is below reason to comprehend. During the Revolution of '76, it required but the enthusiasm of a returned French Republican to create among the French people, and even in the French monarchy, a friendship which, more than once, saved our fathers from ruin, and ourselves from servitude. Then the voyage across the Atlantic may have been three or four times as long in duration as it is to-day. Then the United States, north of Massachusetts, west of New-York and Pennsylvania, and south of the Carolinas, was a wilderness. Even in the inhabited region there was little wealth, small hope of ultimate and complete victory, no seductive day-dreams to beguile the wanderer from Europe, and a very remote possibility of preferment and renown for the European soldier. Nevertheless, such is the guileless enthusiasm of these European Democrats that there flocked to our ranks thousands, of whom history preserves the names of a Kosciuszko, a Lafayette, a Lee, and a De Kalb. Then and afterward we formed alliances of the sincerest outward character, with France and the French Republicans and Republic, to last during the terrible war into which it had entered for the liberation of all humanity, and first of ourselves. And so we conquered; but they did not understand our policy, for when their day of trial came, and they, poor fools, applied to us for such aid and assistance as we justly owed them, we were safe, and accordingly we did not grant their unreasonable request. Nor even in the present day do these same European Democrats seem to understand our policy a bit the better. Kossuth sent to us for aid, even for friendship, and it was, after much deliberation, deemed allowable to dispatch a gentleman secretly to him, by roundabout journeying and many mysterious passports, to acquaint him of our peculiar position; that it was necessary, essentially necessary to our national greatness and character, that in such cases we should do nothing, but conduct ourselves impassively with the respect towards kings in general, and his (in our opinion) rightful king in particular, which we had been accustomed to pay for seventy years back; but that if he went on well, and succeeded, and made his own

Ungarn by his unassisted power, and in the face of two leagued empires against him, a great Republican heart to Europe, then we should be—"very happy of the honor of his distinguished acquaintance." And so carefully and so maturely was this stupendous step taken, that the gentleman never arrived at his destination, and never said, what he was sent to say, nothing. But then behold how even in this instance we have saved our national character and maintained our policy. We have written, yes, *we* have written a very lengthy and rhetorical letter maintaining our right by historical precedent, and the most disputatious dialectics, to say nothing whenever we like, to send an American citizen to say nothing to the farthest end of the earth if we please, and boldly threatening, when the danger had all passed, that if any prince, power, or potentate, had dared by force and violence to arrest or stop the mouth of our ambassador while on his way to say, or while engaged in saying the aforesaid nothing, as by us, the Great American Republic, directed, we would—well, we would—well, we would probably in that event consider the propriety of embroiling ourselves in a war, and risking the spilling of human blood upon so very trivial a question. From all which one bitter regret is ever present to our minds. When such for long years has been the perfection of government under every species of administration, what a pity Billy Patterson had not been Secretary of State or President. "President Patterson"—it looks well enough, and we have proof, since the genial republicanism of Jefferson and the unbending will of Jackson have passed from this lower earth, and the glories of the youth of Clay, and the consistency of Adams's age have been forgotten, that it would have *done* much better. Peace be with the manes of his Excellency William Patterson! He admirably understood the policy of non-intervention even on behalf of an outraged brother; but he had the misfortune to live in times when political genius was not appreciated, when dexterous servility and grandiloquent backsliding were not held to be the most essential and the loftiest qualifications for the government of a Republic.

So of the Roman mission and Mr. Cass. Even worse than so of the Berlin mission and Mr. Hannegan, and of the mission to

Vienna and Mr. Webb. Flagrantly worse than all, the conduct of the representative of the United States Democracy in Paris, Mr. Walsh. But why recapitulate? We attach no blame to any one administration more than to another. It has become the practice of all administrations to be equally regardless of the interests of the United States abroad. It has become the foreign system of all Washington cabinets to have no system. The patient indifference characteristic of an ox in harness, or of an ignorant boor, has come to be mistaken for the watchful independence which should adorn a Republican statesman. The "masterly inactivity" of great men has shrunk, in the minds of men of lesser calibre, to servile disregard of every thing but self. To do nothing, to know nothing, to have no "official information" on any subject, to write letters grandiloquent, months after the subjects of them had been forgotten, to let ambassadors to foreign courts go and come, without regard to character before going, to capacity for any good, or even to their conduct while in mission, seems now to be the perfection of administrative talent. Turn now your eyes back on the Rome of '47-8, on the gallant war for its freedom, on the base treachery of the French President, on the misfortunes and the misery which have since fallen on her people, and ask yourselves, Republicans, where is the man in all America to whom you dare confide the charge of representing and maintaining in that beleaguered city, the interests of Republicanism, and the aspirations of the United States? Look around and answer. Could any intellect be too lofty, could any genial love of Republican glory and justice be too warm, could any experience and judgment be too large or too grasping, to represent you there? Had you at your disposal a mind purer and loftier, and a soul more unselfish than that of Clay, a stubborn manhood *more* stubborn than that of Jackson, a comprehension of Democratic right and duty more reaching and more genial than that of Jefferson, would you not have thought them all in one man too little to represent your Democratic faith, your love, your aspirations, *there*? Failing in such, would you not have selected the most independent, the most thoroughly Republican, the sagest, the most genial citizen you could find? Or failing in any of these qualifications, would you have sent

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thither a "representative" whose only apologies for his inefficiency and indifference are that he is a very young man, and that the qualification which entitled him to his distinguished position, was being the son of a militia general, who brought to the service of his country in the Senate, a very small head and a very large paunch? Would you have sent such an one, and, at the same time, kept a person in Paris as your representative whose whole employment was writing public and private letters urging the French Government to outrage Roman liberty? Yet we did all that. During the years when the Austrian empire quivered in every arm from the blows of Republicanism, in Hungary, throughout the German States, in Slavonia, in Poland and Bohemia, even in Vienna, our country was totally unrepresented excepting by an American monarchist in the pay of the Emperor, a Republican by birth, a servile editor by trade; and not till Vienna was twice conquered and sacked, not till the plains of Hungary from the Carpathians to Croatia were made desolate, did our Government depute thither, or pretend to depute a single even indifferent representative. Colonel Webb and family, of the *Courier and Enquirer* newspaper, drew his outfit, went out, was not fit, came back, and edited again: but as to Vienna, we believe he never saw it; as to Hungary, he never cared; as to Republicanism and what he was to do in the land to which he was travelling in pretense, he never thought. Surely if this be all that comes of our foreign missions—if this be all the advantage which can devolve upon our country, all the glory we can attain by our "foreign policy" and foreign practice, the sooner the ridiculous and contemptible farce is ended the better for all men, the better for us as a nation, the better for the nations we deceive by empty verbiage and hypocritical preparations, the better for the people who pay the taxes heretofore so ruinously and disgracefully squandered. Again, in Prussia; a proper representative of the United States at the court of Berlin during the past three years might have steadied the wandering will of a king, and saved the Frankfort Parliament from the fate of imbecility and meanness—might have protected Germany from a new partition, and warded even for a longer hour from the gallant little States now delivered by Russian autocracy to Danish despotism,

the doom of outrage without redress, and sacrifice without glory. But while Berlin swayed between barricades and submission, while all Germany lay convulsed in the birth-pains either of a new and grand Republic or a foetid abortion; while the Tzar pushed his armies to the frontier, and his agents and his gold even to the Elbe and the Weiser; while Austria drove her tamed battalions on, at the order of a higher despotism, to Hesse and Kiel, America or Republicanism had for a long time not a single representative in the great battle-ground of Northwestern Europe. And when these representatives came, what were they? One, the ambassador of the Republic of the United States to the court of Berlin—but over him let us pass in silence. There is a difference between the divine phrenzy of Anacreon and of Moore, and the bestial orgies of a bacchanal whose stomach has outstripped his reason; and since we have not had the good fortune to be represented by the one, let us forget, if we can, that we were disgraced by being represented by the other. Such was the United States mission to the monarchy of Prussia—recalled of itself, wandering now delirious, westward. The other representative to Germany, or rather to that portion of it more recently engaged in war, had not the good fortune of being covered in his idiosyncracies by the ambassadorial dignity of the United States. Indeed, since the expose of the Berlin mission, our Government has shrunk from the unhappy subject altogether, inquiring nothing of the past, nothing of the future. And so it fell upon a Quaker caucus in Massachusetts to send, as an American representative to Europe, a philanthropic follower of Tubal Cain. With the conduct or ideas of this "artificer in brass and iron" we have nothing to do. But, in the utter inactivity of our Government, it must be satisfactory to Americans to know, that the only representative of Republican liberty or American glory during the recent war between the people of Schleswig-Holstein and the united monarchies of Denmark, Russia, England, Austria and Prussia, in defense of a constitution and laws established and in being for centuries, was a person of very limited intellect, who might have become a highly respectable citizen had he continued a blacksmith, but who first evinced a characteristic madness by becoming an editor, and followed that up by

declaring he was commissioned by Heaven to bring in the Millennium. Accordingly, with his millennium programme in his pocket, he determined to try his hand on Schleswig-Holstein; and in perfect ignorance of the question at issue, as a philosopher always is, (for where is the use of general principles if they do not apply to every thing?) in utter disregard of German Republicanism, or even, we are willing to say, of Danish or Austrian monarchy, he has there strenuously advocated the policy of Russia, Austria, and England alike, the policy of the monarchs, to prevent the people of the Duchies from fighting in defense of their personal and national liberties, and to disarm them without yielding to them an atom. True, the material result to the Schleswigers would have been the same whether he had been there or in his native New-England; but though personally unimportant, the dishonor to Americanism is, also, the same. The soldiery of the despotic league now occupy the forts of Schleswig—the armies of Holstein are disarmed and disbanded. They who most compromised themselves for liberty have fled, or are in prison. Russia rules from Tartary to Flanders, and the German people bend their heads to the yoke in sorrow; but still Mr. Elihu Burrit, the American, has returned with a smiling face to his friends the London merchants, who paid his expenses, and will soon return to his Quaker friends here, a triumphant victor. He has participated in a cruel wrong, but then he has established “amicable relations.” He has been a party to one solitary infamy, but then he left behind his general principle:

“Made a solitude and called it peace!”

Passing over the London missions of Bancroft and Lawrence, hardly worthy of more particular notice, since they may be very fairly confounded—if servility, toadyism, windy eloquence, and national misrepresentation, amount to the same thing, whose may be the mouth-piece—the United States have been represented during the most tremendous times which we have seen since first the American Republic was ushered into existence, as follows: In Rome, by nobody first, and then by a fop of respectable parentage; in Hungary, by nobody; in Austria, nobody—Webb going, but did not go; in Berlin, first, nobody—second, a

debauchee; in Paris, a Catholic penny-a-liner, supposed to be the editor of the *New-York Freeman's Journal*, under an alias; in Naples and Sicily, nobody; in Sardinia, nobody; in Schleswig-Holstein, a humane blacksmith from Massachusetts; in London, an Anglo-Saxon toady from ditto. Was there ever such a list of nothingness and imbecility? Was ever a nation so falsely misrepresented since the confounding discords of Babel?—and this a nation of Republican vitality and pride, whose every pulse beats for the glory of the liberty itself enjoys, whose five and twenty millions are animated with but one sentiment, abhorrence of every monarchic and oligarchic pretension, or, if there be exceptions, all of whose population not Republican might be crushed into a single room of very limited dimensions. Of the people, take them million by million, from the Hudson to Oregon, and you will find of each and every million, 999,999 right in feeling and intention on every question of foreign liberty with which they are at all acquainted. The desire to do right is unlimited—the actual right done, limited only by amount of knowledge of the means how. But the higher you ascend, you find knowledge of the way to do right, and desire to do right, increasing step by step in an inverse ratio, until in the seat of power you find illimitable means of acquiring any needful political knowledge, but “no official information,” and no desire whatever to use any other. This is the equation of our political society. We cannot, therefore, blame our “representatives” for being our misrepresentatives, but those who empowered them to misrepresent. True, you can pick up at random, in the streets of any of our chief cities, twenty or a hundred men of sound Republican souls, and after one month's training send them out, a far more efficient body of representatives than any we have enjoyed since the treaty of Ghent. But if inefficient men are selected merely because they are consanguineously related to a vote in the Senate, or because their monetary wealth and deficiency of common sense can command a long tail in Massachusetts, it is putting the saddle on the wrong horse, to blame the unhappy individuals for their Senatorial consanguinity or parasitical following. To our executives alone we must look for the causes of the grave error. Not to them, neither must we attribute any desire

to misrepresent, with aforethought, Republicanism and America to the people and the kings of Europe; not to them the deliberate purpose of making an absolutist Catholic fool the successor of Franklin and Jefferson to the French Republic, of sending a distinguished school-boy to the Roman Democracy, or a debauchee to enact the orgies of a satyr before the successor of Frederick. Such ridiculous errors, such flagrant wrong to America and humanity, can arise only from perfect indifference to consequences, and from the illimitable possession of want of purpose. And so it is. Our Governments, one and all, for twenty years past, have succeeded each other, under one or another party attribute or title, gone into power and out, risen into eminence for an hour, fallen into oblivion for all succeeding time, without having, in a single instance, formed or even thought of a foreign policy, or scheme of continuous action or deportment towards the people or the governments of Europe. When America was to Europe a distant region, an Ultima Thule, when it seemed like Munchausen's visit to the moon to voyage to Europe, when our relations with that continent were very few and limited indeed, the statesmen of that day, the Jeffersons, Franklins, Adamses, held much more decided notions of the relation this Republic should hold to Republicanism. And now when it suddenly breaks upon us, what with Cunard and Collins steamers, fast-sailing packet ships, a continuous interchange of locality, thought, literature, feeling, and hope, that we are nearer to any nation of Europe than Jefferson in Monticello ever was to New-York, that we have grown to be a part of the world, and not a continent removed as formerly to Saturn or Ceres, we look around in wonder, and discover that we are represented throughout the planet we inhabit, and of which henceforth and for ever we must be an influencing power, by such a category of imbecility as we have above detailed. For years our Governments, one after another, have made foreign missions the mere means of getting rid of the disagreeable, or rewarding with inadequate position pliant imbecility. If a man were held to be good for nothing at home, he was sure to be selected to be sent abroad. Instead of locking up our imbeciles in the garret, we have sent them out with especial power to bore or disgust our friends, to

amuse and elate our enemies. How therefore can we wonder, when a grand upturning of the long fallowed Democracy of the Old World came, when the soil lay open and gaping for the seed-time of our principles, that there was no seed and no husbandman, and that the ready earth perished, barren, of thirst? How can we wonder that every grand opportunity of strengthening the bonds of amity and interest, for a long time naturally existing between us and the European Democracies, should have passed away unused—who *was* to use them? How can we wonder that when Germany, Hungary, Italy, Ireland, Sicily, Chartist England, Republican France, and even the Democracy of Prussia, desired to foster those relations of gain and friendship for us, and mere countenance and protection for them, which it is our evident and paramount interest to form with all people, that our *interests* were ignored and abandoned, our friends converted to indifference and enmity, monarchs befriended, enemies taught to sneer, and worshippers of our glory left to disappointment and regret? Now, without a single additional dollar having been spent in warlike preparations, we might rule the world, we might reign in the hearts of every Democracy in Europe, more powerfully and more wholly than ever reigned a king; and now our name has shrunk to that abyss that it is only mentioned with a kindly and harmless contempt. We, too, have hitherto pinned our faith to kings. They, despising us, have triumphed, and we are nothing. It is at this moment difficult to say whether America is laughed at more by the crowned heads, than its imbecility is pitied by the Democratic leaders of Europe. We have lost position: with the power to become the greatest, we have withdrawn from the world, shrunk from our destiny, and like the statue of Jupiter Tonans, lying broken by infidel hands in the ancient Campus Martius, are revered only by those so hopeful and so wise as to appreciate the greatness of the Divine attributes we must display when raised again to our pristine Republican rectitude.

Nor will the opportunity be long wanting. The world still lies before us, ready, not for that material dominion which enervates the few fortunate and debases the many, but for the dominion of those principles of equality and true order, of which we are the eldest offspring, and, by the ne-

cessities of our position, must be the champion. The "reaction" is seemingly triumphant; there is "peace" from arms every where in Europe; the map of the Old World, wanting a Bourbon here and there, cutting Holland in twain, and erasing the lines between "Austria proper" and its former "provinces," does on the surface seem the same as that singular document edited at the treaty of Vienna. But yet the "reaction" is no where triumphant—there is no peace among men—the map of Europe, when you tear away the surface, is vastly and irreclaimably changed. Republicanism is more certain to Europe than ever—war more imminent—the downfall of kings more imminent—our interests more pressing. Let us demonstrate these truths, and prepare ourselves to take advantage of them.

Between the Europe of 1815 and the Europe of 1851 there is not a particle of similitude. The oceans, the rivers, and the mountains are the same as those which existed at the period of the Holy Alliance, or at the period of barbarism: but further than these geographical lineaments, eternal as the earth, there is not in the Europe of to-day a particle of those characteristics upon which the conspirators of Vienna and Paris founded their schemes. Habits of thought which had been handed down, like Eastern castes, in every family from generation to generation, and from century to century, have been in all places materially altered or utterly abolished. Neither the old upholstery ideal of the Eternal longer prevails, nor are the typical representatives of it on earth, the crozier and the sceptre, regarded now as other than counterfeits, needful to be broken by public justice. Throughout four fifths of Europe in 1815, the order of a king was regarded as worthy of the most implicit and reverend obedience. Throughout the same, now, the word of a king is regarded as *prima facie* a lie, his order as an oppression, and his very existence a permitted outrage. The restoration of the Pope and the Papal temporalities, on the downfall of Napoleon, awoke, throughout three fourths of the European populations, including even the members of the English and Russian churches, one unanimous sentiment of exultation, either from political reasons, antagonism to "French principles," or a superstitious faith in the Papal assumption of eternal rule. The later

restoration of the Pope, by the same "French principles" which had originally humbled the three-hatted dynasty, was received throughout the civilized world, except by aristocrats and serving-maids, with as universal execration; and even enlightened serving-maids have begun to doubt whether a "Church of God," founded by means of outrage, falsehood, and treachery, can last very long. The assumptions of hereditary rulers have ceased to be regarded as law, and the social and political arrangements preserved by standing armies, whose privilege is to live in idleness upon the labor of the people, and whose duty is to oppress them, has ceased to be regarded as "order." Provincial predilections of "loyalty," as in Hungary and the German States, to certain monarchies, have been abolished, and antipathies long fomented between nation and race have been removed by the superior wisdom and better experiences of the people. The races, the nations, the teeming plains and glorious mountains, distributed and redistributed, shoved here and there, from this dynasty to that, and back again at will, by the monarchs at Vienna, can no longer be so distributed or used. The social equation, if we may again use the expression, upon which the Treaty of Vienna was based, is no longer possible of being preserved, and has long since ceased. Kings can no longer undertake the hazardous duty of keeping in subjection the vast populations formerly flung to them for the then profitable privilege of limitless plunder. The subjected have become too poor to pay for their longer ruin, and too powerful and too wise longer to submit to it. Till 1815 the press in almost all lands was in the hands of the monarchists, and the scenes of the first French Revolution, and the exploits of the Empire, were industriously used and unscrupulously distorted to create among all populations, not French, a hatred and fear of the principles and very name of Republicanism. Since 1815 the press in all lands has more or less passed into the hands of the people; and the deeds which from 1793 to 1815 would have elicited from the unsophisticated populations of Europe, and even of America, expressions of horror and awe, drew from them in 1847-50, when told by democratic organs, sentiments of rapture and delight. Excepting in the minds of Russian soldiers of the lowest grade, it is no longer thought necessary to

have a Tzar to rule one; and excepting in the still benighted regions of the west of Ireland, the serf no longer thinks himself utterly ruined if he has no one to pay rent to, and rob him. Principles and ideas which, fifty years ago, were regarded as abhorrent, are now universally canvassed and believed in. All the old superstitions of feudality, indoctrinated into the people by a thousand years of servitude, have been, as far as the people go, within fifty years completely removed. Such was the state of Europe prior to 1848—such the state of the democratic mind which led to the revolutions of that and the subsequent years. And though these revolutionary heayings are at present in a state of suppression, the causes which excited them are working with tenfold intensity and power. The experiences of the last few years have in no single instance taught the people to disbelieve in liberty, or regard kings with less distrust. On the contrary, the terror and flight of monarchs, in the first instance, was only less contemptible than the treachery, the perjury, and the massacres which inaugurated their return. Besides, the late European revolutions have infused into the people that element of power needed to make the first struggle successful, and which must not only hasten the second, but render it, at all events, vastly more difficult to be defeated. Prior to 1848, the only people in Europe which could fairly be said to have within itself the materials of military strength, were the French; and they alone have been so far successful. The German *Ländstrum* was a semi-militia and semi-police organization, confined to local duties, and regarded merely as a nursery for the line, whose members were deficient alike in military experience and that martial *esprit du corps* which makes the French National Guard and the American volunteer an invincible antagonist. The Germans in the mass, though uniformed, had yet to serve, and their impenetrable phlegm preserved them from the contagion of enthusiasm. The French, with or without uniform, were either the disbanded soldiers of the line, or young men who had been nursed in the lap of glory, and reared within view of the vastest military organization in Europe. But now in Germany all is changed: the population of Europe most avid of military renown, most stiff-necked in insurrectionary attitude, are the children of the Vaterland.

The most strenuous to maintain Republican principles in Germany, and the last to abandon their active defense, were the very people of Hesse-Cassel, whose fathers, by the hundred heads, were purchased by England of their ruler, the Elector, at so much for every man shot, payable to him alone, to perpetrate her atrocious massacres in this country and in Europe. Twice have even they driven the successor of the same Elector from his dominions, and if they have been excited and abased, roused into insurrection and reduced to submission by the vacillating ambition and constant cowardice of the King of Prussia, they have at last learned to place no faith or hope in any agency but themselves, or in any governmental form of which monarchy can form a part. When such have been the results of monarchical intrigue among the Hessians, how much stronger the republican enthusiasm, the dogged hate of monarchy, created in the inhabitants of Schleswig and Holstein by the monarchical plots which have isolated them from Europe, disbanded their armies, and reduced them to submission. Nor is the revolutionary sentiment confined to these alone. The former revolutions in Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Cologne and other cities of Germany, the subsequent ambitious designs and organized propagandism of the King of Prussia, the levying and training of troops, the marching and countermarching, the inciting scenes of the camp and the anticipations of battle, have created in Germany a military enthusiasm and power already regarded with terror by surrounding monarchies, and which, ere long, must break a lance with Europe. The marching of Austrian troops through the States of the former confederation, the advance of French armies to the frontiers of the Rhine and the Elbe, the attitude assumed by the Russian navy in the Baltic for the protection of Denmark, the actual occupation by Imperial troops of the city of Hamburg, are only evidences, and very remarkable evidences, of the portentous military enthusiasm which has entered into the souls of the German people, and which waits but an opportunity to expend itself on Europe, with an effect as immeasurably greater than the insurrection of '48 in Paris, as the unbending doggedness and even ferocity of the Teuton is, when roused, superior in revolutions to the chivalry and kindly nature of the French.

Such is the position of Germany—wholly unconquered by the events of '48 or the reaction of '50, almost altogether untried, at once more outraged by oppression and more strong to overthrow the oppression, passing from the first act of the drama in which actors of lesser note have fallen, unscathed and consolidated, having learned no lesson of fear, and acquired many in courage, and one, the greatest, discipline.

Not even in Hungary do we find that monarchs have triumphed overmuch. Every Magyar knows what all the world knows, that his countrymen smashed the Austrian empire root and branch, and if, in the end, they were stayed in their holy iconoclasm by a superior force, that they have left their enemy a wreck, dismasted, leaky, and sinking fast from the sight of men. Not in the history of warfare has there been, between two nations at war, a victory superior to that of Hungary over the Austrian empire. Not even when an interloping bravo appeared upon the field, can the surrender of Goergey be regarded as any thing else than a trick—than a very venal and ordinary trick, temporarily useful to monarchs, utterly without final disaster to the great cause of democratic existence. The surrender of Villagos, ruinous for the hour, was a surrender of stolen goods, not a surrender of spirit, or recuperative power, or of any of those intrinsic resources which created the treasures of Kossuth and the armies of Bem, and which are as plentiful in Hungary to-day as they were five years back. When Goergey surrendered, the cannon, the munitions and the physical power he yielded up were more numerous and greater by far, than those possessed by the whole Hungarian nation at the beginning of the campaign on the upper Theiss; and besides the army under his command, two others were in the field. The victory of Russia was therefore not a victory over the Magyar, but over the virtue of a suspected general. The habits and the aspirations of Hungary are yet unchanged, and from Buda to the farthest Carpathian summit but one response is heard to the name of Kossuth: "May God be with him and protect him." Such oppressions as have been inflicted on the Hungarians since Goergey's treason, cannot increase their admiration of that act, or decrease their love for him who would have redeemed their country. No number of

surrenders of arms can take the spirit or resources out of Hungary. The Hungarian swineherds alone, flinging sharp light axes with the precision of a crack shot in a pistol-gallery into the very brain of an enemy, formed in the recent war a ruthless band, with whom it was impossible to cope. They are still as abundant in Hungary as ever, strengthened, made more avenging, instead of having been tamed by their military experiences. The whips of the Csikos, with which in peace they brought to the earth the wild horses of their native plains, and in the late war the pandours of Austria and the heavy cavalry of the Tzar, are still plentiful throughout the great steppes north of the Danube, nor is their use nor their glory forgotten. The scythe-blade men, the pike-men, are all yet to be had, nor will they who have been accustomed to revolutions fail to believe that the ditch which may be used in war for concealment or defense can be equally serviceable in defeat for the safe-keeping of arms of a more expensive character till after-times. Let but one holy signal ascend from the mountain tops, or float down the streams late so valiantly defended and so treacherously lost, and we venture to say, an army of from fifty to a hundred thousand men would crowd together in arms, as well disciplined as any in Europe, more exasperated by fresh wrongs than any, and on their native soil with true leaders more incapable of defeat. Such is the dormant fire slaking in the heart of Austria, which ere long must by the law of nature burst forth afresh, raising with it the insurrectionary spirit of the several nations of central Europe.

More peculiarly applicable to Italy than even to Germany or Hungary, are the remarks we have already made on the two latter. The whole attention of the Austrian empire is now directed upon Lombardy. From Switzerland, from Piedmont, from France, daily and hourly are distributed by unseen hands the proclamations of Italian unity. An insurrectionary Genoa, a recusant Rome, an abdicating Pope, the city of St. Mark still glorying in its rebellion, that of Milan still regretful of nothing but defeat—an omnipresent spirit of insurrection in its own dominions, troops on troops of exiled rebels standing on every frontier waiting only for the signal of invasion—a Mazzini wandering throughout Europe and directing from all quarters the Republican enthusiasm

upon outraged Italy, bidding his certain opportunity and armed with the resources of a revolutionary Briareus—such is the prospect before Austria in Italy, more expensive than actual war, since it requires its armaments and returns nothing, even of plunder or that questionable renown which a Haynau won in Hungary, and a Schwarzenberg in Vienna. Thus here too, as throughout all central Europe, the victory of reaction is but that calm in the elemental war which precedes another and more direful convulsion.

In France alone the name of Republic and the periodical reorganization of its executive has been preserved. Yet though the present head of the executive, and its diverse subsidiary factions, are sufficiently contemptible, we should not forget that it matters little how flagrant the errors of a Republic may be for a term, provided it retains within itself the power of legally remedying them. Behind the executive and the factions who constitute the Assembly, and defying them, are the great silent people, who at the proper hour will reassert the sovereignty they have won with their blood, and restore without a stain the glory and the honor of the Republic. It is as impossible that this hour should not now come, as that the solstice and the equinox should not duly recur. Louis Napoleon may shorten his term of office, but he cannot prolong it. Factions are too equally balanced with reference to each other, too small with reference to the people, to render it possible for any of them to succeed. The next presidential election may not terminate successfully for the peculiar views of the reds, but it will bring victory to the people by giving them governmental representatives who will be Republican at all events, and thoroughly national. Even should the party of which Carrel was the leader and of which Cavagnac is the acknowledged head, be the triumphant one, it cannot be without reconstructing those bonds of friendship with their brother Republicans which in an ill-omened hour were foolishly broken, and without having learned the lesson that the passions of Democracy cannot be roused and deluded, its rights cannot be ignored, nor its blood shed upon the barricades itself has consecrated to the Republic, without paving the way for the advent of an Imperialist or a fool. The Lamartines and the Louis Napo-

leons are henceforth equally erased from the roll of the presidency. We shall next see as the representative of the French people, not a sentimental letter-writer, or an egotistical mountebank, but a strong sturdy man of the Danton shape, soldier bred—one who, if Papal sovereignties deem the Inquisition necessary for their existence, will refuse to desecrate the French arms by participating in such abominable orgies—one who, should Republican right be threatened in either world, should liberty be imperilled either by Russian force or English diplomacy, will not scruple to defend the sovereignty of France behind the barricades of Turin or Vienna, by pushing another army on Moscow, or erasing the disgrace of Waterloo in the very streets of London. Upon the advent of such a man to power in France, the Republicans of all Europe wait. If he will not preserve the policy of ridiculous non-intervention by which Lamartine made himself the mere tool of sneering monarchs, he will at all events abstain from that peculiar exercise of it on behalf of kings which has made the present President the subject of the scorn and hate of all the democracies of the world. How *then* it may fare with kings, what capacity they may have to meet and cope with such an event, and the revolutions to which it must lead, must necessarily be a matter of grave inquiry to the reader.

Great as the revolutions in democracies have been since 1815, the revolutions in monarchies have been infinitely greater. Not alone has the dynastic power deteriorated as the Republican has increased, but monarchies in 1815 the strongest, have become weak, small royal houses have been swallowed up in greater, and kingdoms and empires of second rate influence at the fall of Napoleon, have become since then the dictators of Europe. The "balance of power" then established has been destroyed in nature and fact, by the force of events, and by the retributive derision with which the Eternal thwarts the finite arrangements of short-sighted but ambitious men; and its restoration is now as impossible as the re-distribution of the world in accordance with the protocols and singular diplomatic arrangements which occurred at the tower of Babel. The "Treaty of Vienna," as the series of mapping transactions, divisionary lotteries, protocols, secret articles, &c., which mark the period from the first to the second exile of

Napoleon, is called, was the sole result of the twenty years' crusade carried on by the English aristocracy against democratic Europe. It ambitiously pretended to throw back Europe into the state in which it lay grovelling prior to the days of Mirabeau, Lamouriez and Napoleon; it was founded on the utter exhaustion and conquest of France, on the terror and the sufferings of those democracies which Napoleon had ripped with his sword from the womb of barbarian night; it essayed to restore vagrant Bourbons to a "local habitation and a name" in France, Spain, and Naples, to reconstruct the Empire of Austria dashed to atoms by the trenchant arm of Napoleon, to bolster up once more the dominions of the great Frederick, to extinguish the genius and the patriotism of Italy under a three-crowned tiara, to keep Russia at bay by erecting in central Europe two more despotisms emulative of the prowess of the first; to preserve, in fact, kings from popular liberty on one hand, and a more overarching despotism on the other. To effect this on parchment, to stifle the democratic soul in its vigorous infancy, to enchain the world for another hundred years, England had entered into the crusade against the French Revolution; had fomented, urged on, helped to fight many and paid for all the wars from 1789 to 1815. And the parchment treaty of Vienna was the sole acknowledgment of her immense expenditure. Her people paid on the nail to accomplish that "peace" twenty-five hundred millions of dollars, scattered broadcast among the subsidiary monarchies, and have also before and since paid, by way of interest for the sums then expended, not less than one thousand millions of dollars; all to extinguish the French Republic and European democracy. For the time she conquered; but the victory was even more dearly earned than that obtained by the Roman General, for it utterly broke her. Since then the yearly accounts of the British empire stand thus: "To having formerly put down Napoleon, half the yearly resources of the empire ever since; to keeping up a semblance of her former state and authority, the rest." So stands the score. And though the score has been paid, and must be paid, year after year, while the British monarchy presumes to exist, every one of the temporary advantages thereby gained have since utterly vanished. Those extra-

ordinary resources which once could arm Prussia, Austria, Russia, all Germany, Holland, and even Sweden, in her behalf, remain to her no more. Her population, after thirty years' peace, are still more impoverished than ever they were during thirty years' war; her coasts, her great cities, her very capital still more defenseless. She could not bring to the defense of a single point of her unfortified coast an army exceeding thirty thousand men, and even such a mean force only at the risk of leaving her aristocracy and her nobles without protection from any insurrection of the discontented and rebellious people in her heart. Even the France, to exhaust and conquer which she incurred ruin, lies within from seven to sixteen hours' sail of her capital, having in foraged harbors a fleet superior in emergencies to hers, and capable of throwing at a moment's warning within seventy-two hours, upon any point of her coast, an army of from fifty to a hundred thousand of the best trained soldiers in Europe, reserving to itself at the same time an organized military power of two millions of men. Thus she stands shivering at every rumor of European war, bemoaning and shrieking loudly, "We shall be taken, we shall be beaten! we cannot defend ourselves; we have no help—for the love of God get up peep-shows and keep peace." Not a single atom of the benefits she attained by all the wars of the French Revolution remain to England, notwithstanding her prodigal waste of the wealth of her people, and the blood of her serfs. Three times, from 1814 to 1848, in "the return from Elba," in the fall of Charles X., in the extinguishment of Louis Philippe, has that monarchic dynasty she replaced on the neck of the French nation been swept away at a breath; three times have its several occupants run, without fighting for an hour, like thieves who dared not a trial, and feared the just vengeance of the gallant Democracy whose subjugation they hired of a foreigner; and though, up to the treaty of Vienna, she could expend her thousands of millions to coerce France to obey her dictates, she dared not since 1830 expend a shilling to enforce them. From Cherbourg and Brest the hated tricolor spreads triumphant again, flouting her fallen majesty and her vain ambition, even as the imperial eagles of Napoleon did; and the utmost hope of Great England is, that that flag of terror may remain where it is,

and not cross the stream to her doom. And foremost pointing to it, uttering plaintive yells in senile imbecility, warning his brother aristocrats of the ruin it portends, is he the very Duke who twice trod it in the dust upon the streets of Paris. Even he has lived to see, in the resurrection of that glorious symbol of liberty from the disgraceful tomb to which he had with his own hands consigned it, the fated conqueror of "perfidious Albion," the redeemer of Waterloo, and the retributive avenger of that army whose bravest chief he participated in assassinating. Even he may live to hear the French watch-word pass around his prison gates, "Remember Ney!" Even the mushroom dynasties England made, even the tottering despotisms she steadied on their thrones, have used the longer life-time given them to become her enemies. The Spanish dynasty, saved from the grasp of Napoleon, built up to suit herself by her unassisted hands as a tool and a puppet, has by the superior diplomacy of a woman of indifferent character, by a French marriage, and the outrageous double-dealing and impertinence of a certain Sir Henry Bulwer, (since sent to America because he was admissible nowhere else,) become from a puppet an enemy. In Greece the kingly state and the king she upholstered; for whose crown she handed over Turkey to the power of the Russian by the "untoward event" of Navarino—even this Greece, and this king whom she made and fashioned, have become so deadly hostile that English subjects are plundered in the streets of Athens by the mob, and the plunder defended by the monarchy of England's own construction, even at the expense of a blockade. The Austria she rehabilitated, to whom she restored Lombardy and Venice, Poland and Germany, whom she built up as a barrier against the Muscovian Tzar, has become the avant-garde of the Tzar, the foremost policeman in his pay, and her enemy. Prussia, first made by her, again saved by her after Jena from utter annihilation, her own constitutional ally, her reserve at Waterloo, has been abandoned to Russia, and under threat of partition and extinguishment has cowed before the imperial dynast of the North. Nay, the Poppedom England restored, overthrown again, restored again, has turned its spiritual power at the bidding of orthodox emperors against her own dominions, and has, as if in

taunting jest, split them up into the ecclesiastical sheep-folds of Imperial Rome. While, controlling and overarching all Europe, spread the forces of that Russia she humbled in the treaty of Vienna. Alexander, returning home from the conquest of Napoleon, stayed his legions more than once to consider whether or not he should turn his face to Paris again, and compel at the cannon's mouth his allies to submission. He passed his way and died at Taganrog regretful. But the vengeance he left undone has since been almost accomplished. Now his allies are humbled; his successor's sway extends over all Europe to the North Sea, to the Mediterranean, to the frontiers of France. Dynastic power is in his hands, whatever nominal monarchy may sit enthroned here and there, over all the European continent, saving only in France; and there his hired locum-tenens is ineffectual, because notwithstanding all their sufferings the people are still supreme.

There are in truth but two organized powers in Europe: the Russian dynasty, the French people. During the revolutions and wars from 1847 to 1851, now merely temporarily ended, the Government of England, not daring to push one soldier into the field, essayed only by diplomatic agencies to obtain some friendship among Democracies, without incurring the necessity of war with triumphant kings. Unlike our Government, she knew her material interests, and endeavored, so far as her wretched means would permit her, to uphold them. She preserved with every insurgent Democracy of Europe, during the last four years, excepting only of Ireland, and even there with the venal priesthood of Rome, a connection based on countenance and promises, which might or might not be fulfilled, as the event required. Thus, throwing aside altogether her former policy in the days of Pitt and Castlereagh, of upholding divine right at all hazards, she intrigued with all the Democratic leaders of Europe in succession, and at the very same time with the defeated monarchs. The British Minister sent his wife's father to the Italian Democracy, to arrange that in the event of "liberal institutions," the Papal and Sardinian dominions should be free of Austrian control, should continue monarchic and papal under British protection, and be at the same time the producers of wines and corn for English mouths, and the consumers of British cottons, and knives, and glass

in return. Other agents from the same quarter beset Kossuth; and the sole object was an Hungarian monarchy, tributary to England in food, and paying her for clothing and iron utensils. The productive power of Sicily is an axiom of ancient and modern history, the garden of Rome, and the garden of Naples: thither father-in-law Minto travelled with the very same design. Into the complicated and perfidious transactions of England in Germany it is out of our power now to enter in detail; suffice it, that every insurrection and insurrectionary movement, from the first barricade in Vienna to the last battle fought in Schleswig-Holstein, was urged on by her on free-trade and dynastic grounds, until the termination of the Hungarian and Italian wars left her without a diversion, and until the decisive position taken by the Emperor of Russia at the Warsaw conference, and the presence of his fleet in the Baltic, rendering any further interference the first step in a war into which she could not and dared not enter, compelled her to abandon Prussia, Denmark and the Duchies to the Autocrat's will, arranging beforehand a treaty, by which the king of the first was *advised* to give in on his solitary peril, and the people of the last to surrender without terms. The effect was to abase Prussia her ally before the Emperor; and to hand the Duchies, which the English Government had urged to insurrection that they might not become Russian by becoming Danish, over to Austria which is more Russian. Such have been the schemes of England during the later years of revolution, happily not in a single instance with success. Every where having been tried in the first instance by the Democratic leaders and found to be, notwithstanding her magniloquently liberal professions, selfish, insincere, dealing in duplicity, faithless in promise and powerless in fact, they flung her from them and clung hard to Democracy. Shifting back again to the monarchic side, she had to bear with the affronts and jibes heaped upon every ally so treacherous as to desert and so cowardly as to return; and without subsidiary means to carry out her designs on either hand, or resources of warfare sufficient to warrant her in mixing in the conflict, she was compelled to temporize every where, to abandon day after day her temporary position, to betray the Democracies she at first pretended to protect, to succumb to the monarchies she

at first threatened with defiance, and to acknowledge herself in the face of the world a "secondary power." Every where she contended against Russia, and every where she has been utterly defeated. Essaying to get up for herself monarchic allies in Italy, Germany, and Central Europe, she has had to fall back into her solitary island, beaten out of every position she won by the treaty of 1815, and without attaining a new one, having surrendered her hopes of fresh markets to the German Zollverein, and having lost any she had heretofore acquired. The most helpless power in Europe, chained down with debt, having reached her limit of taxation, without an army sufficient to form a van-guard to any of her former aggressions, with a people feeble, weak, spiritless, and untrained to arms, worn, poverty-stricken, and utterly debased, her capital, London, lies at the mercy of the first invader, be he a Russian dynast or a French Republican, who may profit by her example in plundering Delhi, Canton, and Paris.

If then the late European revolutions had done nothing more, they have at least given the death-blow to "constitutional monarchy," that half-way house between autocracy and republicanism, between political baseness and political virtue. On the continent of Europe there are, again we say, but two powers, despotism and democracy, represented by the autocracy of Russia on one hand, and the French Republic, and the French people higher than the Republic, and their democratic allies, on the other. England and her semi-plebeian aristocracy are equally hateful to both—are and will be isolated equally from both. Henceforth the affairs of Europe will and must be managed without her. She may diplomatize to her usual extent, even excite or support insurrections for a time; but the diplomacy must have two sides to it, and the support given must be given in secret. As a ruling power she is dead. Her quiescence and her subserviency alone have saved her during the late contest from bankruptcy. Distant as it may seem, and dearly as the lesson must be earned, her people are gradually rising to republican thought. Powerless as she is, cries eternally rise in her ear, "Reduce the army." Carefully and unexpensively as she managed her late unsuccessful negotiations, the universal advice to her Government, from all sections and classes of her people,

is, "Stay at home; let us mind ourselves; we cannot stand a fight; go on with the peep-show, and let us have some more—a *little more*—peace." The *people* of England have at length learned that war and interference in other people's concerns is now neither their element, nor their interest. They know by the lightness of their purses on the quarter-tax day, that they dare not venture on one more war, that they dare not even provoke attack. Throwing her and them, therefore, utterly aside in the revolution now imminent over Europe, we have to determine, should we take any part at all, with whom we shall form terms of friendship, who shall be our allies. At the present moment we have sent off an ambassador to Austria, having another at St. Petersburg—a very useless reduplication. We have also representatives at various other courts of continental Europe, including Copenhagen, Athens and others, for all which a single representative at St. Petersburg would suffice, if even such were needful. But to the Democracies, excepting Switzerland and Paris, we have none. To these, therefore, let us confine ourselves for the present. Elsewhere, we have either to recognize the rule of Russia or the rule of Republicanism.

And shall we recognize Russia? Shall we precede her in her course of political conquest through Central, Western, and Southern Europe, and pave the way for the tamer submission of the people, by declaring to them, "The rule of Russia is more powerful than your aspirations for freedom, and we therefore, the American people, will recognize it?" Shall we send to Austria and say, "You are bankrupt long ago—we know it; you cannot pay your own soldiery, much less your debts—we know it; you are the mere chief bandit of a northern robber—we know it; you have proved yourself incapable of courage to the brave, and of vulgar humanity to the fallen—we know it: but then you have at your back the dread power of the omnipresent Tzar, and though you occupy Denmark, and set a garrison in Rome, in Cracow, and even in Hamburg, almost on the frontier foam of our bounding Atlantic, we will recognize you, no matter where you may go or what you may do?" Shall we direct our ambassador to Switzerland to say, "My good people, primæval and excellent Republicans, you have of late

given hospitality to the exile, and maintained in their spirit and their glory republican institutions: but then Austria, the Russian policeman, presses on in haste to occupy and partition the land of Tell, and he being armed with a knout, and saying he comes in the name of 'law and order,' we will, being peaceful people, recognize *him*—you, no more?" No, it cannot be. Such fell treason to humanity no American statesman dare whisper in the ears of his countrymen; and yet it will soon, hopeful, let us say, not over-soon, come to this issue. We have either to hold forth the hand of friendship to all European Democracies who may sustain or claim free institutions cognate with our own, or recognize nothing in Europe; and the latter, equally with the former, is hostile to the monarchies of the Old World. In the latter event we incur hostility from the monarchs, we gain nothing from the people. In the former we acquire the friendship of every European Democracy, the first right of making such trade and commercial arrangements as we and they may find most profitable to them and us, and we incur no danger from monarchs or monarchic armies. Let us assure ourselves of this fact: We have in the dominions of any monarchy in Europe a stronger army, a more loyal army, than the head and government thereof, which would rise to our help at the first signal of war against us by the dynasty it hates. Let us assure ourselves of this other fact: No monarchy in Europe dare attack us. By a ridiculous coincidence in the history of popular delusions, the monarchy we most fear, to which we are most respectful and obsequious, is that which least of all dare cross its sword with ours—the British. Alison may write essays at the most stupendous humbug known as history, but even with a wretchedly inferior administration at the head of our affairs, no British Government, not insane, dare show more than its teeth in anger, if even so much. France, with her contiguous position, is not more ready to throw a fleet and an invading army on the coasts of Sussex and Kent, than we are, with our superior steam navy, sail of the line, volunteer and privateer squadrons, to throw even a larger force upon the western coasts of the English dominions. We are no longer a third or second rate power in the world, not even of the first, but *the* first; and in the coming

revolutions of Europe let us remember that. The time is not far distant when they may break upon us. We can establish a relation of republican empire with the several Democracies which no empire or republic ever attained, and which, with gain and glory to us, will be the first true plan of giving to the world a free and honorable peace. The American Government which will effect this must at least possess itself of *some* "foreign policy;" it must at least have itself represented throughout the world by a different class of men from that we have in the beginning of this article remotely hinted at. It must select for its representation *men*; it must have at least some consideration for their worldly capacity, for their historic knowledge, and for their downright republican sympathies. To any such Government we offer the following suggestions:

1st. With the Republics which now exist in the world, or which may hereafter exist, (while they continue Republics,) the Republic of the United States should enter into treaties of perfect amity and reciprocal defense against aggressive war.

To this it may be answered, that the suggestion involves a departure from "our previous policy." To be sure it does. But the simple answer is, we were bound in the war of Independence to a similar treaty with France, though we broke it; and the late Zachary Taylor, not a bad precedent or President, in his way, had the great honor of initiating such another treaty with Switzerland. Interest and Republicanism alike compel us to make such treaties with all Republics. At the present time the proposition of such a treaty may save France from another agony; and had such a treaty been consummated with her Government under Lamartine or Cavaignac, we might have averted without a blow struck, or the expense of a dollar, the invasion and the downfall of Rome.

2d. Treaties such as the above should include perfect reciprocity in trade—in fact, if you wish to call it so, "Free Trade;" and *no treaty granting this advantage should be made with other than Republics.*

The only country in Europe with which we have approximated to such a treaty is England, the most ruinous to us from that fact.

Such a system of foreign policy, as the above hints at, would at once give a pre-

mium to all Democracies to declare themselves, and become Republics, thereby giving the deadliest blow to European monarchies—and no money spent.

The proposition above made is compatible with the law of nations, for we have every right to direct our own trade policy, to consume what articles we please, and to make treaties with nations as we please.

It could not be objected to by the so-called "Democratic" party; for General Cass, in the session of Congress previous to this, proposed a resolution in the Senate suspending all relations with Austria. A Southern "Democrat" very properly asked, *why* not also with Great Britain? (Sir Henry Bulwer was present and tapped his boot with his cane, as if he did not care—*of course* he did not.)

It is according to the first doctrine of the Whigs, protection of native industry against unfair foreign competition.

It is fair—for as all men know, monarchies are enabled to procure labor at less cost than we are, simply because they have standing armies to coerce the laborer to take less. In the British Isles, for instance, a good laborer can be had for twelve and a half cents per diem, and "glad to get it." Here the same laborer costs eight times as much. The British and other Governments oppress and keep in servitude their subjects, that they may undersell fair dealers in the market. Republics alone give or can give fair play to production and labor, and with them alone, with any safety to our own interests, can we enter into a reciprocal treaty of competition.

Lastly—There is ample precedent for the above course, and that by the very authority whose "Free Trade" orthodoxy, our "Democratic friends" will be the last to ignore—viz.: England. The English Governments have, from the "emancipation of the negroes" in Jamaica, exacted a heavy preventive duty on any imported "slave-grown" sugar, that is to say, American or other foreign sugar, utterly forgetting that their cotton goods, woollen cloth, cutlery, and other productions, are the product of white slaves kept in still more unnatural subjection, are in fact "slave-made cloth," "slave-made cottons," "slave-made knives and forks," &c., &c.; and it is only paying them back in their own coin to refuse admission, save on the payment of equalizing duties, to all

and every such productions. We at least may set up for a little humanity too; and therefore let us discountenance any Government which lives upon *white slaves*.

3d. Should any Democracy in Europe, or elsewhere, rise against monarchic usurpation, and assume the attitude and declare the intentions of a Republic, it is the duty of the United States Government, no matter where that Democracy may be, whether in Hungary or Rome, Vienna or London, to send forthwith an ambassador to advise

with its leaders, and recognize its independence.

Vide in proof of the rectitude of the above theory, that able and constitutional document, the "Hulsemann Letter," of which the Hon. Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, has the distinguished honor of being the author. Need we say more?

For the present this sketch of a foreign policy will be quite sufficient. Should any further suggestions be needed, we shall hold ourselves in readiness to give them.

MADAME D'ARBLAY.

WHAT a long period intervenes between the time Heliodorus wrote the "Adventures of Theagenes and Chariclea," and the writing of "Evelina," between the reign of Arcadius and Honorius, and that of George III. Heliodorus's novel is an interesting love story, pure and delicate in its tone. The heroine is charming, the style elegant. The French school of romance bears marks of this remarkable production. It has been used by Spenser, Tasso, and Guarini, and gave an opportunity for the graceful genius of Raphael to display itself on canvas. The author, a Christian Bishop in Thessaly, was called upon either to burn his book or resign his office: like a brave man as he was, he chose the latter alternative. The scene of the work is principally laid in Egypt, and it opens in a forcible and picturesque manner. The description of pirate life at the mouth of the Nile is entertaining, and no doubt historical. It contains a potent account of a loathsome hag who, by her incantations, compels the dead body of her son to rise and reply to her questions, while she leaps about a fire grasping a naked sword, and her arm crimsoned with blood. Fortune plays strange freaks. Heliodorus was banished from a bishopric on account of writing this novel, and *Amyot*, who translated it into the French language, was rewarded with an abbey. There is an English translation of it *done* by a person of quality in conjunction with Nahum Tate. Tate is well known for his boast of having restrung the

rough jewels of Shakspeare. Parts of this translation are remarkably good, and have the flavor of being taken from some old English version.

The Golden Ass, by Apuleius, is another ancient and interesting story, full of adventures. Apuleius lived in the reign of the Antonines. His mother was a descendant of Plutarch of Chæronea, which was something to be proud of. There is a rare merit in this book, for one's curiosity never slackens, and the events, however strange and incredible, seem to our excited imagination simple truth. The manners and customs of the period are minutely described. Dandies and witches, priests and fools, are instinct with life in this singular production. Apuleius was an intense admirer of fine hair and its elegant adornment.

The pastoral loves of Daphnis and Chloe, by Longus, is likewise a beautiful production of ancient times, and is a story fit to bear company with the two preceding ones. Longus is well entitled to the epithet, "suavissimus." The book is most sweetly written, and some of the descriptions have never been surpassed. The editor of the first edition gives in his preface the reasons for printing it. He says:—"Having attentively read the pastorals of Longus, and having also persuaded several learned men to read them, the author seemed so delightful to all of us, as well on account of the purity and elegance of his language, as of the gayety of his subject, that we could not help think-

ing we should be guilty of no small offense, if we did not all in our power to prevent such a work remaining any longer in concealment, more especially as I know that many scholars were most anxious that it should be published." (*Quæ cum diligenter legissem, et cum doctis sane viris lectionem illam communicassem, ita nobis arridere cæpit hic auctor, tum ob sermonis puritatem atque elegantium tum ob materiæ festivitatem ut prope facinus nos admissuros fuisse duxerimus si (quantum in nobis esset) hujusmodi opus diutius in tenebris delitesceret: præsertim cum scirem illud a studiosis vehementer desiderari.*)

I must make one extract from this book, on account of its graceful and refined elegance:—

"An old man came to them clothed with a frock, shod with sandals, furnished with a scrip, and that scrip an old one. He sat down beside them, and spoke thus:—'I am, my children, the old man Philetas; I, who have many times sung to these nymphs, who have many times piped to that Pan, who have led many a herd of oxen by my music alone. I come to you to relate what I have seen, to tell what I have heard. I have a garden, the work of my own hands, which I have cultivated ever since I ceased to tend the flocks on account of old age. It produces, according to each season, whatever the seasons bear: in the spring roses, lilies, the hyacinth, and both the violets; in summer poppies, pears, and all kinds of apples; now, grapes and figs, and pomegranates, and green myrtle berries. In this garden flocks of birds assemble in the morning, some to feed, some to sing; for it is overspreading and shady, and watered by three fountains: if the hedge were taken away, it would seem to be a wood. When I went into the garden yesterday about noon, I saw a boy under the pomegranate trees and myrtles, carrying pomegranates and myrtle-berries; he was fair as milk, and golden-haired as fire, and fresh as one lately bathed; he was naked, he was alone, and he was sporting as if he had been plucking fruit in his own garden. I hastened towards him to lay hold of him, fearing lest in his rudeness he should break the myrtles and the pomegranate trees. But he escaped me lightly and easily—sometimes running under the rose bushes, sometimes hiding himself under the poppies like a young partridge. Often have I had much trouble in pursuing sucking kids, often have I toiled in running after new-born calves; but this was an ever-varying and unattainable labor. Being weary, for I am old, and resting on my staff, (watching him meanwhile that he might not escape,) I inquired to whom of my neighbors he belonged, and what he meant by gathering fruit in another man's garden? He made no answer, but standing beside me, he smiled softly and pelted me with myrtle-berries. I know not how it was, but he soothed me so that I could no longer be angry. I implored him therefore to come

within reach, and to fear nothing; and I swore by the myrtles that I would let him go, that I would give him apples and pomegranates, and would permit him always to gather the fruit and pluck the flowers, if I could obtain from him one single kiss. At this he laughed heartily, and said in a voice such as no swallow, no nightingale, no swan (a bird as long-lived as myself) could utter: "It is no trouble for me to kiss you, Philetas, for I desire to be kissed even more than you desire to be young: but pray consider, would this favor be suitable to your years! For your old age would be of no avail to deter you from following me after you had gotten one kiss. I am difficult to be overtaken by a hawk, and by an eagle, and by any bird that is swifter even than these. I am not a child, and although I seem to be one, yet am I older than Saturn, than all time itself. I knew you when in early youth you used to feed a wide-spreading herd in yonder marsh, when you loved Amaryllis; but you did not see me, although I used to stand close by the girl. However, I gave her to you, and now your sons are good herdsmen and good hasbandmen. At present I tend Daphnis and Chloe, and when I have brought them together in the morning, I come into your garden and please myself with the flowers and plants, and I bathe in the fountains. On this account the flowers are beautiful, for they are watered from my baths. See now whether any one of your flowers is broken, whether any fruit has been gathered, whether any flower root has been trodden down, whether any fountain is troubled. And I say farewell to the only one of men who in his old age has seen this child." With these words he sprang like a young nightingale upon the myrtles, and passing from branch to branch, he crept through the leaves up to the top. I saw his wings upon his shoulders, and I saw a little bow between the wines and the shoulders, and then I saw no longer either them or him. Unless I have borne these gray hairs in vain, and unless as I grow older I become more foolish, you are dedicated to Love, and Love has the care of you.' * * * * They were quite delighted as if they had heard a fable, not a history; and they inquired what is Love, whether a boy or a bird, and what power has he? Philetas answered:—'My children, Love is a god, young and beautiful and winged; he therefore delights in youth, follows after beauty, and gives wings to the soul. And he has more power than Jove. He governs the elements; he governs the stars; he governs his peers the gods. You have not so much power over the goats and sheep. The flowers are all the work of Love; these plants are his productions. Through his influence the rivers flow and the winds breathe. * * * * Even I have been young, and I was in love with Amaryllis. I remembered not food; I sought not after drink; I took no sleep. My soul grieved; my heart palpitated; my body was chilled. I cried as if beaten; I was silent as if dead; I threw myself into the rivers as if burning. I blessed the echo for repeating after me the name of Amaryllis."

There are passages in the *Golden Ass*, and *Daphnis and Chloe*, which would shock modern delicacy, and would not harmonize

with our ideas of refinement; which are often of a sickly tone, so much so, that at times we are driven to believe that modern delicacy consists in delicacy of words, and indelicacy in thought and actions. Dean Swift pertinently inquires whether any wise man will say, that if the words drinking, cheating, lying, and stealing were by Act of Parliament ejected out of the English tongue and dictionaries, we should all awake next morning chaste and temperate, honest and just, and lovers of truth? Is this a fair consequence? Yet how many, in this seemingly pious age, are shocked at indelicate allusions, who have no scruples in committing indelicate acts. In return for the pleasure derived from works of fancy, and indeed from almost all our amusements, we must make pretty liberal concessions; we must bear with a great deal that is unnatural; we must tolerate many absurdities, acquiesce in improbabilities, and sometimes even concede what is impossible; we must allow a certain distance to the juggler, and permit him to be inaccessible on the rear, and strongly intrenched on the flanks; we must be content to view the perspective of a painting from one point only, and consider a motionless statue as a flying Mercury; to suppose that the hero of an opera is soliloquizing in a perfect solitude, although every word gives preternatural activity to the elbows of fifty fiddlers; and in spite of ourselves to feel drowsy during the ballet, in sympathy with the heroine, who, by a fiction of the theatre, sleeps soundly in a hornpipe.

FRANCES BURNEY (the maiden name of Madame D'Arblay) was born at Lynn-Regis, on the 13th of June, 1752. During her childhood she was the most backward in learning of the whole family, and at eight years of age she did not know the alphabet; but some two years after this she commenced scribbling on every bit of paper she could find, covering them with her effusions, elegies, plays, and songs, written in characters illegible to all, save herself. She never showed them to any one but her sister Susanna. Among the works she then wrote was one called Caroline Evelyn. Of this tale she retained a most vivid recollection, and many of its incidents were retained in Evelina. A neighbor recommended to Mrs. Burney to quicken her daughter's application to knowledge by chastisement. "No,

no," replied her mother; "I am not uneasy about Fanny." She entertained, however, a great dread lest Fanny should become an authoress. Before strangers Miss Burney was silent and reserved, and her stillness procured her the name of the "old lady." She was an attentive observer of what was passing around her, and when she overcame her shyness, would enact characters of her own invention, and after seeing a play would mimic the actors. Unfortunately she early lost her mother, and her father, though a kind and amiable man, seems to have paid little attention to her, either as regards her education or pursuits. She had no teacher, no governess. Dr. Burney's engagements as an instructor in music, allowed him but little time to attend to his family. He was industrious and persevering, and acquired the French and Italian languages while riding on horseback, and afterwards, when his duties became more pressing, he carried his meals with him in his carriage in a tin case, that no time might be lost. The best company in London visited Dr. Burney's house, and there could be seen Johnson, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Garrick, Strange the engraver, Barry, Mason, and Armstrong. From such men Fanny must have gleaned much information, and she listened to the warblings of Pachierotti, Agujari, and Gabriella. All the musical talent in London could be found at Burney's home. Fanny, after attaining her fifteenth year, considered her passion for writing as illaudable, because fruitless, and she made a bonfire of all her stock in a paved play-court, her sister Susanna weeping over the ashes of Caroline Evelyn. The natural bent of her mind could not be changed, and the recollection of Caroline Evelyn still haunted her imagination. Fanny had no works of fiction, and her father, though possessing a considerable library, had but one novel, Fielding's "Amelia." In secret she began "Evelina," and after writing a couple of volumes, a difficulty occurred in finding a publisher. Dodsley refused it on account of its being anonymous; but Lowndes, another publisher, offered £20 for the copyright, which was accepted with alacrity, and boundless surprise at its magnificence. There was a subsequent addition of £10 after the third edition—and this was all Miss Burney ever received for "Evelina," although thousands of copies were sold in a

few months. The first knowledge that Miss Burney had of the publication of "Evelina" was from an advertisement read aloud at the breakfast table: "This day was published *Evelina*, or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World." This novel was published in 1778, Fanny then being twenty-six years of age. Dr. Burney about this period was attacked with a violent fever, and Fanny herself had symptoms of inflammation of the lungs; and they thought it advisable to visit Chesington Hall, the residence of their mutual friend Mr. Crisp, where she remained several months, unconscious that "Evelina" was the theme of every tongue. Her father, sister, and brother Charles, alone knew her to be the author. Sir Walter Scott, in his *Diary*, (November 18, 1826,) says: "Was introduced by Rogers to Madame D'Arblay, the celebrated authoress of '*Evelina*' and '*Cecilia*;' an elderly lady, with no remains of beauty, but with a simple and gentle manner, a pleasing expression of countenance, and apparently quiet feelings. She told me she had wished to see two persons, myself of course being one, the other George Canning. Madame D'Arblay told us that the common story of Dr. Burney, her father, having brought home her own first work, and recommended it to her perusal, was erroneous. Her father was in the secret of '*Evelina*' being printed. But the following circumstance may have given rise to the story. Dr. Burney was at Streatham soon after the publication, where he found Mrs. Thrale low at the moment, and out of spirits. While they were talking together, Johnson, who sat beside her in a kind of reverie, suddenly broke out, 'You should read this new work, Madam, you should read *Evelina*; every one says it is excellent, and they are right.' The delighted father obtained a commission from Mrs. Thrale to purchase his daughter's work, and retired the happiest of men. Madame D'Arblay said she was wild with joy at this decisive evidence of her literary success, and that she could only give vent to her rapture by dancing and skipping round a mulberry tree in the garden. She was very young at this time. I trust I shall see this lady again."

Dr. Johnson appreciated very justly both the abilities and moral excellence of Miss Burney. On one occasion he observed, that "*Evelina* seems a work which should result from long experience, and deep and intimate

knowledge of the world; and yet it has been written without either. Miss Burney is a real wonder. What she is, she is intuitively. Dr. Burney told me she had the fewest advantages, of any of his daughters, from some peculiar circumstances; and such has been her timidity, that he himself had not any suspicion of her powers. Modesty with her is neither pretense nor decorum; it is an ingredient in her nature; for she who could part with such a work for £20, could know so little of its worth, or of her own, as to leave no possible doubt of her humility."

"*Evelina*" is certainly a most excellent work. It was the first of a class of fictitious productions, in which the genius of an Inchbald, an Austen, an Edgeworth, and a Lady Morgan, have reaped undying fame. It possessed merits which caused it to be placed with pleasure by parents in the hands of their children. Miss Burney at all times advocates the cause of religion and morality. She is a quick and accurate observer of things and persons, and her works are invaluable as furnishing us with correct pictures of society, and the habits and manners of her day. The plot of *Evelina* is simplicity itself. A young lady, educated in the most secluded retirement, makes at the age of seventeen her first appearance upon the great and busy stage of life, with a virtuous mind, a cultivated understanding, and a feeling heart. Her ignorance of the forms, and inexperience in the manners of the world, occasion all the little incidents in the work, and form the natural progression of the life of a young woman of obscure birth, but of conspicuous beauty. To use Miss Burney's words, we are not transported to the fantastic regions of romance, where fiction is colored by all the gay tints of luxurious imagination, where reason is an out-cast, and where the sublimity of the marvellous rejects all aid from sober probability. The heroine of these memoirs, young, artless, and inexperienced, is

"No faultless monster that the world ne'er saw,"

but the offspring of nature in her simple attire. When young people are too rigidly sequestered from the world, their lively imaginations paint it to them as a paradise of which they have been beguiled; but when they see it as it really is, they find it equally shared by pain and pleasure, hope and

disappointment. In Evelina the glories of Ranelagh and Vauxhall are before us; we visit the Pantheon and Kensington Gardens with a motley and strange group. We have the rough, noisy, and ignorant Captain Mirvan; Madame Duvall, all flutter, grimace, jabber, rouge and ribbons, the essence of vulgarity; and the Branghton family—a rare collection; and that gem of a cockney beau, Mr. Smith, “who studies what the ladies like;” the mild, gentlemanly, kind-hearted Lord Orville; the dashing Sir Clement Willoughby; and the country flower, Evelina, transplanted from the dews and fresh air and exercise of the country, to the hot and polluted atmosphere of London ball-rooms. Evelina goes to Drury Lane Theatre, and sees Garrick perform *Ranger*; such ease, such vivacity in his manner, such grace in his motions, such fire and meaning in his eyes. She could hardly believe he had studied a written part; every word seemed to be uttered from the impulse of the moment. His action at once so graceful and so free, his voice so clear, so melodious, yet so wonderfully various in its tones, such animation every look spoke. And when he danced she envied Clarinda, and wanted to jump on the stage and join them. Polly Branghton is delightful,—vulgar and pert; her father purse-proud and mean; and her brother a foolish over-grown school-boy, whose mirth consists in noise and disturbance,—his delight was in tormenting his sisters. Mr. Smith was Dr. Johnson's favorite character. We will give the reader a few specimens of his elegance:—

“O fie, Tom,—dispute with a lady!” cried Mr. Smith. “Now, as for me, I’m for where you will, provided this young lady is of the party;—one place is the same as another to me, so that it be but agreeable to the ladies. I would go anywhere with you, Ma’am, (to me,) unless, indeed, it were to church;—ha, ha, ha! You’ll excuse me, Ma’am; but really I never could conquer my fear of a parson;—ha, ha, ha! Really, ladies, I beg your pardon for being so rude; but I can’t help laughing for my life!”

“Why really, Ma’am, as to your being a little out of sorts, I must own I can’t wonder at it, for, to be sure, marriage is all in all with the ladies; but with us gentlemen it’s quite another thing! Now only put yourself in my place,—suppose you had such a large acquaintance of gentlemen as I have,—and that you had always been used to appear a little—a little smart among them,—why now, how should you like to let yourself down all at once into a married man!”

“Why, Ma’am, the truth is, Miss Biddy and Polly take no care of anything; else, I’m sure, they should be always welcome to my room; for I’m never so happy as in obliging the ladies,—that’s my character, Ma’am:—but really, the last time they had it, everything was made so greasy and so nasty, that, upon my word, to a man who wishes to have things a little genteel, it was quite cruel. Now, as to you, Ma’am, it’s quite another thing; for I should not mind if everything I had was spoilt, for the sake of having the pleasure to oblige you; and I assure you, Ma’am, it makes me quite happy that I have a room good enough to receive you.”

“My dear Ma’am, you must be a little patient; I assure you I have no bad designs, I have not, upon my word; but really, there is no resolving upon such a thing as matrimony all at once; what with the loss of one’s liberty, and what with the ridicule of all one’s acquaintance,—I assure you, Ma’am, you’re the first lady that ever made me even demur upon this subject; for after all, my dear Ma’am, marriage is the devil!”

Captain Mirvan meets a dandy at the theatre, who discourses in the following *pleasant and sensible* manner:—

“For my part,” said Mr. Lovel, “I confess I seldom listen to the players: one has so much to do, in looking about and finding out one’s acquaintance, that really one has no time to mind the stage. Pray,” (most affectedly fixing his eyes upon a diamond-ring upon his little finger,) “pray, what was the play to-night?”

“Why, what the d—l,” cried the Captain, “do you come to the play without knowing what it is?”

“O yes, sir, yes, very frequently: I have no time to read play-bills; one merely comes to meet one’s friends, and show that one’s alive.”

“Ha, ha, ha! and so,” cried the Capt in, “it costs you five shillings a night just to show you’re alive! Well, faith, my friends should all think me dead and under ground before I’d be at that expense for ‘em. Howsomever, this here you may ‘ake from me,—they’ll find you out fast enough if you have anything to give ‘em. And so you’ve been here all this time, and don’t know what the play was?”

“Why, really, sir, a play requires so much attention,—it is scarce possible to keep awake if one listens;—for indeed by the time it is evening, one has been so fatigued with dining,—or wine,—or the house,—or studying,—that it is—it is perfectly an impossibility. But now I think of it, I believe I have a bill in my pocket; oh, ay, here it is—Love for Love,—av, true,—ha, ha!—how could I be so stupid!”

Mr. Branghton and his interesting family visit the opera:—

“What a jabbering they make!” cried Mr. Branghton; “there’s no knowing a word they say. I pray, what’s the reason they can’t as well sing in

English!—but I suppose the fine folks would not like it, if they could understand it."

"How unnatural their action is!" said the son: "why now, who ever saw an Englishman put himself in such out-of-the-way postures?"

"For my part," said Miss Polly, "I think it's very pretty, only I don't know what it means."

"Lord, what does that signify?" cried her sister; "mayn't one like a thing without being so very particular? You may see that Miss likes it, and I don't suppose she knows more of the matter than we do."

The reader can find a neat edition of "Evelina" among Dove's English Classics. Whittingham has also published it in his collection of pocket novelists.

Evelina had the effect of introducing Miss Burney to the charming society that assembled at Streatham, the residence of Mrs. Thrale,—witty, sensible, good-hearted Mrs. Thrale, a creature of life, spirit, and conversational power, the delight of all who had the pleasure to know her. There Johnson was an almost constant guest; there Burke was to be found irradiating the table with bursts of genius; and Windham, and Sheridan, and Reynolds, and all the great and celebrated persons of the day. Here Miss Burney enjoyed the true friendship which Johnson entertained for her, and she fully appreciated the loving heart of the "fine old lion," and she to him was "dear little Burney," and his "little character monger." Those were glorious days at Streatham for Fanny Burney. They were the happiest of her whole life. At her particular solicitation Dr. Johnson gave her a small engraving of his portrait, from a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds; and a little while after she was examining it at a distant table. The Doctor in crossing the room stopped to discover what she was occupied with, and on discovering it, he see-sawed for a moment or two, and then exclaimed: "Ah, ha! Sam Johnson! I see thee! and an ugly dog thou art." She became acquainted with Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Vesey, Miss Monckton, Hannah More, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Chapone, Horace Walpole, Soame Jenyns, and her society was courted by the fair, fashionable, and learned; but she soon grew weary of this excitement. In 1782 she says: "I begin to be heartily sick and fatigued of this continual round of visiting, and these eternal new acquaintances." And in allusion to the parties to which she was constantly engaged, she observes: "For my

own part, if I wished to prescribe a cure for dissipation, I should think none more effectual than to give it a free course. The many who have lived so from year to year amaze me now more than ever; for now more than ever I can judge what dissipation has to offer. I would not lead a life of daily engagements even for another month, for any pay short of the most serious and substantial benefit. I have been tired some time, though I have only now broke out; but I will restore my own spirit and pleasure, by getting more courage in making refusals, and by giving that zest to company and diversion which can only be given by making them subservient to convenience, and by taking them in turn with quietness and retirement."

While at Streatham, by the persuasion of Mrs. Thrale and other friends, Miss Burney was induced to write a comedy, which she entitled "The Witlings." Mr. Murphy thought highly of it, but at the suggestion of her friend Mr. Crisp, she was induced to drop it. His chief objection to it was, that it bore a great resemblance to Molière's "Les Femmes Savantes," a play which Burney had never seen or read. She afterwards, in 1795, attempted a tragedy called "Edwy and Elgiva," which was brought out at Drury Lane Theatre, but never published.

Miss Burney adopted the epistolary style in writing *Evelina*. There are three methods of writing a story, generally adopted by novelists: The narrative, in which the author himself relates the whole adventure. Cervantes adopted this manner in his *Don Quixote*. It is the most usual way. The author is supposed to know everything—the secret springs of action; and he can tell events when and in what manner he pleases. He can be diffuse or concise, witty or grave, according to the vein he is in. He can refresh himself with digressions, and by these means can utter sentiments and display knowledge which would not be appropriate to any of the characters. But to heighten the interest of the story, and give it picturesque effect, frequent dialogues are necessary. Another method is that of memoirs, where the subject of the adventures relates his own story. De Foe was a perfect master of this style. It has the advantage of the warmth and feeling a person may be supposed to have in his own affairs. Marivaux

followed this plan in his minute and affecting story of "La Vie de Marianne." A third way remains, that of epistolary correspondence. Richardson has gained a deathless fame by his novels, in all of which he makes use of letters. It gives a rare opportunity for display of character, and minuteness of description, and keen and delicate insight into the springs of human action. It is improbable in one respect, for we can hardly suppose that a correspondence should be preserved and form a connected story; and the author labors under the same difficulty that so often assails the dramatist, the necessity of having some insipid confidant, into the porches of whose ear the incidents of the plot may be gradually unfolded. Rousseau adopted the epistolary style in "La Nouvelle Héloïse."

From this round of dissipation, Miss Burney retired to Chesington Hall, and sat down to the composition of "*Cecilia, or the Memoirs of an Heiress*," which appeared in 1782. Expectation, which had been raised to the highest pitch, was not destined to be disappointed in Cecilia. The manuscript had been shown to Mrs. Thrale, Mr. Crisp and others. In some few points she respected their criticisms, and made some alterations. Mr. Crisp advised her, "whoever she might think fit to consult, let their talents and tastes be ever so great, she was to hear what they had to say, but never to give up or alter a tittle, merely on their authority, unless it perfectly coincided with her own inward feelings." He again observes: "In works of genius, fancy, imagination, it is not the long, learned argumentations of critics pro and con, that come with the compass and line in their hands to measure right and wrong, that will decide; no! 'tis the genuine, unbiassed, uninfluenced, inward feelings of mankind that are the true, infallible test, ultimately, of sterling merit." Burke, in a letter to her, says: "There are few, I may say fairly, there are none at all, that will not find themselves better informed concerning human nature and their stock of observations enriched by reading your

Cecilia. I might trespass on your delicacy, if I should fill my letter to you with what I fill my conversation to others. I should be troublesome to you alone, if I should tell you all I feel and think on the natural vein of humor, the tender pathetic, the comprehensive and noble moral, and the sagacious observation that appear quite throughout this extraordinary performance." Mrs. Chapone also expresses her delight to Mrs. Carter: "Pray, my dear Mrs. Carter, have you read Cecilia? I do not remember to have heard your opinion of it, but I find with great pleasure that Mrs. Montague (who was not very favorable to Evelina) is warm in her commendation of this book. I am fond of Miss Burney, and delighted with her works. There was one charm in Evelina which to me surpassed even everything in Cecilia; this was the just and natural picture of the purest and most elegant love. Lord Orville and Evelina are lovers after my own heart. . . . The morality of both works is uncommonly perfect, and shows an admirable rectitude of mind in the writer. There is in Cecilia much useful satire, and a force of pathos that was really too much for me. Perhaps there is too great a number of characters, but most of them are surprisingly well drawn, and kept up with admirable consistency." Mrs. Thrale also joyfully compliments her friend Fanny:—"Upon my honor, then, my dear, I have not said half of what my heart is full. The Delvilles, since I wrote last, efface everything else. When I read the lady's character in my own dressing-room, I catch myself looking at my picture every moment. Yours is so like her in many things. Hobson and Simkins are borough men, and I am confident they were both canvassed last year; they are the life itself. Even Mr. Briggs, *caricato* as he certainly is, won all my esteem by his scene with Don Puffendorf, whose misty magnitude was never shown so despicably dropsical before. I was happy to see Briggs have the better of him."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

KIMBALL HALE DIMMICK.

THE subject of this memoir was born in the town of Plymouth, Chenango county, N. Y., on the 5th day of August, 1812. His father, David Dimmick, was from Canterbury, Ct., and his mother, Marcy Hale, from Berkshire county, in the State of Massachusetts. She was a niece of Nathan Hale, so conspicuous in revolutionary story, who was arrested on Long Island by the British while executing the delicate and dangerous mission of visiting the enemy's camp to obtain information as a spy, and hung.

The father was one of the pioneer settlers of the town of Plymouth. He had to struggle with the embarrassments that beset the laboring poor; and his small farm and limited means would not permit him to give to his children an education beyond that of the common school.

Hale worked upon the farm with his father and brothers until the age of nineteen, when he left home and sought the means of acquiring a higher education in the Hamilton (N. Y.) Academy, by teaching school in winter, and working, through the vacations and leisure hours of the school, in a printing office. While thus employed he was intrusted by the Whigs with the management and control of the *Hamilton Sentinel* through the spirited campaign of 1834. Obtaining by such ways and means a respectable education, he returned to Chenango, and in 1839 commenced the study of the law in the office of Charles A. Thorp, Esq., of Norwich, and in 1842 was admitted on examination an Attorney of the Supreme Court of the State of New-York. He at once opened a law office in Norwich, and devoted himself to the practice of his profession. In August following he was unanimously elected a Brigadier General of the State Militia, although at the time the Junior Colonel of the Brigade. In September, 1843, he married Miss Sarah Holcomb, daughter of Charles Holcomb, of Plymouth.

On the opening of the Mexican war in the spring of 1846, he was stimulated by martial spirit and the love of adventure to raise a company of volunteers for that service. Such was the general confidence in his military skill and

patriotism, that the requisite numbers were speedily enrolled from among his immediate neighbors and townsmen. They entered the service of the United States on the 5th day of August, 1846, at New-York city, as Company K of the 1st Regiment of New-York Volunteers, General Dimmick being chosen Captain by unanimous vote. After near two months' vexatious stay on Governor's Island, he embarked with his men on a transport vessel for California around Cape Horn, and reached San Francisco in March, 1847. Of this military expedition it may be said that it sailed farther, was the longest and most distant of any ever projected, and that it was entirely successful. Co-operating with one company of Artillery and a partial company of Dragoons, this New-York Regiment of Volunteers held possession of the entire country, quelled all uprisings of the Mexicans, and literally conquered them into peace. The service was not like that in eastern Mexico—a service of bloody battle; but there was labor and danger, care and responsibility, and of these Captain Dimmick met and bore his full share whenever and wherever they presented themselves. He retained his command until the Regiment was discharged from the service on the 15th day of August, 1848, enjoying in an eminent degree the confidence and regard of the soldiery he commanded, as well as that of the officers above and below him.

Being thus set at liberty, he travelled two months in various parts of California, exploring the mineral regions and speculating, without once seeing a house or hovel for shelter. Having "seen the elephant" to his satisfaction, he returned and established himself permanently at the Pueblo de San José. On the first of December, 1848, he was chosen ALCALDE and JUDGE OF FIRST INSTANCE of that district.

California was at this time in a state of entire confusion. An immense number of foreigners had arrived in the country. Nearly all the United States troops had deserted, and the vessels entering the harbors were left without seamen. There were or-

ganized bands of highwaymen to rob those returning from the mines. Murders were frequent, and magistrates dared not arrest the culprits. The first official act of Judge Dimmick was the issue of a warrant to arrest three ringleaders of a gang for the murder of two men returning from the mines through the district of San José. The prisoners were apprehended and committed. A bill of indictment was found against them for highway robbery and murder. Judge Dimmick gave them summary trial, and on their conviction sentenced them to immediate execution. Before suffering the penalty of their crime they confessed to the murder of five individuals. This energetic enforcement of the law was like an earthquake shock to California, and contributed more than aught else to preserve order and throw a shield over human life throughout her wide borders. Governor Mason addressed him a highly complimentary letter in acknowledgment of his excellent and successful administration of criminal justice.

It had now become apparent to clear-minded men, from the disordered state of affairs and the large influx of heterogeneous population, that the Mexican system was wholly inadequate to the protection of property and personal rights in California. So strongly impressed was Judge Dimmick with the necessity of some remedy for the evils existing, he called a public meeting at San José on the 11th of December, 1848, over which he presided, and at which he was the principal speaker. He showed them the pressing need of taking speedy measures to establish an efficient government, and the improbability of Congress doing any thing for the protection of the country. He drew up and presented resolutions which were unanimously adopted, recommending to the people of California to choose delegates to meet in Convention and form a plan for a Territorial or State Government. *This was the first meeting held, and the first open movement made in California on this subject.* The publication of the proceedings and resolutions was followed by similar meetings in all the northern districts of California, at which the doings of the San José meeting were read and approved. Elections of delegates were had, and Judge Dimmick was unanimously chosen by his district.

Owing to the non-concurrence of a few of the southern districts, which still blindly

relied on an early action of Congress upon the Territorial Bill, the assembling of the Convention was postponed until the result should be known.

On the 3d of June, 1849, news having arrived of the defeat of the Territorial Government Bill, General Riley, then acting Governor, issued his proclamation recommending the election of delegates in all the districts to a Convention for forming a State Constitution, or territorial organization— which Convention was to meet at Monterey on the 1st of September then next. Four days after the largest meeting ever held in San José, composed of both natives and Americans, assembled at the Court House. Again Judge Dimmick presided and presented the resolutions, affirming in strong terms the policy and necessity of assuming State sovereignty. He caused the proclamation to be read in Spanish to the Californians from the Court House steps, and in their own language (which he had acquired during his military service) he explained and enforced its purpose and objects. The other districts followed this example, and new elections were held in all the districts. San José manifested her undiminished confidence in Judge Dimmick, by unanimously returning him as one of the delegates from that district, and he presided at the organization of the Convention.

We cannot dwell at length upon the action of Judge Dimmick as a member of this body, which comprised the first minds and best talent of the territory. He was one of the Select Committee appointed to report a plan of a Constitution; and a reference to the published proceedings of the Convention will show that from the commencement of the session to its close, he was diligent in his attendance, and unremitting in his zeal to exclude the wrong and save the right in the organic law of this young State, so fast growing to greatness. In organizing a judiciary system, always a task of great difficulty, the plan which ultimately prevailed was his; and to the provision securing essential privileges to married women, he gave effectual support. The debates of this distinguished assemblage exhibit the Judge as a not infrequent participator. His characteristics were strong common sense, directness, and force. He had but little of the graces in manner or matter. His aim was sure and clear, and he marched straightforward

to the accomplishment of his object, regardless of intervening obstacles, and heedless of attempts to divert. The qualities which marked him as a Captain and a Judge, gave him power and influence as a statesman. If, on a comparison of the Constitution of California with those of her sister States, it shall be found to guard every right of the citizen in as full degree, and at the same time be more liberal, catholic and democratic than theirs; it is safe to pronounce that the praise of accomplishing a work of such merit is, in a large measure, due to Judge Dimmick.

The establishment of the capital of the State at San José by the Convention, was mainly produced by his personal efforts and popularity.

Near the close of the Convention, Judge Dimmick was appointed by Governor Riley, Chief Judge of the Supreme Court, in which capacity he served until after the organization of the State Government. His last official act was the administration of the oath of office to the first Governor, Burnett, at his inauguration.

It is needless to say that Judge Dimmick is and ever has been an ardent Whig—of a

platform broad as the Union itself. He is withal a disciplinarian, and knowing that upon the admission of the State into the Union her politics must become nationalized and assimilated to those of her Atlantic sisters, he labored, and labored successfully, to organize a purely *Whig party*, and build it up on a broad and sure foundation.

The Judge continued to reside as a private citizen at San José until the 1st of June, 1850. During his long absence the beloved youngest of his two children had died. The strong desire to revisit his family after a four years' separation, with a necessity of giving attention to his personal affairs of business, induced him to return to "old Chenango." He arrived home in July, bearing with him the regrets of the many who appreciated his worth in California, and was cordially welcomed by his numerous expectant friends.

Whether he will again become a resident of the Golden State is, we learn, problematical. It *was* his fixed, declared intention to do so, but the *home feeling* that prompted his return to wife, child, and the scenes of his youth, is like to hush the call of ambition.

JUDGMENT BY DEFAULT:

CENTRAL AMERICA AND THE ADMINISTRATION.

BEFORE these sheets shall have reached the hands of our subscribers at a distance from New-York, the present session of Congress will be at an end. Until next December no Senate can further question the Administration, nor can any authoritative body further intervene between it and the heavy responsibility it has assumed. And when the next session shall have opened, political parties and partisans will be more concerned as to the chances of their several favorites in the Presidential contest of '52, than in questions not cardinal to the platform of either party, but of the highest moment to the interest of the whole United States, and to the honor of the Republic. The only possible chance of settling, in a manner truly national, the questions involved in the present relative positions of the United States, Great Britain and Nicaragua, occurred dur-

ing the session now almost over. Any hope of taking advantage of that opportunity has now passed, and may be considered lost. The original question of again permitting any new colony to be planted on this the North American continent by a foreign, a monarchical, and an absentee power, simple and plain of settlement as it is, necessary to be viewed from a national point only, and to be abandoned as a right or resisted by arms as a wrong, on grounds purely American and intensely Republican, must now, by the fate of events, be thrown into the cauldron for 1852, there to be turned over and over, pulled hitherward and thitherward by faction, subjected to every possible species of distortion, mystification, and confusion, until it be again thrown into the Senate in the session of 1852-3. Until that time, therefore, the English have taken out a lease

of Central America, and will therein carry forward, with perfect impunity, the designs in furtherance of which they now occupy and hold the entire of one coast, and blockade the entire of the other. Such is the position in which the present Administration has left the matter. Till December, 1851, it is safe from further inquiry. Till December, 1852, safe from action. More than six weeks have elapsed since General Shields moved in the Senate, and since the Senate unanimously carried, a resolution calling on the Administration to furnish information on the British outrages in Central America. To that resolution no reply has yet been returned, and, if any will be returned this session, it has been carefully kept back till the very last day, in order that no discussion or movement may occur thereon. We have been all along prepared for this course, and therefore are by no means disappointed. Inasmuch, however, as we have, from month to month, carefully set before our readers the several incidents in the tragic comedy as they occurred; and as we desire above all things to avoid prejudging either facts or individuals, we shall now set forth distinctly and curtly the present position of the question, and of the Administration with reference to it; and, for the present, content ourselves with that.

Since last we wrote, several worn-out expediences of a very ridiculous and contemptible kind have been galvanized into life again. For the purpose of throwing all responsibility, for his flagrant conduct, off Mr. Bulwer, the antique farce of abusing Mr. Chatfield, the direct agent of Mr. Bulwer, through all the moods and tenses known to certain leading daily journals of New-York, has been, by Mr. Bulwer's agency, revived. This makes it necessary for us to state, that Mr. Chatfield is a "deeply injured man;" we have full authority for stating that his conduct with reference to the Bulwer and Clayton treaty, and with reference to the occupation of Mosquitia and San Juan, has been authorized by not only Mr. Bulwer, but by Lord Palmerston. We shall make this plain.

1st. In the *published* instructions of Mr. Clayton to Mr. Squier, now lying before us, the following extract is given from Lord Palmerston's own hand:—

"The British claim, under the alleged Mosquito title," writes Mr. Clayton, "as at first set forth,

encroached, towards the south, upon territory claimed by New Grenada. But it seems to have *changed* from time to time, as *circumstances or expediency dictated*; and now the claim is thus described by Lord Palmerston, in his note of the 4th of May, 1848, to M. Mosquera, the Minister of New Grenada in London:

"With respect to the southern boundary of Mosquito, there are certainly strong grounds upon which the King of Mosquito might claim the sea-coast as far as the spot called King Buppan's Landing, which is opposite the island called Escudo de Veragua; but her Majesty's Government have recommended the Mosquito Government to confine its claim in a southerly direction to the southern branch of the river St. John; and one main reason with her Majesty's Government for giving that recommendation was, that thereby all dispute between Mosquito and New Grenada would, as they trusted, be avoided."

That is to say, that "all disputes" between New Grenada and the English would be avoided by the latter seizing on the town and river of San Juan, the hereditary property of the State of Nicaragua, occupied and named by Spain originally, and thus passing without a single British claim to the Republic of Nicaragua.

2d. In furtherance of the above design, originating *solely* with Lord Palmerston, the following proceeding took place by sheer force, as described in the following state documents, written by Mr. Bancroft when Minister to London, the official *original* of which is now and has always been in the hands of the Administration. We extract again from Mr. Clayton's published correspondence:—

"In a note of the 9th of March last Mr. Bancroft says:

"Great Britain often follows her old traditions of a policy of aggrandizement. As in the Mediterranean, Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian isles form her military stations, so she flanks us by a strong fortress at Halifax, seeks to overawe us by another at Bermuda, and now, as we are gaining greatness in the Pacific, under pretense of protecting the Mosquito tribe of Indians, she has seized the key to the passage to the Pacific by the Lake of Nicaragua, and has changed the name of the town of St. Juan de Nicaragua to Greytown. This subject is important, because the route to the Pacific, which that town commands, is here esteemed the best of all."

This was written so far back as March, 1848.

3d. In furtherance of the above design and acts, and by direction of "the Government of her Majesty," and on behalf of that

Government, this good and excellent agent, Mr. Chatfield, has addressed to M. Salinas, the Nicaraguan Secretary of State, a certain letter as to boundaries, dated *December 5th*, 1850, and published for the first time, in this country, since last we wrote, in the *New-York Herald*, and other daily papers of February 10th, 1851, by which, in defiance of all right and justice, he declares a portion of Nicaragua within certain boundaries, as by Lord Palmerston directed, as a portion over which "the Government of her Britannic Majesty proposes to assert its sovereignty on behalf of the Mosquito King." This letter further threatens, should these boundaries be questioned, to use force against Nicaragua, and further asserts that until they be yielded in full to the English, "no canal or other mode of transit can be (or shall be) established." We give this letter in full:—

GUATEMALA, Dec. 5, 1850.

To the Minister of Foreign Relations at Nicaragua:

SIR:—The frequent overtures which, in the name of her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, acting on behalf of the King of Mosquito, have been made to the republic of Nicaragua, with a view to determine, by a solid argument, the boundary between the dominions of the King of Mosquito and the territories of the republic of Nicaragua, have been systematically rejected. Her Britannic Majesty judges that the interests and convenience of both parties require that this point should no longer remain unsettled, and as a proof of the conciliatory spirit which animates her Britannic Majesty on this subject, it has been determined that the frontiers of the King of Mosquito, on the side of Nicaragua, and of Nicaragua on the side of Mosquito, shall be such as they were on the 15th of September, 1821, when Nicaragua, as a part of the ancient kingdom of Guatemala, declared its independence of the Spanish monarchy.

By establishing this basis of arrangement, the respective situations of the two countries is determined by the legislative and ecclesiastic regulations of Nicaragua; since all the towns and villages which lie near the borders of Mosquito, and which have municipalities and curacies, will remain, as heretofore, under the jurisdiction of the Government and authorities of Nicaragua.

The imperfect geographical knowledge of the interior of Central America opposes, for the present, a considerable difficulty to the determination of the latitude and longitude of the places along the eastern and north-eastern border of Nicaragua; but circumstances require that the general line of boundary should be made known, which the Government of her Majesty proposes to assert for the Mosquito King, the Government of Nicaragua refusing to enter into an amicable disposition on the subject, and to appoint commissioners to ascertain and mark the divisional line between the lands of Mosquito and the lands of Nicaragua.

The undersigned, her Britannic Majesty's Chargé

d'Affaires in Central America, with this view, has the honor to declare to the Minister of Foreign Relations of the Supreme Government of Nicaragua, that the general boundary line of the Mosquito territory begins at the northern extremity of the boundary line between the district of Tegucigalpa, in Honduras, and the jurisdiction of New Segovia; and after following the northern frontiers of New Segovia, it runs along the south-eastern limit of the district of Martagalpa and Chontales, and thence in an eastern course until it reaches the Machuca Rapids, on the river San Juan.

To prevent any misunderstanding about the towns and villages comprised in the province of Nicaragua, prior to its severance from Spain in 1821, a list of the curacies and their dependencies, within the diocese of Nicaragua, is affixed to this note; and only such towns and villages, with their commons or public lands, and the estates of private individuals having proper titles, as were named in that list, lying on the eastern and north-eastern frontier of Nicaragua, will be deemed to be without the limits of Mosquito, on the frontier of Nicaragua.

In conclusion, the undersigned has to state that the boundaries above described are those which divide the two countries; but he repeats that her Majesty's Government continues willing to treat and agree with the Government of Nicaragua for the final settlement of these questions on an amicable and permanent basis; and the undersigned trusts that the Government of Nicaragua will see the policy of coming to a friendly understanding with the Mosquito King; for it is obvious that no canal, or any other mode of transit across the Isthmus, can well be established before the difficulty raised by Nicaragua upon this point is put an end to.

I am, &c. &c.,

FRED. CHATFIELD.

It is downright folly, or the basest hypocrisy, to throw any blame on Mr. Chatfield for this or any other act; he is merely the agent of Mr. Bulwer and Lord Palmerston, and faithfully does as ordered.

4th. Thus far as to Lord Palmerston's responsibility in the seizure of Mosquitia and San Juan. Now as to the treaty. Mr. Chatfield has been charged with breaking and misconstruing this treaty without direction from his Government or from Mr. Bulwer. The following letter from Mr. Chatfield to M. Salinas more fully shows the relation of Lord Palmerston to the recent seizures in Nicaragua, having been written by his direction after the Clayton and Bulwer treaty was ratified by him. We give it in full too:—

GUATEMALA, Wednesday, Aug. 14, 1850.

To the Minister of Foreign Relations of Nicaragua:

SIR:—Mr. Foster, H. B. M.'s Vice-Consul at Realejo, has informed me of the steps which he has taken in consequence of the losses of Mr. Bescher & Co., in Grenada, by act of public

violence, and for the recovery of a debt contracted by the Government of Nicaragua for the use of his boats. In the answer given by you to Mr. Foster, of the date of the 20th of July, I observe some expressions relative to the Mosquito coast and its authorities, which induce me to think that your Government does not yet understand the true position of the Mosquito question, and to submit some remarks upon it. I do not care to notice the discourteous expressions and evil disposition which the Government of Nicaragua uses and evinces in speaking of Great Britain and its agents in referring to the Mosquito question, being disposed to ascribe it to their inexperience and bad counsels; but this does not preclude me from recommending to you that your interests will be better promoted by treating this question independently of the false accounts and exaggerations of interested persons. Instead of insisting on its supposed rights to the Mosquito shore, Nicaragua would best consult her interests by at once making good terms with England, for resistance in this matter will be of no further avail. *It is impossible that Nicaragua should be ignorant of her Britannic Majesty's relation to the Mosquito question, as it has before it the letter of Viscount Palmerston, of the date of the 15th of April last, in which he declares, in the most clear and direct terms, the utter impossibility of acceding to the pretensions of Nicaragua.* On the other-hand, the treaty of Messrs. Clayton and Bulwer, about which you have so much to say, and in which you express so much confidence, *expressly recognizes the Mosquito Kingdom, and sets aside the rights which you pretend Nicaragua has on that coast.* The true policy for Nicaragua is to undeceive herself in this respect, and to put no further confidence in the protestations or assurances of pretended friends, [viz., Americans.] It will be far better for her to come to an understanding without delay with Great Britain, on which nation depends not only the welfare and commerce of the State, but also the probability of accomplishing any thing positive concerning inter-oceanic communication through her territories, [complimentary to the Canal Company this!] because it is only in London that the necessary capital for such an enterprise can be found.

In conclusion, I have only to repeat what I have said so many times, that the British Government is animated by the best wishes toward Nicaragua, and is anxious that it shall acquire a respectable position among nations.

I have, &c. &c. &c., **FREDERICK CHATFIELD.**

5th. Mr. Webster has in his possession official letters from Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer to him, declaring that the construction put upon the Clayton and Bulwer treaty by Mr. Chatfield is that put upon it, and directed to be maintained with reference to it, by *Lord Palmerston himself.* These letters were *official*, and Mr. Bulwer was directed by his Government to address them *officially* to Mr. Webster; and he did so address them, and Mr. Webster *now has them.*

6th. Lest Mr. Webster should have any doubt about the intentions of Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer and his Government, towards both the treaty already made between this country and Great Britain, and towards "Mosquitia," the above letters were followed by a treaty signed with Mr. Bulwer's own hand, which he proposes to Mr. Webster to make between *this* country and Nicaragua; and the reasons for proposing this treaty are three:

I. The treaty existing between this country and Nicaragua guarantees protection and neutrality to it and the proposed canal, including the whole Nicaraguan territory, both on the Atlantic and the Pacific.

II. The treaty made between Mr. Clayton and Mr. Bulwer, according to Lord Palmerston's fabricated interpretation, "recognizes" British usurpation over the whole eastern half of Nicaragua. Mr. Clayton and all honest men declare it does not. Hence there is a confliction, and to settle the matter Mr. Bulwer has the audacity to propose that—

III. A new treaty be entered into between *this* country and Nicaragua, by which this country shall recognize, in positive and deliberate terms, British rule in "Mosquitia" and San Juan, and confine its former treaty of protection and neutrality to Nicaragua within the limits not claimed by Mr. Chatfield's letter of boundaries. We shall here not discourse on the cool and impertinent interference of Mr. Bulwer in our affairs, and between two sister Republics, in thus pushing a treaty for this country with another, with which he has nothing to do, into the very throat of our minister. That Mr. Webster should have flung the "treaty" in his face, and ordered him out of the door, and out of the country, any man of ordinary spirit will very easily conclude. But Mr. Webster did not—took the treaty, and *now has it*; and the signature of Mr. Bulwer is thereto affixed.

8th. The entire design of the British Government acquires a dramatic light from the transparent attempts to heap indignities, through our agency, on Nicaragua. It is the farce of *Dombey and Son* over again, recast, with Mr. Webster as *Dombey*, Mr. Bulwer as *Carker*, and Nicaragua as the fair *Edith*. Indeed the very phraseology Dickens places in the mouth of the villainous go-between, when insulting the lorn

young wife, might fairly be used by Sir Henry Carker Bulwer on the present occasion. Mr. Bulwer's object is evidently to disgust the Nicaraguan Government with us, that so in a moment of her frenzy he may ride off with the lovely partner "of our Republican affections." In the letter last above extracted will be found that exceedingly English, and to us exceedingly insolent passage about "pretended friends," to which we have heretofore referred. In the following letter the same insulting hint is more plainly repeated—very amusing to us from the fact of the writer advising folks "that no reliance should be placed on such assurances" as *we* may give:—

GUATEMALA, Dec. 5, 1850.

To the Minister for Foreign Affairs of Nicaragua :

SIR:—With reference to my former note on the same subject, I have the honor to recommend to the immediate attention of the Government of Nicaragua, the policy of arranging with Messrs. Beschor and Co., of Greytown, for the wanton destruction of their piraguas in April last.*

Mr. Vice Consul Foster has received orders from her Majesty's Government to press this claim to a satisfactory conclusion, and to call in, if necessary, the aid of her Majesty's naval forces.

It is very desirable for Nicaragua, now that the country has acquired a certain station from its geographical position, that the Nicaraguan Government should no longer persist in refusing all discussion and accommodation in respect to matters presented to it for arrangement by foreign powers.

Whatever assurances Nicaragua may receive that the conduct of its Government, however irregular it may be towards another, will at all times receive support from third parties, [meaning the United States,] still the Government of Nicaragua must feel that no reliance should be placed on such assurances, as no foreign Government will compromise political and commercial interests in behalf of a country whose rulers reject the ordinary means of settling matters open to dispute.

Yours, &c. &c., FRED. CHATFIELD.

That is, according to Chatfield and his abettors, the United States won't fight.

9th: And now, that there may be no doubt where these impertinent insinuations have originated, and who is really responsible for them, we here place on record the notorious "intercepted letter" from Mr. Bulwer to Mr. Chatfield. We reproduce it now, that our friends may have it by them, and because

* This Beschor claim is precisely similar to the Pacifico claim which the English lately used as a pretense to blockade Greece. Beschor is a German Jew, an agent of the British in San Juan, and a runaway swindler from the North.

some of our most respected readers have expressed themselves doubtful that such a letter had ever been. We now record it in our pages, and have but to add that Mr. Bulwer has not only acknowledged the authorship, but endeavored to apologize to Mr. Clayton, by saying he did not intend the allusions as personal to him, but merely as a curt essay on Republican institutions; that is, that the insult was not intended for an individual, but for the whole country—pretty apology!

SIR HENRY BULWER TO MR. CHATFIELD.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26, 1850.

Dear Sir:—I have received your communications up to 3d of January inclusive. I was glad to hear of your arrangement with the Governor of Honduras, and I trust that you will thus have settled the question of claims *before the order for evacuating Tigre Island arrives*. [That is to say, that the Nicaraguans, under fear of losing the Island of Tigre, might have been compelled to give up all claim on the town and river of San Juan; settling your claim to your own purse under fear of being choked. No wonder that these people are insensible to *such* justice.] I know that it is difficult to deal with such people on matters of justice, *if you cannot keep before their eyes the ultimate argument of force*, and I feel exceedingly for your position, with such a gentleman as Squier "making capital" at your elbow. But pray let me take the liberty of suggesting to you that it is well always to consider, not only what you think should be done for the particular interest you have in hand, but what your Government, which has so many interests to consider, will back you in doing; since, to make a step forwards, if subsequently it is to be made backwards, only renders matters worse. I would not, also, let Mr. Squier's misdoings hurry you too much out of the line which you would otherwise pursue. [The fellow had his course actually marked out for him—and the only fault is, he went too quick.] His conduct is generally disapproved of here; and I know that the State Department has formally disapproved of it.

Neither do I think that this Government has at the present moment the views you seem inclined to credit it for. It is, however, a weak Government, and being suspected by the popular party, is ever afraid of seeming in favor of any policy that is unpopular. Thus, though its intentions may be trusted, its course cannot be relied upon. Attempts are being made to settle the Mosquito business. I think they may succeed: they ought to do so. We have every wish to aid in constructing a canal, *that is, in protecting its construction*, and *guaranteeing its security* [its security in your possession, Mr. Bulwer; is not that it?] when constructed. Nor have we any great interest in the Mosquito protectorate, or any selfish object to serve by maintaining it. But we ought not and I believe will not abandon it dishonorably, *nor permit the Nicaraguans, whom we have expelled THEREFROM*, [a very plain confession of the means by

which they got in there, is it not?] *to be again masters of the San Juan.* These are my private opinions, but I think you may like to know them. I have defended your conduct here as to Tigre Island, on the ground that it was provoked by Squier, but it was too "go-ahead." [That is, "I have falsely misrepresented the American representative, but it was 'no go.'"]

H. L. B.

P. S.—I just find that you have thrown out to Squier something about a treaty of protection between us and Costa Rica. Now, Lord P. has not only denied that he has any idea of exercising a protectorate over Costa Rica, but told the United States Government he had refused it. [And yet he had done it, actually passed a protection over this very State of Costa Rica, while he so lied.] My instructions certainly forbid me to encourage any such idea, and moreover, it would be setting an example which it would be highly imprudent to give. I should tell you, indeed, that both the United States and ourselves are at present proceeding upon the avowed policy that neither will seek for exclusive influence in Central America; and while the conduct of Squier contravenes and embarrasses this policy on one side, any conduct of a similar kind on your part must do so on the other.

These are merely private hints of mine to you, in order to prevent you finding your position weakened, by doing or promising what the United States will not do nor approve of being promised. Pray excuse my frankness, and wishing you to imitate it, and write fully to me upon all matters,

I am again, dear Sir,

Yours respectfully,

H. L. B.

We have now cleared up three things: first, who authorized the seizure of San Juan, who authorized the positive infraction, or, in other words, the false interpretation of the Clayton and Bulwer treaty, and who authorized the insulting epithets and insinuations of Mr. Chatfield with reference to this country. It was *not* Mr. Chatfield.

Now for mere facts. San Juan is still occupied. "Mosquitia" still occupied. American citizens travelling there, from one State of this Union to another, are still seized and disarmed by British authorities. A British vessel of war still lies in the port of San Juan, having its guns pointed on the territories of an independent republic, which we are bound by stipulated treaty, and by official warranty given by our minister by direction of our Government, to protect. The British usurpation, as far as towns and territories and sovereign rights of the Nicaraguan Republic go, is still the same as when we first wrote on this subject. There is still, too, we should probably remind our readers, an administration in Washington; and it still pursues its astounding indifference and inaction.

Further, since we last wrote, the particulars of the blockade, by the British, of San Salvador and Honduras have reached this city, and been published. They are notorious. There is not an American ignorant of them, excepting only, by possibility, the Administration, which, having withdrawn all United States representatives from Central America, endeavors to screen itself behind its own error, by saying it has no official information, when it took good and effectual care it should have none. We were once afflicted with the vulgar prejudice that lawyers are fit to be rulers; but now, with a whole administration of mere lawyers, we find them not only utterly incapable, but so forgetful of the commonest maxim of all law, that they venture to set up in defense of their very default, the default itself!

One particular about this blockade, now in effect against two of the Central American States, and by direction of Lord Palmerston and Sir Henry Bulwer to be put in execution against a third, Nicaragua, is very remarkable. Unlike all other blockades, it is no blockade; but only a means of directly injuring American commerce and shipping, and of instituting a MONOPOLY for *British bottoms in the trade with Central America.*

From the *New-York Herald* of February 10th, we extract the following:—

THE ENGLISH BLOCKADE.

The official paper of San Salvador, of December 13th, has several articles and official communications which show the nature of the English blockade. They protest against it, as a fraud upon the world, for (says the editor) "This blockade gives no damage to English merchants and English vessels, which are permitted to enter and to go out of the ports of the State with entire freedom, while all others are carefully excluded. The commander of the port of Acajutla writes to the Government on the subject, and his letter is published under the authority of the Secretary of State. He says:

"The blockade of this port has no effect, so far as English merchants and English vessels are concerned. To-day, the English bark *Secreto* was allowed to pass the blockade, the captain being a friend of the commander of the blockading force. In fact, the officers of the blockading force themselves purchased goods, and embarked them on board of this vessel, in the sight of all the people. Such partialities seem to me so unjust, that I regard it as my duty to bring it to the knowledge of my Government, especially as American and other vessels are rigorously prevented from entering here.

(Signed)

"SANTIAGO SALAVENSA."

Now there are, in the mass, only two nations whose vessels trade with Central America, viz.: the British and our own. By this *quasi* "blockade," *ours* are utterly excluded, the British *only* admitted. Will it be believed, when we seriously think of it, that American vessels are actually, at this present day, driven from American waters by British cruisers? It seems almost incredible such *could* be; yet it is the naked truth: and our Administration looks on and will not even answer whether or no it knows that such things are. Again: until the proposed ship-canal can be completed, no possible intercourse can be had, by our people, with the Central American Republics save by sea-coast and shipping, under the ordinary comity of nations. But here the British Government step in, and declare, (as per letter above quoted,) "We will permit no canal or other means of transit to be built or established until our claims on Central America are acknowledged; and until then we will blockade the whole coast, keeping out American ships, and letting in *our own*;" and our Government stands by, and beholds the blockade extending day after day, and mile after mile, over the whole coast on both oceans, to the utter ruin of our trade, to the deep injury of our citizens, and to the utter dishonor of the American name; and it will not move!

We leave our readers to invent a phrase black enough to designate *our* dishonor. With reference to the British, the question is easily solved. A blockade, like all other means of coercion recognized by nations, is subject to the *laws* of nations. The British, granting that they were justified in using it in the present instance, are compelled by the laws of nations to preserve it against all alike. But they have themselves broken the blockade, thereby rendering it null and void by the law of nations. Should they, after so breaking it, interfere with any American or other shipping for the purpose of preventing them from entering the ports so pretended to be kept in blockade, they are guilty of piracy, and should be hanged from their own yard-arms as pirates. If a Secretary of State knows the laws of nations, he should know that.

But this blockade extends farther: it extends to Nicaragua, forbidding the Government of that State to import any thing which may enable them to resist British or other aggression; it extends to Honduras, with

which, says the San Salvadorean authority we shall presently quote, "the British have no quarrel,"—as if they had not a quarrel with all Central America of a very portentous kind,—forbidding it to import any munitions of war; by which is evident that every vessel, entering the ports of these three Republics, is subject to British search, inspection, and embargo. We quote again from the *New-York Herald* of February 11th:—

"We published, in July last, an intercepted letter from Pavon, Chatfield's secretary, to the Servile leaders, in which he tells them to push their operations against San Salvador and Honduras, for the British squadron will soon be on the coast to assist them. We have now an example of the manner in which this assistance is rendered. A vessel anchors in the port of Honduras, with which State England has no quarrel, when the English commander forbids it from discharging its cargo, 'because it will be prejudicial to English interests,' and threatens a blockade if he is not obeyed."

And this letter in proof:—

(From the Gaceta del Salvador, Dec. 20.)

COMMANDANCY OF LA UNION, Dec. 7, 1850.

To the Minister of War of San Salvador:

SIR:—At six o'clock on the afternoon of the 3d instant, the English steamer of war, Gorgon, came to anchor in the bay of Chiquirin, and yesterday left again for Acajuba. To-day, arrived the lieutenant of the Champion, who is now here. He states that the commander of the blockading force has prohibited the merchant vessel Tyson, anchored in the port of Tigre, from unloading eighteen tons of powder which it has on board, *belonging to the Messrs. Tijada, of Grenada, Nicaragua*. He has also informed the commandant of the Tigre, that if he permits the smallest quantity of the powder to be sent ashore, or to go into the interior, at the ports of Chismugo or Brea, he shall immediately blockade all the ports of Honduras on the Gulf of Fonseca.

I have esteemed it my duty to give you information of these proceedings, for the knowledge of the Government.

(Signed)

J. CACERES, Commandant.

"By the above note," continues this San Salvadorean editor, "and another which has come directly from the port of Brea, in the State of Honduras, we learn that Mr. English Consul Chatfield has prohibited merchants from discharging their cargo in that State, threatening her ports with blockade if such discharge is permitted. This most iniquitous and irregular proceeding is founded on the extravagant pretext, 'that the introduction of powder in that State is prejudicial to the interests of her Britannic Majesty!'"

Of course it is; nothing can possibly be of more prejudice to the interests of her

Britannic Majesty, in that quarter, than "the introduction of powder." Her Britannic Majesty cannot bear "powder."

We have now gone over the affairs of Nicaragua, Costa Rica, San Salvador, and Honduras. To complete the picture of Central America, and its entire territory, we have only to describe the state of affairs in Guatemala.

This is the peculiar residence of Mr. Chatfield. He has purchased, bribed, split up, and now rules this *quasi* Republic. It is the radiating centre of all British intrigues in Central America. The party, or persons in his pay, are highly aristocratic,—when did you know a slave, a fool, or a scoundrel that was not?—and are called, by the decent Republicans of that part of the world, *Serviles*; an admirable name, and one much needed to designate a new party which is about for the first time publicly, though for too long in private, to come before this country and get a President made out of it; the party of the *Serviles* or "the fogies." They rule Guatemala, or rather England rules that republic through them, and the influence of England there is thus described by the above San Salvadorean editor: speaking of the proceedings with reference to Honduras and San Salvador, this poor San Salvadorean thus writes—one might fairly fancy he were writing of Republics of a somewhat more northern meridian:—

"Who does not see beneath this shallow pretext the design of revolutionizing these States? Who does not see in these proceedings the spirit of hatred and revenge which animates this officer against San Salvador? And who so blind as not to discover the rancor which animates the servile anarchists of Guatemala? It seems," continues the editor, "a statement almost ridiculous, yet it is nevertheless true, that the forces of Great Britain are under the orders of the military oligarchy of Guatemala. * * * It is the melancholy truth that this faction has induced this officer to blockade our ports, obstructing our industry, and destroying our revenues, in order that it can, with some prospect of success, invade our territories, and crush the regenerating spirit of nationality."

Thus now we have established beyond doubt that the British Government occupies half of Nicaragua, governs Guatemala, and blockades the rest of all Central America; but we have not yet established the fact that we have a Government, or any thing but the mere pretense of one.

What should be the action of an Ameri-

can Government in this case we shall now determine. Having summed up such evidence as we deem sufficient, keeping back far more for the present, that we may not encumber the reader, we shall now quote authorities in point.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, IN POINT.

From the instructions given by this American statesman, who *had* a foreign policy, and carried it out, to Mr. Anderson, Minister to Colombia, under date May 27th, 1823, we take the following extracts; showing the position which the United States have taken, and have now to take with reference to all States on either continent, the principles which should guide in this matter the policy of the Republic, and the regard we should pay to European opinion as to our conduct.

Extract from the Instructions of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS to MR. ANDERSON, appointed Minister to Colombia, May 27, 1823.

"We have constantly favored the standard of independence in America. * * Disinterestedness must be its own reward; but in the establishment of our future political and commercial relations with the new Republics of America, it will be necessary to recur often to the principles in which they originated; they will serve to mark the boundaries of the rights which we may justly claim in our future relations with them, and to counteract the efforts which, it cannot be doubted, European negotiations will continue to make in the furtherance of their monarchical and monopolizing contemplations. * * The emancipation of the South American Continent opens to the whole race of man prospects of futurity, in which this Union will be called, in the discharge of its duties to posterity, to take a conspicuous and leading part. It involves all that is precious in hope, and all that is desirable in existence, to the countless millions of our fellow-creatures which, in the progressive revolution of time, this hemisphere is destined to rear and maintain.

"That the fabric of our social connections with our Southern neighbors may rise, in the lapse of years, with a grandeur and harmony of proportions corresponding with the magnificence of the means placed by Providence in our power, and in that of our descendants, its foundations must be laid in principles of politics and morals new and distasteful to the thrones and dominions of the elder world, but coextensive with the surface of the globe, and lasting as the changes of time."

THE SAME AUTHORITY, AGAIN—1826.

Extract from President ADAMS's Message to Congress on the subject of the Panama Mission.

"The late President of the United States, in his Message to Congress of the 2d of December, 1823,

while announcing the negotiation then pending with Russia, relating to the north-west coast of this continent, observed that the occasion of the discussions to which that incident had given rise, had been taken for asserting as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States were involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they had assumed and maintained, were thenceforward not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power. The principle had first been assumed in that negotiation with Russia. It rested upon a course of reasoning equally simple and conclusive. With the exception of the existing European colonies, which it was in no wise intended to disturb, the two continents consisted of several sovereign and independent nations, whose territories covered its whole surface. By this their independent condition, *the United States enjoyed the right of commercial intercourse with every part of their possessions. To attempt the establishment of a colony in those possessions would be to usurp, to the exclusion of others, a commercial intercourse which was the common possession of all.* It could not be done without encroaching upon the existing rights of the United States."

Yet these existing rights have been encroached upon, nullified, and utterly disregarded, twenty-six years after the American Government took the position above described. The United States do not now, and have not since the British occupation of San Juan, and cannot have while a single British officer or gun remains in Central America, the enjoyment of "the right of commercial intercourse with every part of their possessions." An American citizen journeying from San Francisco to New Orleans, has now to pass through a British police office, be examined, mauled, disarmed, manipulated by Jamaica negroes, and passed or not passed, like a bale of goods, just as the Greytown British policeman Sambo pleases. Further; the "establishment of a colony," of which Mr. Adams speaks with such determined aversion, has not only been "attempted," but is actually now successful. But Mr. Adams is not the Government now—neither are his principles.

So much for JOHN QUINCY ADAMS; now for another authority even more respected.

HENRY CLAY, IN POINT.

"WE ARE," said Mr. Clay in 1818, thirty-three years ago, "WE ARE THE NATURAL HEAD OF THE GREAT AMERICAN FAMILY."

So we are still the head; but the brains have been left out this time—that is all.

HENRY CLAY, AGAIN—1820.

We shall presently show evidence that Sir Henry Bulwer, a British Minister, rules our country more than we do. The very same state of affairs existed in 1820, when the British Government, desiring to extend its sway over the Southern American continent, managed to circumvent, surround, navigate, bewilder, humbug, subornate, and by some means or other—whether of money or assiduous flattery we do not know—use for its purposes the then Government in Washington. It is now publicly notorious that a British Minister manages every wire pulled in that same celebrated half-city, even to the bell-wires of the White House, and of Mr. Webster's hotel. Upon an exactly similar occasion, Hon. Henry Clay, then in his prime of clear-headed and vigorous manhood, uttered these sentences, which, without the smallest anachronism, he might now repeat with remarkable effect:—

"I deprecate this deference for foreign powers. A single expression of the British Minister to our present Secretary of State, I AM ASHAMED TO SAY, has moulded the policy of our Government towards South America. [Insert Central for South, and year have Bulwer.] Our institutions now make us free; but how long shall we continue so, if we mould our opinions on those of Europe? Let us break these commercial and political fetters; LET US NO LONGER WATCH THE NOB OF ANY EUROPEAN POLITICIAN; let us become real and true Americans, and place ourselves at the head of the American system. * * * There can be no doubt that Spanish America, whatever the form of government established in its various parts, will be animated by an American feeling, and guided by an American policy. They will obey the laws of the system of the new world, in contradistinction to that of Europe."—*Speech in Congress.*

No, Mr. Clay, you may have been right there twenty-five years ago, but you are not now! The United States, the head of the new world, now obeys the dictates of Mr. Bulwer, but the Spanish Republics of Central America do not, and will not, obey the laws of Mr. Bulwer's system. They are true to Republicanism, but we are not. "Let us become real and true Americans" indeed! What outrageous nonsense to quote at this time of day. "Real and true Americans," quotha!

We beg now to turn to the same authority over again. There has been no foreign policy in the country since Henry Clay gave up ruling it.

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"REAL AND TRUE AMERICAN" CLAY OVER
AGAIN—1826.

Extract from Mr. CLAY'S Letter of Instructions to Messrs. POINSETT and SERGEANT, Delegates from the United States to the Panama Congress.

"From the north-eastern limits of the United States in North America, to Cape Horn in South America on the Atlantic Ocean, with one or two inconsiderable exceptions; and from the same Cape to the 51st degree of north latitude in North America, on the Pacific Ocean, WITHOUT ANY EXCEPTION, the whole coasts and countries belong to sovereign resident American powers. THERE IS, THEREFORE, NO CHASM WITHIN THE PRESCRIBED LIMITS, IN WHICH A NEW EUROPEAN COLONY COULD NOW BE INTRODUCED WITHOUT VIOLATING THE TERRITORIAL RIGHTS OF SOME AMERICAN STATE. AN ATTEMPT TO ACQUIRE SUCH A COLONY, AND BY ITS ESTABLISHMENT TO ACQUIRE SOVEREIGN RIGHTS FOR ANY EUROPEAN POWER, MUST BE REGARDED AS AN INADMISSIBLE ENCROACHMENT."

But the British have since made a "chasm" on this very North American continent, and planted therein a new European colony, by violating the territorial rights of Nicaragua, an independent American Republic. Yet the "attempt to acquire such a colony, and by its establishment to acquire sovereign rights for a certain European power," viz.: England, has not been regarded as an "encroachment," but is quietly and coolly submitted to by the American nation. The American Executive has seen, and sees, day after day, this encroachment become a possession, then a colony, then an assumption of empire with boundaries, which "Her Majesty's Government *proposes*" to take and keep, and yet it will not move hand, foot or tongue.

We have now given the opinions, on the questions at issue, of two remarkable American statesmen, "real and true Americans" both. To conclude the list of authorities, it is now only necessary that we should refer to the opinions of Mr. Clayton, Secretary of State, at the time these transactions were first, of late, brought before the Executive. We quote his authority on two points, viz.: as to the right of the British to be in Central America; and as to his own belief and intention in framing the treaty with Mr. Bulwer, which he himself signed.

JOHN M. CLAYTON, IN POINT.

In the instructions, which we have already quoted, furnished by Mr. Clayton to the Chargé d'Affaires by him sent to Central

America, Mr. E. G. Squier, and for the direction of the latter, after an examination and exhibition of the British claims and aggressions there, written in the quiet and methodic manner usual to lawyers, the following passage occurs. It is the summing up or judgment of this gentleman on the entire evidence before him. We could wish it had a little more of the fire of a rhetorician, but, with many of our readers, its plain and mature style will be much more preferable than outlandish metaphor, and threadbare trope. It will be remembered, too, that on the conclusions in this passage the entire policy of General Taylor's cabinet in Central America was based:—

"IT IS MANIFEST, INDEED, that the rights claimed by Great Britain NOMINALLY IN BEHALF of the Mosquito King, BUT REALLY AS HER OWN, ARE FOUNDED IN REPEATED USURPATIONS, which usurpations were repeatedly and SOLEMNLY ACKNOWLEDGED AND RELINQUISHED BY HER during the domination of Spain on the American continent. Since that domination has ceased, those claims could have had no other foundation for renewal than the supposed weakness or indifference of the Governments invested with the rights of Spain in that quarter. These claims certainly can derive no warrant from the indifference of the Government of Nicaragua, as the letters of the Minister for Foreign Affairs of that State to this Department, above adverted to, abundantly show.

"Against the AGGRESSIONS on her territory Nicaragua HAS FIRMLY STRUGGLED AND PROTESTED WITHOUT CEASING; and the feelings of her people may be judged from the impassioned language of the proclamation of her Supreme Director, on the 12th of November, 1848. 'The moment,' says he, 'has arrived for losing a country with ignominy, or for sacrificing with honor the dearest treasures to preserve it. As regards myself, if the power which menaces sets aside justice, I am firmly resolved to be entombed in the remains of Nicaragua, rather than survive its ruin.' The eloquent appeal of the Minister of Nicaragua," continued Mr. Clayton, "to his Government, is evidence, not less striking and impressive, of the DISPOSITION OF AN INJURED PEOPLE to resist what they believed to be injustice and oppression. WILL OTHER NATIONS, INTERESTED IN A FREE PASSAGE TO AND FROM THE PACIFIC OCEAN, BY THE WAY OF THE RIVER SAN JUAN AND LAKE NICARAGUA, TAMELY ALLOW THAT INTEREST TO BE THWARTED BY SUCH PRETENSIONS?"

"AS IT REGARDS THE UNITED STATES THIS QUESTION MAY CONFIDENTLY BE ANSWERED IN THE NEGATIVE."

But it has not been answered in the negative; *nor answered at all*. The United States have "tamely," yes, very *tamely*, "allowed our interests to be thwarted by such pretensions of Great Britain," founded

solely on "repeated usurpations;" "which usurpations were long ago repeatedly and solemnly acknowledged and relinquished by her"—England—and have been renewed again, and are now in full swing.

JOHN M. CLAYTON, AGAIN IN POINT.

We have already quoted Mr. Clayton as to the acts of the British in Central America. We shall now show that Mr. Clayton's *intention* in entering on the treaty with Sir H. L. Bulwer was to get rid of all cause of quarrel for or from those acts; to make terms with the British for the evacuation of Central America; and to restore, without war, to Nicaragua the territories usurped by Great Britain.

In the *New-York Herald* of February 21st is published an extract from a dispatch of Mr. Clayton to the American Representative in Central America, apprising the latter of this treaty, and of Mr. Clayton's intentions and designs in framing and ratifying the same. It is as follows:—

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, }
WASHINGTON, May 7, 1850. }

* * * * It is proper that I should now inform you that I have negotiated a treaty with Sir Henry Bulwer, THE OBJECT OF WHICH is to secure the protection of the British Government to the Nicaraguan canal, and TO LIBERATE CENTRAL AMERICA FROM THE DOMINION OF ANY FOREIGN POWER.

* * * * I hope and believe that this treaty will prove equally honorable both to Great Britain and the United States, THE MORE ESPECIALLY AS IT SECURES THE WEAK SISTER REPUBLICS OF CENTRAL AMERICA FROM FOREIGN AGGRESSION. All other nations that shall navigate the canal will have to become guarantors of the neutrality of Central America and the Mosquito coast. The agreement is, "not to erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the canal, or in the vicinity thereof; nor to occupy, fortify, colonize, or assume, or exercise any dominion whatever over any part of Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or Central America; nor to make use of any protection, or alliance, for any of these purposes."

Great Britain having thus far made an agreement with us for the great and philanthropic purpose of opening the ship communication through the Isthmus, it will now be most desirable immediately after the ratification of the treaty, on both sides, that you should cultivate the most friendly relations with the British agents in that country, who will hereafter have to devote their energies and co-operation with ours, to the accomplishment of the great work designed by the treaty. Kindness and conciliation are most earnestly recommended by me to you. I TRUST THAT

MEANS WILL SPEEDILY BE ADOPTED BY GREAT BRITAIN TO EXTINGUISH THE INDIAN TITLE, WITH THE HELP OF THE NICARAGUANS OR THE COMPANY WITHIN WHAT WE CONSIDER TO BE THE LIMITS OF NICARAGUA. WE HAVE NEVER ACKNOWLEDGED, AND NEVER CAN ACKNOWLEDGE, THE EXISTENCE OF ANY CLAIM OF SOVEREIGNTY IN THE MUSQUITO KING, OR ANY OTHER INDIAN IN AMERICA. TO DO SO, WOULD BE TO DENY THE TITLE OF THE UNITED STATES TO OUR OWN TERRITORIES. Having always regarded an Indian title as a mere right of occupancy, we can never agree THAT SUCH A TITLE SHOULD BE TREATED OTHERWISE THAN AS A THING TO BE EXTINGUISHED at the will of the discoverer of the country. Upon the ratification of the treaty, Great Britain WILL NO LONGER HAVE ANY INTEREST TO DENY THIS PRINCIPLE, WHICH SHE HAS RECOGNIZED IN EVERY OTHER CASE in common with us. Her protectorate will be reduced to a shadow; '*Stat nominis umbra*;' FOR SHE CAN NEITHER OCCUPY, FORTIFY, NOR COLONIZE, OR EXERCISE DOMINION OR CONTROL IN ANY PART OF THE MOSQUITO COAST OR CENTRAL AMERICA. To attempt to do either of those things, after the exchange of ratifications,* WOULD INEVITABLY PRODUCE A RUPTURE WITH THE UNITED STATES. By the terms neither party can occupy to protect, nor protect to occupy.

(Signed)

JOHN M. CLAYTON.

In a speech delivered at Wilmington since the advent of Mr. Webster, Mr. Clayton repeated yet more forcibly the above sentiments. But, as we have only quoted in this article official documents; as every speech is the mere verbal report of a third party; and as the official document last quoted covers the whole ground, we forbear for the present from further prolonging the evidence.

Upon the last extract it is not our present design, nor indeed is it necessary, to comment at any length. We shall merely recur to the fact that Mr. Clayton having assured himself that the above "*agreement*" was entered into by the British Government with equally good faith as his own, he entered into and concluded it on behalf of the United States. The United States therefore stand in this position: that, having declared certain claims of England, usurpations; and our Government, being of a pacific nature, having entered into a formal treaty for their abandonment by the same British power, it

* THE RATIFICATIONS HAVE BEEN EXCHANGED AND SHE—GREAT BRITAIN—STILL OCCUPIES, FORTIFIES, AND COLONIZES THE TERRITORIES MENTIONED ABOVE!

concluded a bona fide treaty by which it attained no gain or territory, and gave away with an extremely ridiculous prodigality to Great Britain equal rights with our own. The United States stands fair and square therefore; it has made treaty and is ready to stand by the same; at all events was ready till the death of Taylor. Great Britain stands in this position: Having been wrong from the beginning, it acknowledged that wrong to General Taylor's Cabinet by going into the treaty for the abandonment of its usurpations. But on the death of General Taylor, finding that there was in office a very amenable Administration, it backed out from its previous treaty, and from pledged faith, declared that it thinks that treaty and agreement good for nothing; and has actually by its representative sent a new treaty to Mr. Webster, framed by itself, and intended to implicate our Government in the recognition of the very usurpations the British previously acknowledged and agreed to abandon.

Our summing up of evidence is now nearly complete. It will be only necessary for us to recur to "the speeches of the gentlemen on the other side."

The resolution of the Senate has not been replied to; will not be, save in such a manner as to prevent any discussion on the subject till next December. Nevertheless, since we last wrote, the journals in the Bulwer interest have not been idle. The activity of Mr. Bulwer may be judged from the fact, that we know, of our personal knowledge, at least four American newspapers implicated in complicity with him and his designs. A certain daily journal, for instance, published an article, to which we have previously referred, containing "assurances" with reference to British aggressions in Central America which the editor received from the agents of Sir Henry Bulwer, knowing them to have been sent by the same Sir Henry Bulwer himself. And the same paper printed, since we last wrote, the following:—

GUATEMALA AND SAN SALVADOR.—We last night received intelligence from Washington, which indicates that the Administration is fully awake to the present interesting posture of Central American affairs. The Chevalier Gomez, late Envoy to Rome, from the States of Guatemala and San Salvador, is now in Washington. In accordance with the desire of the Administration, as our correspondent intimates, he has assumed, provisionally, the duties of Chargé for those States, and has ad-

ressed a long letter to Mr. Webster in reference to the present condition and relations of the Central American States. Mr. Webster has replied in a letter, expressing the views of our Government on the subject. The Chevalier Gomez, our correspondent adds, *has been treated with marked attention*, both by the Secretary of State and by Sir Henry Bulwer.

"Treated with marked attention by Sir Henry Bulwer!" What has Sir Henry Bulwer to do with our affairs? Is *his* countenance then necessary to the reception of an ambassador from a *sister American Republic* at our capital? It seems so!

"Let us become real and true Americans," said Clay. "A single expression of the British Minister," said Clay again, "to our present Secretary of State, I am ashamed to say, has moulded the policy of our Government." How much more so at this present hour, may be judged from the following extract from a letter published in the *New-York Herald*, (from which we must again quote,) of February 26th. It is said in that journal to be from "an eminent member of Congress." We have made it our business to inquire into and ascertain the facts; and we beg to state, that *it is* from a *very* eminent member of Congress, whose name is in our possession, and whose statements we have no possible scruple in setting before our readers:—

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22, 1851.

* * * There is not a particle of interest taken in the affairs of Central America amongst members of Congress. England may appropriate that entire country, for aught our politicians care. Central America gives no votes to help us make a President. Her people are neither "Anglo-Saxons" nor negroes; they are, therefore, not entitled to much sympathy. If our sweet sister, England, takes possession of the country, will it not belong to the great Anglo-Saxon family? And our politicians would be perfectly satisfied with the result. I am disgusted with these men; as a body they are mere triflers. Our people, thank God, are intelligent, and will correct these things in the end. We can shake our fists at Austria, and call her all sorts of hard names, and she deserves them all. We may even venture to speak the truth of Russia; but to say a word against the parent country, is nothing less than impiety. Of one thing you may be assured—nothing will be done by the Administration. General Shields's resolution remains unanswered, and probably will continue so—unless a reply come in at the last minute and too late for any action. * * * You may conceive it impossible, but there are now here members of the Senate even, so thoroughly Anglicized, who, in my opinion, consult that diplo-

matic Uriah Heep, Bulwer, in matters of our foreign policy. Alas for Central America, or any other country that relies upon this Government for sympathy or support!

Our readers will now understand the position of our Administration and Government, legislative and executive, towards this subject, and towards Great Britain.

As to the reply of Mr. Webster to M. Gomez, envoy from San Salvador, we have not seen it. It has not been published. But the report we have heard of its contents, from one who had reason to know them, makes us regret that we cannot add it to our list of evidence on the present occasion. In the words of our informant, "it has as much reference to Central America as it has to Kamschatka."

With reference to M. Marcoleta, the envoy of Nicaragua to the United States, who has very recently arrived in this country from his former mission to Belgium, we have but to add, in order to sum up the whole matter, that he has been formally presented to Mr. Fillmore; that he made a formal speech, and received a formal reply; and that for more particular matters, necessary to be discussed in private, "the Administration is otherwise too busily engaged."

So now the matter stands.

Having, long since, taken up a decided position on this whole question, and having, from time to time, repeatedly written on the subjects put forward and on the several events relative to the continuous scheme of British aggression on this, our country, and our continent; we have deemed it right here, formally, to set forth in evidence of our truth, and the justice of our cause, that which the Administration has had all along in its power to set forth more fully than ourselves. To every remonstrance and inquiry, the Admin-

istration has turned a deaf ear. To a resolution of the Senate, calling for this and more evidence, it has returned no answer whatever. We now claim judgment by default. Without almost any comment, and certainly without the adventitious aid of elaborate rhetoric, we have in this article printed sufficient *official* evidence to enable our readers to form a very decisive and clear judgment. With full heart and confidence we now commit the matter to them. To the opening of another campaign, on the same subject, we shall bring the same qualities; and *much larger evidence*.

In conclusion we have but to re-quote the words of Clay:—

"LET US BECOME REAL AND TRUE AMERICANS, AND PLACE OUR COLORS AT THE HEAD OF THE AMERICAN SYSTEM."

Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, without further espionage, or interference in the private affairs of this Review, may assure himself, and his abettors, that we are going for that; that we will not only respond to the just aspirations of the great orator we have above quoted, but that we will see them, whatsoever obstacles may be thrown in our path, gallantly and grandly fulfilled.

"*We have never acknowledged, AND NEVER CAN ACKNOWLEDGE,*" said J. M. Clayton, entering on this business, "*the existence of any claim of sovereignty in the Mosquito King, OR ANY OTHER INDIAN IN AMERICA. To do so,*" quoth he, and there is not a particle of mistake about it, "*would be to deny the title of the United States to OUR OWN TERRITORIES.*"

"LET US NO LONGER," said Henry Clay, "WATCH THE NOD OF ANY EUROPEAN POLITICIAN."

"*Let us become,*" said the same man, "*real and true Americans.*"

And so, we take our stand.



C. Bart Sc.

Amos Wright

OF NEW JERSEY.